POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST DECEMBER 5 · 1964 25c

AMERICA'S GREAT INDUSTRIES III

REVOLUTION IN APPLIANCES

Poor little rich town

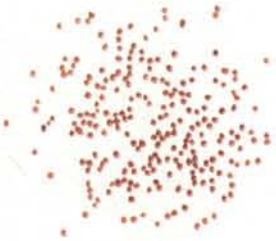
BEVERLY HILLS

THE MYSTERIOUS AGA KHAN

Carol Lynley in Beverly Hills

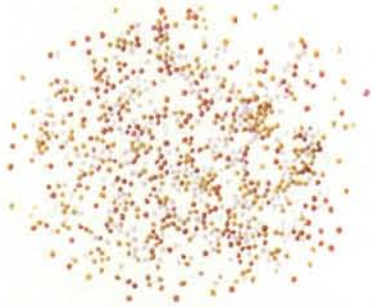
Tragic plight of burned children / Escape from the ghetto / Football's strangest star

What have we got against colds?



Tiny red "time pills" to stop sniffles, stuffy nose.

Yellow and white ones to stop sneezes, runny nose.



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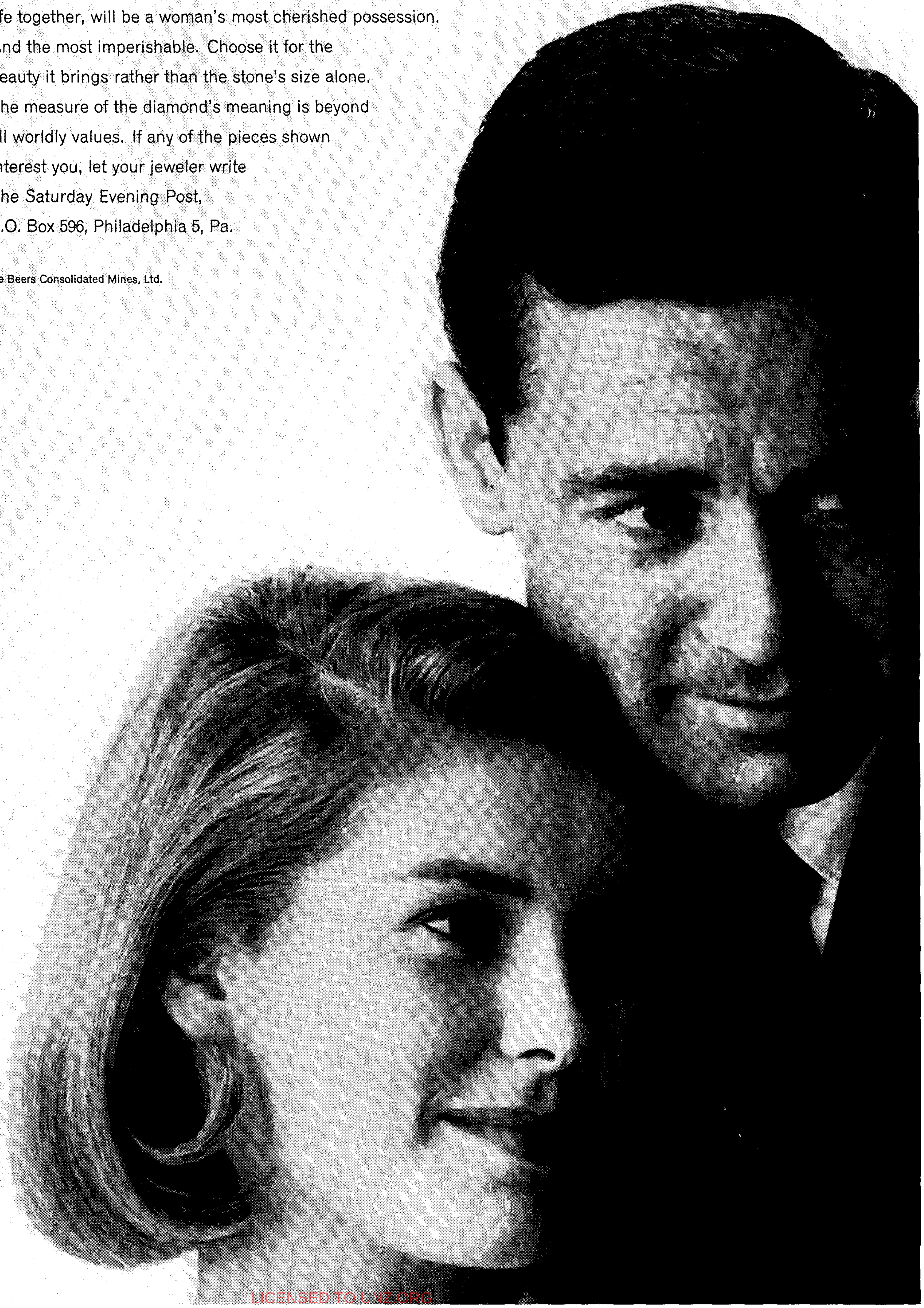

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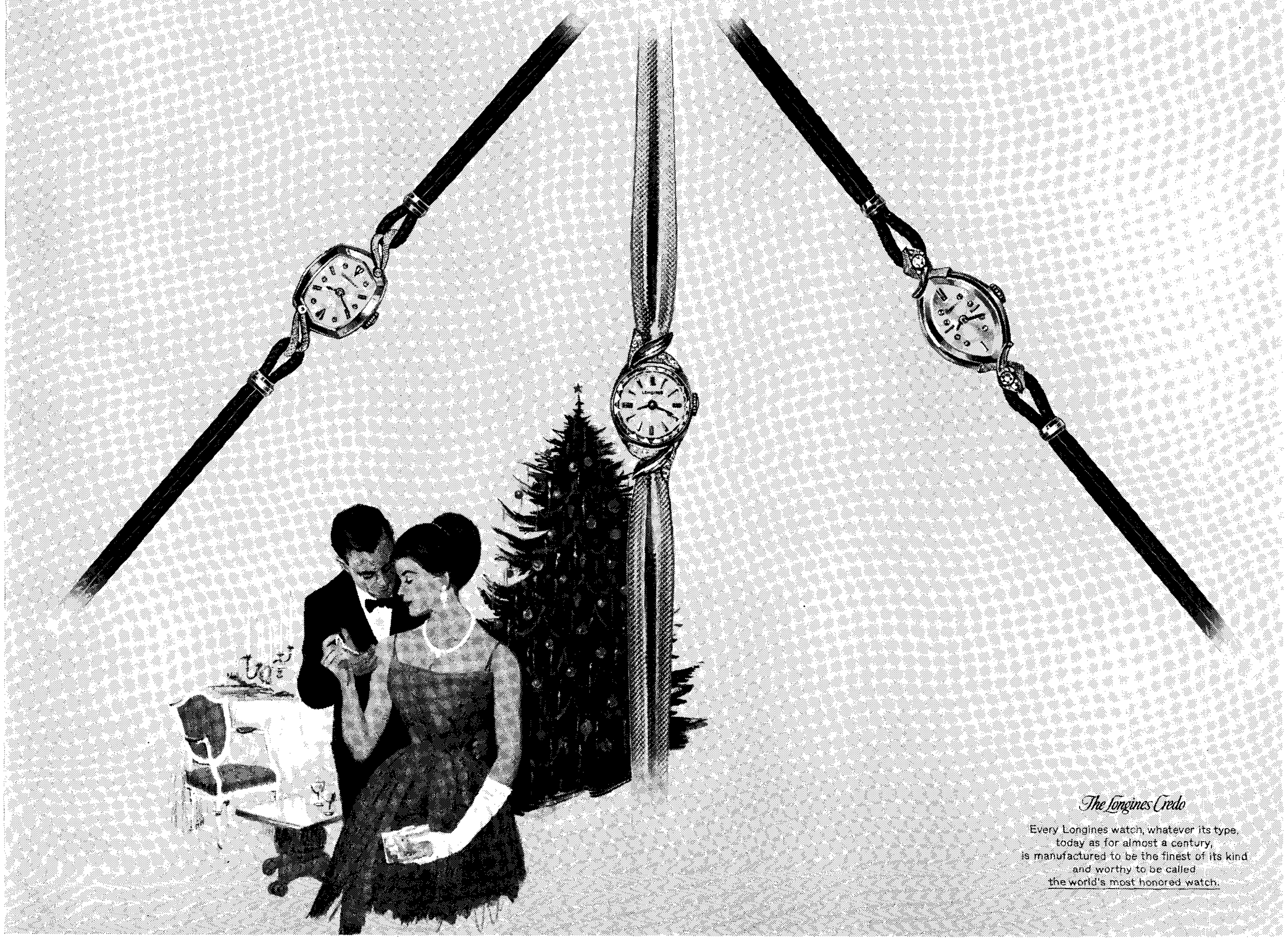

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Saturday Evening
POST

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

In the fiercely competitive appliance industry, new developments are shrouded in secrecy. Because appliance-company executives are reluctant to divulge information that might be useful to the "enemy," contributing writer **James Atwater** found this writing assignment one of the toughest reporting jobs he had ever been given. . . . Former Washington newsman **Jerome Doolittle** says retiring Rep. Carl Vinson, a veteran of 50 years in Congress, seldom grants interviews but did so this time because *The Post* has been his favorite magazine since boyhood. . . . **Alice Lake,** who writes about the plight of burned children, specializes in medical reporting./**The Cover** photograph of actress Carol Lynley, who appears in the forthcoming movie, *The Pleasure Seekers,* was taken in Beverly Hills by **John Bryson.**

To our readers:

Beginning with the first issue of 1965, The Saturday Evening Post will appear every other week. All subscriptions will be adjusted so that each subscriber will receive the full number of issues originally paid for. We confidently believe that The Post will continue to be the liveliest, most important and most entertaining magazine in America. *THE EDITORS*

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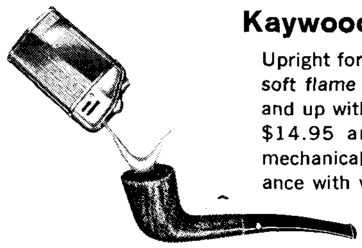

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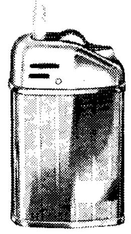

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Letters

Our Red China policy

Congratulations on your November 14 issue, which deals significantly with Communist China [The One Great Question by Stewart Alsop; Red China Face to Face by Edward Behr; Needed: A China Policy That Makes Sense, editorial]. The issue is must reading for President Johnson and the Cabinet. During the campaign the President talked about "the poor Chinese people who have suffered so much under Communism," thus showing a vast ignorance of present conditions and recent history.

EDWARD R. POWELL
North Plainfield, N.J.

- Up until November 3 you were accusing Goldwater of being a reckless, irresponsible, trigger-happy warmonger. Scarcely two weeks later you promote the idea that we should bomb Red China's atomic plants.

J. C. JEFFRIES
Valley Center, Calif.

- I have just read in utter disbelief your editorial of November 14. The suggestion that we extend "offers to assist [China's] internal development with trade and technical cooperation" is asinine. Any kind of aid, and, I repeat, *any*, would be like giving bullets to a murderer.

HENRY R. KOSANDA
Elmhurst, Ill.

- Your editorial indeed makes more sense than other considerations on this subject by the nation's top-circulation magazines for the past 15 years. Yet it lacks the one essential ingredient of sense, as I see it from my 50 years' residence in China. Chinese feelings toward us will not be understood until we honestly admit that the aim of our present China policy is, as officially admitted on January 26, 1954, by the State Department's Far East chief, Walter Robertson: "to keep alive a constant threat of military action in the hope that at some point there will be an internal breakdown."

Chinese hatred of our intent, implemented as it is by our provocative military pressures on China's shore, is only natural. China's atomic explosion is a direct product of this hatred.

You say, "We must try, in every honorable way, to break through Mao's hatred." The only "honorable" way, and it will prove to be the only effectual way, is to furnish Mao with unequivocal proofs of a right-about-face in the intent of our China policy.

ERNEST T. NASH
Co-Chairman, The Committee for a Review of our China Policy
Eugene, Oreg.

Long journey

The Monument and the Shadow (November 7): if author William Humphrey's knowledge of the rest of the "scene" is as incorrect as his description of the Ordways passing through De Queen, Ark., right after the Civil War, then it sure is fiction.

De Queen, Ark., was not in existence until early spring of 1897. There was a railroad construction camp called Hurrah City a few months prior to that, while the KCP&G railroad was being built northward.

As a 9-year-old, I came to Arkansas in November, 1896. Hurrah City then had a log farmhouse called Hotel DeHorse, one small sawmill, two saloons, and a grocery store operated by Jim and Joe Smith. There were two or three farmhouses nearby. West, about three miles, was the pre-Civil War village of Chapel Hill, still in existence.

The Ordways probably passed through Nashville and Lockesburg after leaving Arkadelphia; that is, if the whole thing isn't just a good yarn.

GAY MORRISON SR.
Hot Springs, Ark.

That Texas lawyer

I note that it took two writers, Thomas Martin and Patrick O'Bryan, to 'Get Percy Foreman' down on paper [November 14]. That's more than any two prosecutors could do, in court. I've served on juries where Mr. Foreman proved that black was white, and I am glad that he has never had me on the witness stand.

ELTON STERRETT
Houston, Tex.

Johnnies and Jonnies

Thank God for people like Hugh Kenner, who has had the courage to speak out about the Johnnies and Jonnies [Don't Send Johnny to College, November 14] who are frustrating the professors and the real students and who are making undergraduate training in our American universities nothing more than a farce.

WILLIAM V. GLEBE
Toledo, Ohio

- I have been aware of "Johnny and his College Experience" almost ever since I came to school. No one attends the concert series; no one attends the speaker series; no one reads the student opinion magazine; the campus literary magazine sells 300 copies to a student body of 5,500. More discouraging than this apathy and indifference is the thought that, if my college peers are the upper half of the population, what is life with twice as many Johnnies going to be like after I graduate?

CATHY PATRICK
Sophomore, University of Wyoming
Laramie, Wyo.

- What Mr. Kenner would be best at teaching would be hate and arrogance, and I don't think the world needs any more of that. The young people, trying valiantly to find a place in this troubled universe of ours, have just as much right as Mr. Kenner to spend four years in the higher halls of learning.

HULDA NESLUND
Chicago, Ill.

- We are now mass-producing the saddest pseudo-intellectuals—unequipped to cope with business, with life. They gather in corridors, in coffee shops, discussing music, books, plays, etc., while the rest of us poor slobs get the work done. Thirty years out of high school and I've gone back to college—I can compete with them in class and, out of class, I lead by at least two lengths.

NAOMI CHERKOFSKY
Saugus, Mass.

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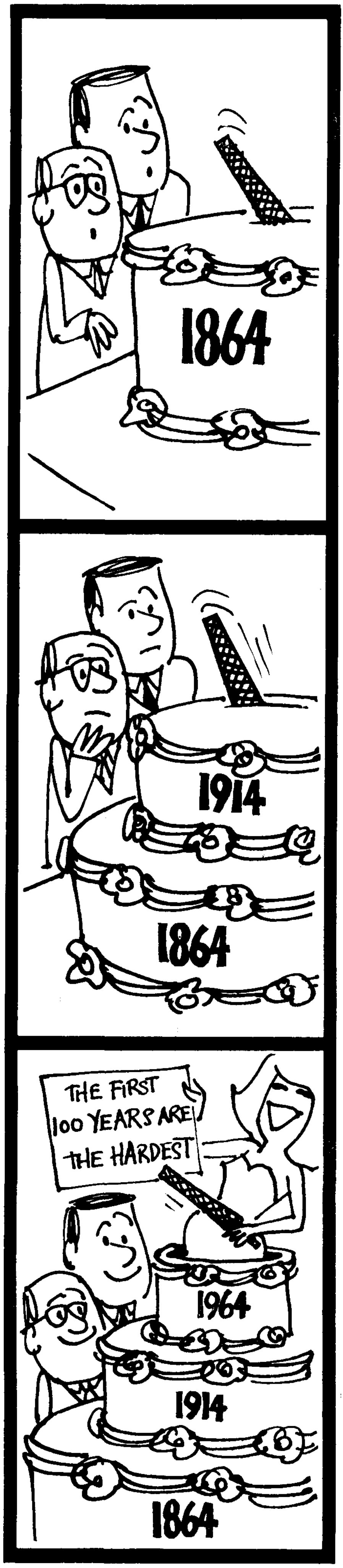
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Letters

• Mr. Kenner left out two crucial ideas: one, that it is possible for some *instructors to turn* "Johnnies" *into* "real students"; two, that some instructors are not equipped to deal with real students, only Johnnies.

JOHN HUEBNER
Stanford University
San Francisco, Calif.

• Mr. Kenner takes a myopic view of the "Johnny" problem in education. He fails to see that the Johnny in his English class may be the Irving Langmuir of the Physics Department, and that his John Steinbeck may be a lackluster Hans to the German professor.

W. D. PEPPARD
Menlo Park, Calif.

• If all the "Johnnies" were removed from college, we would not need anywhere near our 400,000 professors. Someone would have to start weeding out the *real* professors from the pseudo-professors who were attracted to the profession by such base values as money or prestige.

LARRY STORER
Baylor University
Waco, Tex.

• I applaud his proposal of the two-track college setup. Perhaps if I had been able to start out in such a no-major system, my own student file wouldn't be so full of program-change forms.

LINDA BERGENDAHL
State University of New York, '65
Albany, N.Y.

• Professor Hugh Kenner's article would have been more prophetic had it been written 30 years ago. His two-track program of college education has been in effect for some years in the United States, and nowhere more than in California, where the professor teaches.

In many parts of the nation most students are channeled away from the universities entirely and instead attend the local two-year community junior college, where they may elect terminal two-year vocational-technical training, or, if qualified, may pursue the freshman and sophomore years in typical university sequence, then transfer to the junior year of a regular college.

Although the instructors may not be "real professors" in Kenner's opinion, they share his pleasure in teaching academically inclined students, and, in addition, they realize the enormous satisfaction of teaching students whose interests are more practical and concrete.

MARTIN D. TAYLOR
Director of Admissions and Registrar
Sierra College
Rocklin, Calif.

Wrong wing rider

The photography for HELL'S ANGELS FLY AGAIN [November 7] was beautiful. Too bad Joseph N. Bell's reporting couldn't have been more accurate. I am referring to the photo of the girl on the wing, who happens to be me, Terry Holm, and not Judy Wagner, as your caption asserted. And I am not "atop cockpit"; I am on the top wing of Bud Fountain's Stearman.

TERRY HOLM
Atwater, Calif.

Joseph N. Bell is innocent. POST *photography editors apologize.—ED*

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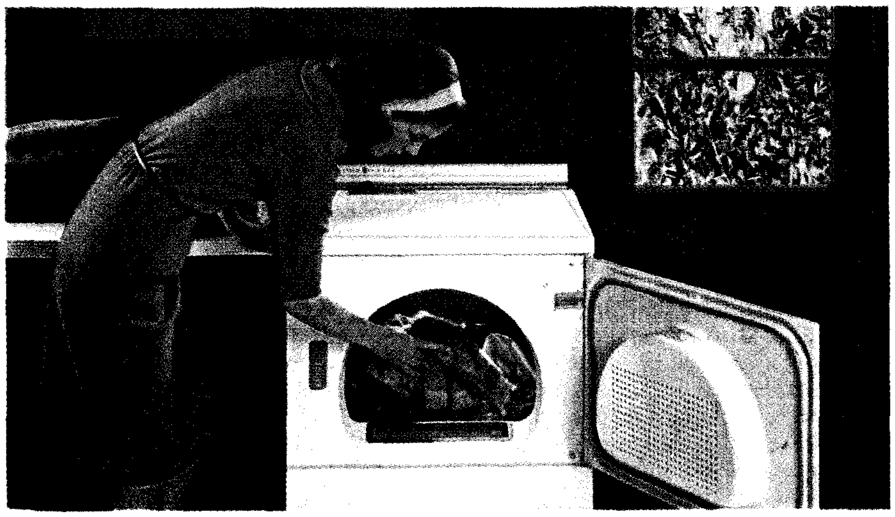

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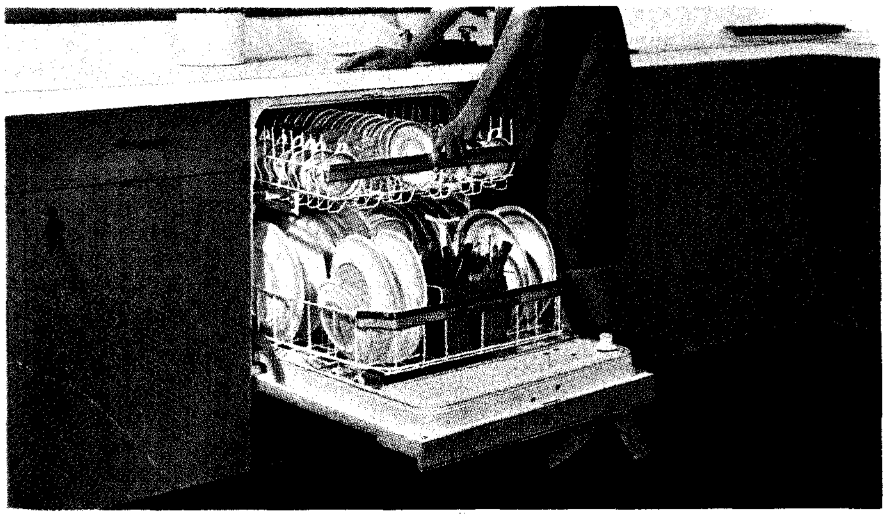

***Four-level Action** in this General Electric dishwasher washes up, down, all* around. No scraping or hand-rinsing. Silver Shower gets silverware spotlessly clean. Dishes come cleaner than you ever got them by normal hand-washing. You get extra time to spend with the family. Model shown: SD 400A.

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Speaking Out

DON'T BLAME THE GHETTO

A young Negro tells how he escaped Harlem and urges that others wage their own rebellion against the slum, a "prison of the mind" where hopelessness can be a way of life.

by David B. Lee

The author, 27, has served in a variety of social-service jobs during the last six years. He will soon return to school to work for his doctor's degree in psychology. He plans to make his career doing both clinical and research work with children who are mentally retarded.

I attended a New York City junior high school where teachers, men teachers, were chased around the classroom by the pupils. Chased with a window pole; and all the teacher could do was pull down the shades so that no one outside could witness his humiliation. Most teachers either didn't care or had long ago given up, so that the only way they could have any calm in their classes was to let students read comic books. If you left the building during lunch, you would be robbed by older boys from neighboring schools. It was a school where narcotics and obscenity were as much a part of the scene as chalk and blackboards.

The school was in the Harlem ghetto, about which so much has been written recently—a lot of it nonsense from white men who only care about the spectacular and wouldn't even know that most of Harlem was afraid and locked its doors during last summer's riots; a lot of it from Negroes who were performing scapegoat artistry. Articles I've read talk about how Negroes have little chance to survive the Harlem jungle, let alone escape it. James Baldwin, proclaimed by many as the new "Negro voice," says, "All over Harlem, Negro boys and girls are growing into stunted maturity, trying desperately to find a place to stand; and the wonder is not that so many are ruined but that so many survive."

If any survive, why not more? And is Baldwin really having that much difficulty surviving these days? Like others, he wants to place the blame for the Negro's inability to gain full citizenship and human acceptability completely on White America. But the Negro has to accept his share of responsibility. Too many Negroes are too anxious to blame the ghetto for everything. Often this may be justified; some are not strong enough to escape. But for many others the slavery of the ghetto is self-imposed. The real problem many Negroes ignore is that they don't try hard enough to improve their lives, that they are defeated without trying.

I speak as one who was born and raised in Harlem and then escaped. Lest I be misunderstood, I want to stress that I don't claim I have reached any pinnacles, or that I'm an exception or have rare gifts—and, yes, I do know what miseries the ghetto can impose. As in many Harlem families, both of my parents worked. And one doesn't easily forget lying in bed at night, with both parents out, fearful of going to sleep because of the rats. My bed looked out into the kitchen, and many a frightful night I sat up in bed and whistled, hoping the noise would keep the rats from entering our room. After eating the poison set for them, the rats sought water and often wound up in the toilet, half dead. In the morning you tried to flush them, but they were too big. Picking up a dying rat by its tail is a feeling unlike anything else I know of. But the real excitement came when the rats got bold enough to come out during the day. While my younger brother and sister and I cheered on the sidelines, my father would chase and kill rats with the broom.

Yet even in such conditions, even in the school I mentioned earlier, a student could find teachers who did care. When it was impossible to learn in the classroom, we went to their homes. The reaction of classmates tells something about ghetto rationale: We were often ridiculed.

Some of these teachers were amazing. One held a play-writing contest and I won. As a prize, she took me to see a Broadway show. I was 14 at this time, and I had been taught that we didn't "belong" outside certain limits—125th Street to the South and 155th on the North. At first, in the theater, I felt uneasy and frightened. (The play was *Twentieth Century;* my teacher thought it racy, but kept her promise to let me make my choice.) But these feelings were slowly replaced by excitement and exultation. For the first time I became aware that I was not "different." What made the other patrons laugh made me laugh, what made them cry made me cry. Something within me responded. My responses were not those of a Negro or a white but of a human being.

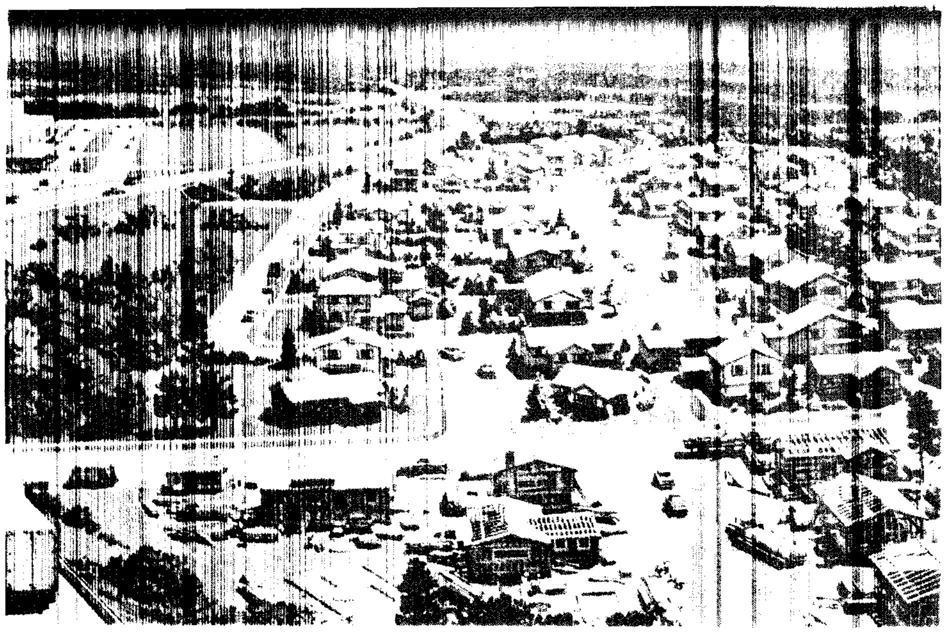
The transition from junior high to high school proved devastating. About 30 students were recommended to take the exams for entrance into Stuyvesant and Bronx High School of Science.

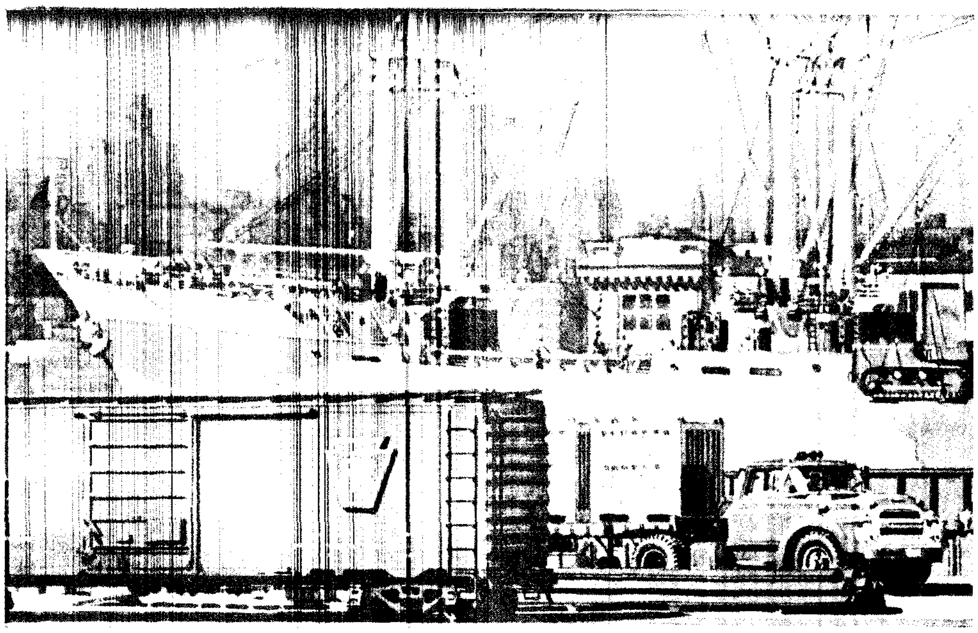
To tutor us, a seventh-grade teacher met with us for more than two months. The biggest problem was English. Even though we were the top students in the school, we had never been taught our language. One out of our 30 passed the exam. I remember well how the teacher told us this: "Don't accept this as a defeat but rather as an incentive."

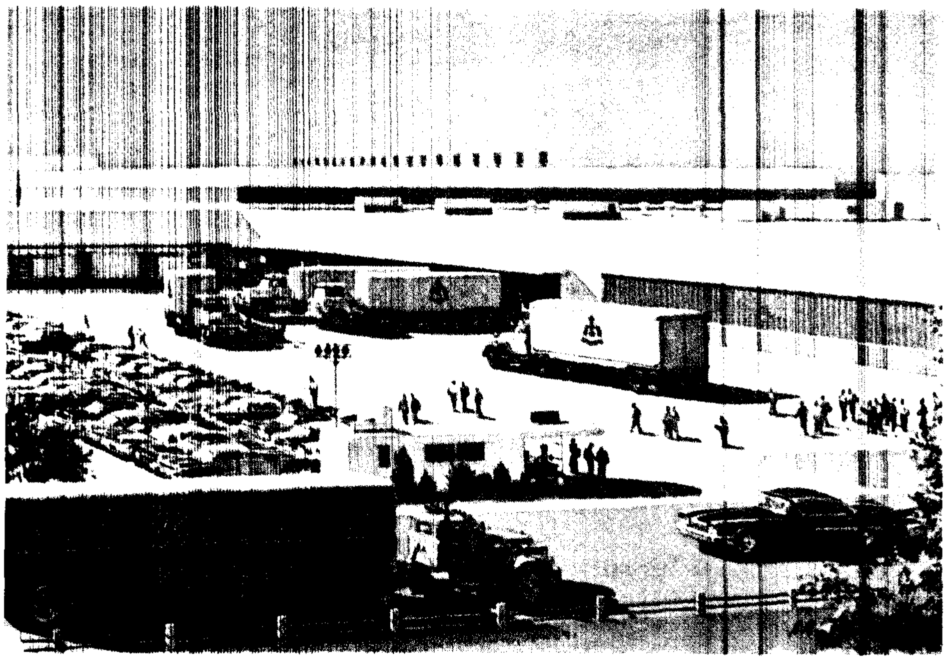
Still, pupils from my school were allowed to attend an integrated high school outside our zoning area. Few Negroes took advantage of this; they said they didn't want to undergo the travel, but I think they didn't want to face the world outside the ghetto. I soon learned how tough that world can be. During my first term in the new school I found that I was grossly ignorant in comparison to students from white schools. I came close to failing every subject. I found I had to work harder. I began attending the theater as often as I could, did a lot of outside reading, engaged in discussion groups. I changed from the tabloids to better newspapers, joined the creative-writing club, worked on the literary magazine, took part in student government. I began to see life from many new perspectives. And I did pass all my school courses.

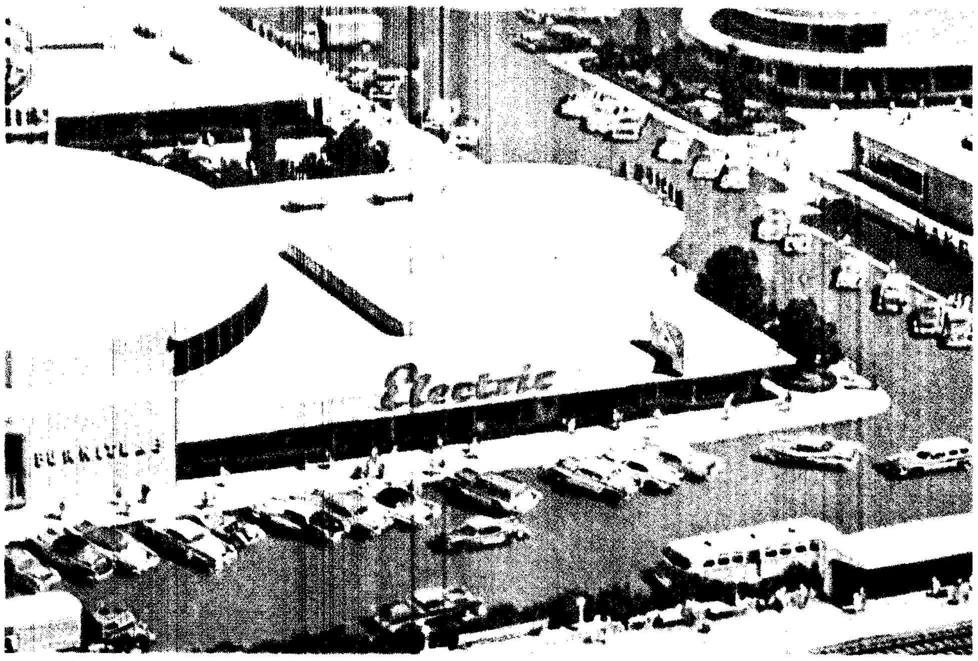
Yet I still lived in Harlem, and I wanted to see how I would react in surroundings other than those of the ghetto. When I was 18 and had my first steady job, it happened. I had a silly argument with my grandmother, who had raised me from the age of 12, my parents having separated, and I decided that here was the excuse for me to get out. Logically it was a foolish move. I was earning $50 a week and attending City College in the evening. The apartment I found on the lower East Side cost $75 a month. I took that apartment for one reason. The motive sounds silly now. I had never lived in a place with a shower. This apartment had a tiled bathroom with colored fixtures.

Of course I've encountered bigotry, but I deny that Negroes must be defeated by









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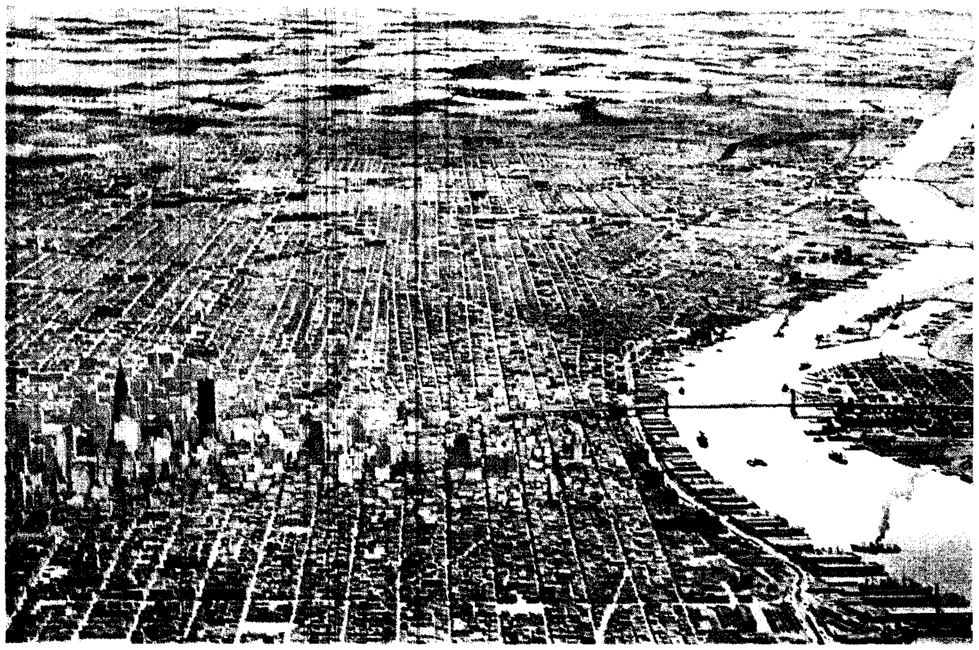

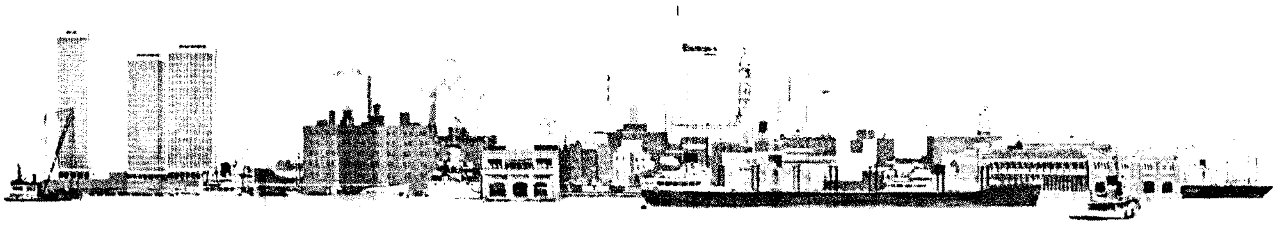

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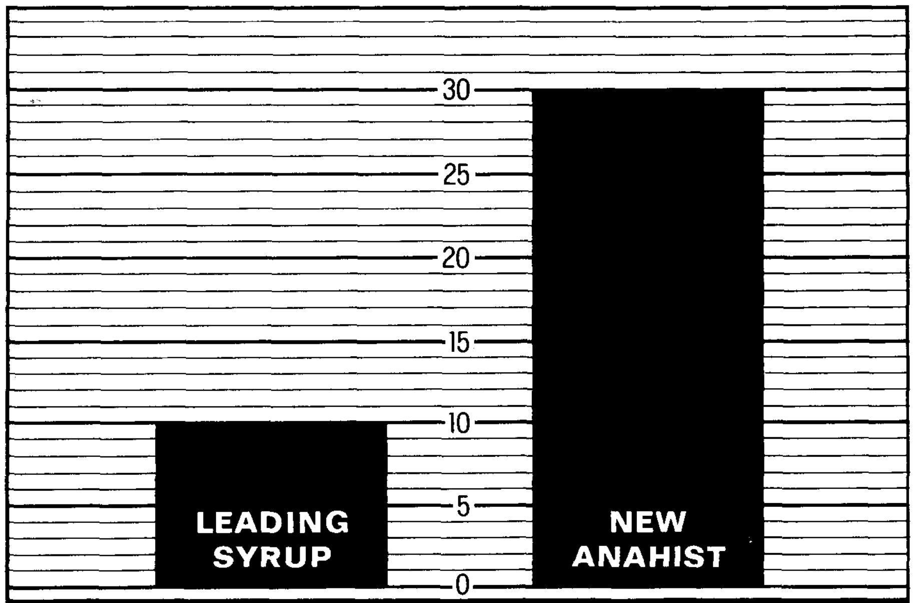

Actual dosage-for-dosage measurement of cough-controlling ingredient

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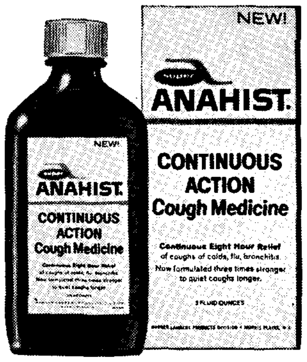

Another Anahist Clinical-Strength Medication from Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.

it. While serving two years in the Army, with the Military Police, I was stationed in Augusta, Ga. I had a group of close friends—an interracial group. There was *absolutely nothing* that we could do except walk around the town. Here were six people who enjoyed each other's company, yet we couldn't have a beer together. It was painful for all of us.

Even in New York I have encountered blatant bias. I recall one evening a friend and I were told a French restaurant was booked for the evening. We went around the corner and phoned the restaurant, my friend speaking French. He was told that they had plenty of tables and would reserve one for him. Back at the restaurant we announced our reservations, and the manager seated us. Many may feel this was pure obstinacy on our part. I don't. Some people are so afraid of what they believe is the Negro image that acceptance has to be forced upon them. The restaurant owner now knew that Negroes could conduct themselves the same as anyone else. I've been back to that restaurant several times since, and I've never had any more trouble.

I have often thought I was passed over for jobs simply because of my color. This is something I'll probably be up against all my life. But I did find that jobs could be gotten. I've been an office boy in an export-import firm, done clerical work for public libraries, worked as a counselor in a home for dependent children. In all it took me six years to get my degree in psychology from the City College of New York, which I was able to attend tuition-free. I constantly hear young Negroes claim that it's impossible to obtain a decent education in New York. Yet the percentage of Negroes in the city colleges is far below the percentage of Negroes of college age. Negroes make up less than 30 percent of the total enrollment at City College itself, which is in the heart of Harlem. The percentage is far less at the other city colleges.

After graduation from college I went to work for the New York Youth Board as a senior street-club worker, working with teen-age gangs, and for the Health Department, making a survey to try to deal with the rising teen-age VD problem. None of these positions offered a great salary. What was important to me was that I felt I was advancing and doing something I thought worthwhile. Many of these organizations are in desperate need of workers and they welcome Negroes, since many of their cases are Negroes and since adolescents are quicker to react to someone of their own race. Yet these jobs sometimes go begging. Many who are qualified for these positions do not even think of applying. Many educated Negroes would not consider going into work for their people. They no longer feel that the Negro problem is their problem. Once they've achieved what they want in life, they give little thought to helping others do the same.

Housing in New York is still a major problem for Negroes. I've had to look harder than most whites would, and yet I've been able to live in many parts of Manhattan, and currently live in three spacious rooms in upper Manhattan. Never have I paid more than $75 a month rent, and I've lived in neighborhoods that any person would be proud of. How is this possible? The truth is, many Harlem Negroes never think of leaving the ghetto. They never try.

I have cited my experiences as just an example. Many have done the same thing. My fiancée, who grew up in the same neighborhood as I did, is presently a sociology major at City College, planning to work in the field of criminology. Many of my friends have accomplished whatever in life *they've wanted to do*—from the mastery of half a dozen languages to traveling around the world, from directing in the theater to successful writing, from civic leadership to political affairs and public service. They were all raised in the Harlem Ghetto, yet they never used it as an excuse for not having high hopes and acting upon them.

Many of my friends have never made it and never will, even though they have the abilities. Their defeatist attitude hinders them more than anything else. In talking with them, I've heard many excuses: "You can't beat the white man so why try?" . . . "Accept life, don't batter your head against a stone wall." . . . "We're in a prison from which there is no escape."

Yes, the ghetto is a prison. But there are no walls, no bars, no fences. *It is a prison of the mind.* Most of its inhabitants leave it every day to work or shop, but they return to it faithfully every night, and many desire nothing more.

On Harlem streets you see how time and constant oppression can kill the spirit. You see it in tired, strife-ridden old faces. But there are also many youthful faces that have not yet been permanently scarred. I believe that the most important task before today's Negro is to realize that nothing is impossible if he's willing to work and fight for it. The organizations—N.A.A.C.P., CORE and the others—can't do it alone. The major portion of the job is going to have to be done by the *individual.* In my small way, I feel, I am waging my own rebellion. Throughout history any revolution has called for rebels with a fortitude that makes the impossible possible. I am concerned with the personal rebellion that every Negro should be aware of; a rebellion within himself. A rebellion of the *mind* against anything that tends to make one less than equal with all mankind.

Albert Camus, whose writing has greatly influenced me, said, "When man has learned to judge himself, then he can begin to judge others." Now, when suddenly doors which have been closed for centuries are finally beginning to open for the Negro, this statement can find instant truth in relation to the Negro. When is the Negro going to start judging himself?

In Harlem there is laughter and music and an "I-don't-care" atmosphere that can look to the outsider as if these people are carefree. The insiders know that the laughter is to hide the aches, the music to help you forget the suffering. Those who attempt to free themselves from this closed society, as I did, are called "uppity" or "traitors to their people." But the critics also curse the ghetto as the cause of all their misfortunes.

When will the Negro truly reach the equality he is seeking? He has already waited 100 years, and he hasn't gotten very far. Only within the past decade has there been an awareness of the changes that are coming. The reason that The Negro Problem has suddenly become one of the most important of our time is that some Negroes have finally realized that if the job is to be done, they're going to have to do it themselves. It is time for all Negroes to come to this realization.

David B. Lee

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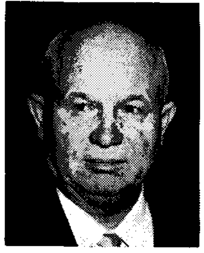
• AFFAIRS OF STATE by STEWART ALSOP

Communism: The meaning of the change

Stalin


Khrushchev

Brezhnev

LONDON: "You are blind like little kittens," Joseph Stalin told his Politburo in his old age. "You cannot recognize an enemy. What will happen to Russia when I am gone?"

This reporter has just come to London from a trip to Moscow and Eastern Europe. Stalin's words seem, in retrospect, the key to what has happened within the Soviet system. Except for Anastas Mikoyan, who is no blind kitten, every one of Stalin's chief lieutenants has gone down—Beria first, then Molotov, Malenkov, Kaganovitch, Bulganin, now Khrushchev. And in the years since Stalin died, the Soviet empire which his "blind kittens" inherited from him has been steadily eroding away.

Stalin's words also serve to suggest the nature of the dilemma which confronts the new generation of Soviet leaders. Communist theory has a built-in logic of its own, and Stalin followed the theory to its grimly logical conclusion. Under Communist theory, every aspect of the economic life of the nation must be totally controlled—whether a collective farm in Belorussia plants corn or wheat, how many shoes are to be produced, and how many shoelaces, how much steel, how many bicycles. Total control of every aspect of economic life in turn logically requires total control of every aspect of the life of the individual—not only what he eats and wears and where he lives, but what he says, and writes, and thinks.

Such total control of human life insistently demands the use of the instrument of terror—above all the final sanction of death. To surrender his whole life to the state, a man must be always afraid. Stalin recognized this logic. To differ from him in the slightest degree—even to question his dreadful artistic tastes, for example—spelled deviation, and deviation spelled death. In his purges, on the testimony of Nikita Khrushchev himself, Stalin killed hundreds of thousands of people, and imprisoned millions. By such methods, he maintained absolute control of the Soviet Union, of the world Communist movement and, after the war, of his vast Eastern European empire. Stalin's "blind kittens" thus inherited from him an empire in which the authority of the Kremlin was nowhere challenged.

But the new generation of Soviet leaders has inherited from Khrushchev an empire threatened with disintegration. The authority of the Kremlin is everywhere challenged—not only in China, Yugoslavia, and tiny Albania, but in the foreign Communist parties and, to an extent hardly realized yet, in every Eastern European country except Bulgaria. Even within the Soviet union, there are symptoms of this erosion of the Kremlin's control over the Communist world.

There are many reasons for this decay of Moscow's authority. As we Americans have learned, with General de Gaulle as our chief teacher, the roots of European nationalism go very deep. But the main reason, surely, is the simple fact that Stalin's "blind kittens" failed to follow the methods of Communism to their logical conclusion. Since Beria and a few of his henchmen were executed ten years ago, they have been unwilling or unable fully to employ the instrument of terror.

"Soviet legality" has replaced the terror. It is deeply significant, for example, that Nikita Khrushchev's political career was ended, not by a bullet in the neck, but by a majority vote in the Central Committee. As pointed out in last week's report in this space, the abandonment of Stalin's terror has actually begun to change the nature of the Communist system, if only because the only substitute for terror is some measure of popular consent.

This change is enormously significant for Americans. In the first place, it is a change that almost certainly cannot be reversed. To recreate the Soviet empire, as it existed ten years ago, or even five years ago, would require a reversion to something like the Stalinist system. And unless every single one of the Western diplomats to whom this reporter talked in Moscow and Eastern Europe is wrong, that is simply not going to happen. The new men in the Kremlin may make some appeasing gestures to the Chinese Communists. But they cannot possibly revert to a Stalinist policy of terror and iron discipline, even if they wished to do so, because to do so would risk explosions throughout Eastern Europe, and quite conceivably within the Soviet Union as well.

In the second place, for the foreseeable future, the new post-Khrushchev generation of Soviet leaders will not consciously risk war with the West. If this conclusion is wrong, then all the most experienced foreign-policy experts, not only in Moscow but here in London too, are wrong also.

If the conclusion is right, it represents a great change, not merely from the Stalin era, but from the Khrushchev era. Only four years ago, Khrushchev took a very real risk of war, when he threatened to kick the West out of Berlin. Only two years ago, he took a greater risk, when he tried to put nuclear weapons in Cuba.

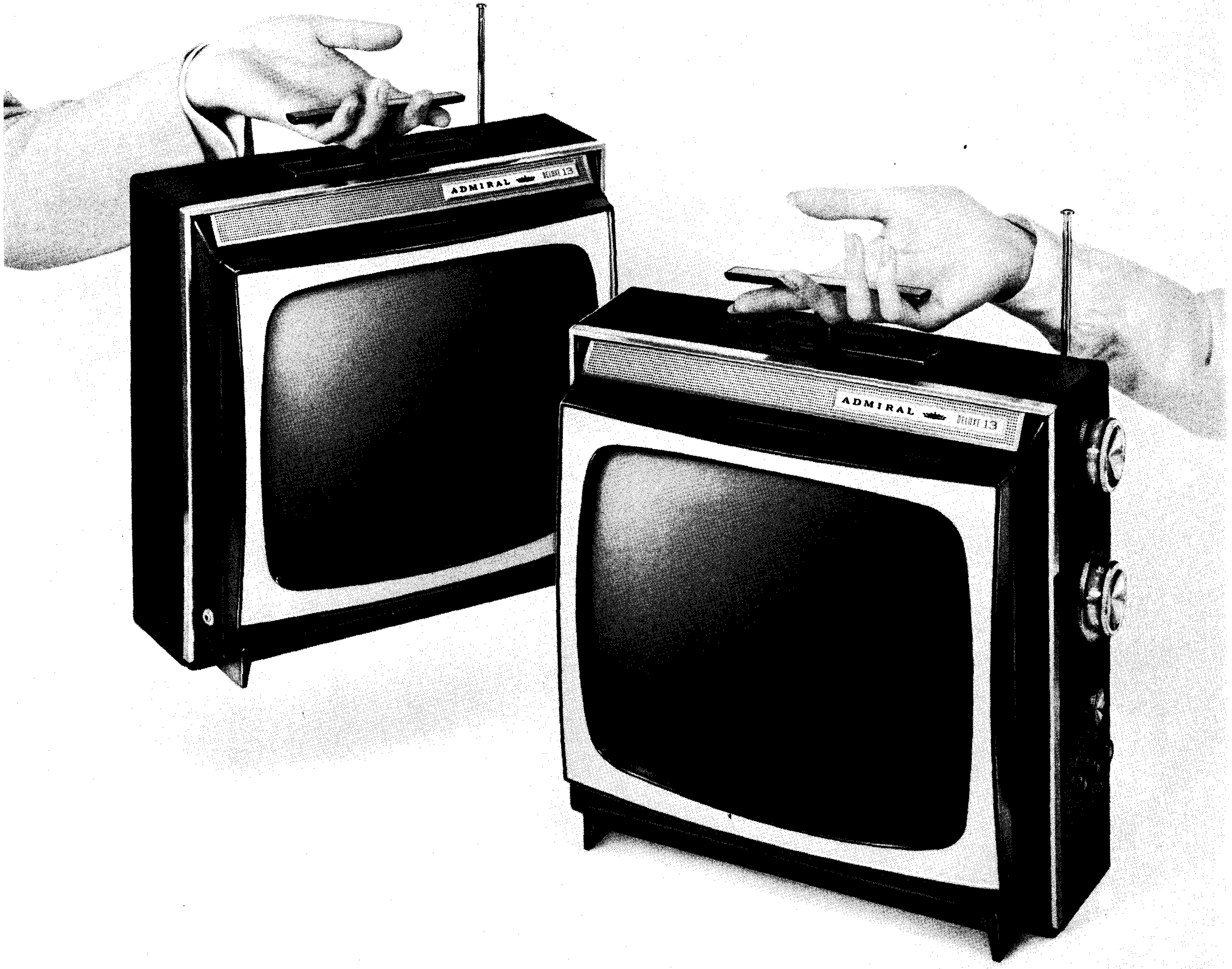
Forecasting future Soviet policy is a hazardous business, but the wisest forecasters, both here and in Moscow, do not see anything on the horizon remotely like the Berlin or Cuban crises. Khrushchev's failure in Berlin and Cuba were among the chief reasons for his downfall. The new Soviet leaders cannot risk more such failures, not only because they do not want to bring about their own downfall, but because further disasters abroad might transform the slow erosion of the Soviet system into sudden disintegration.

Finally, the change proves that American policy has worked remarkably well. In the era of Stalin, George Kennan, then chief State Department policy planner, first enunciated the policy of "containment" of Soviet Communism. The Kennan theory was that, if the expansion of Soviet power were halted, internal and external pressures would gradually change and mellow the Soviet system itself. Despite the brief and wholly semantic experiment with a policy of "liberation," the containment of Soviet power has been at the heart of American policy ever since.

Only a few years ago the "iron curtain" was indeed impenetrable and the "satellites" were satellites indeed. Now those long-familiar words are outmoded—the iron curtain is full of great, gaping holes, and the satellites are very visibly beginning to shake loose. In short, the containment policy has succeeded.

If the West can only hang together, if there is no disaster in Asia, if the conditions which made the policy work are not foolishly or complacently altered, the policy will continue to succeed, as the memory of Stalin's terror fades, and the Soviet system changes at an accelerated pace.

Stewart Alsop



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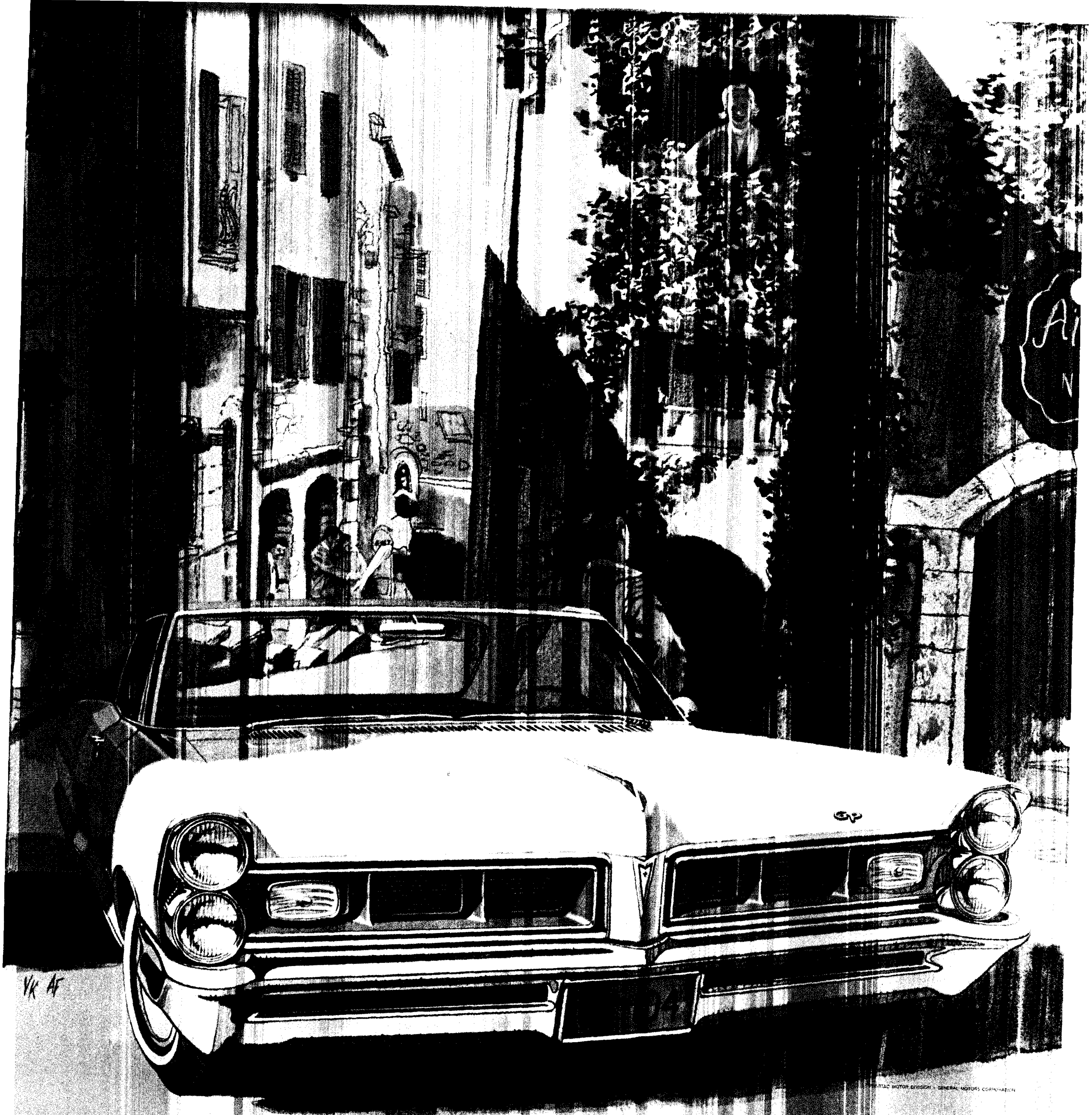

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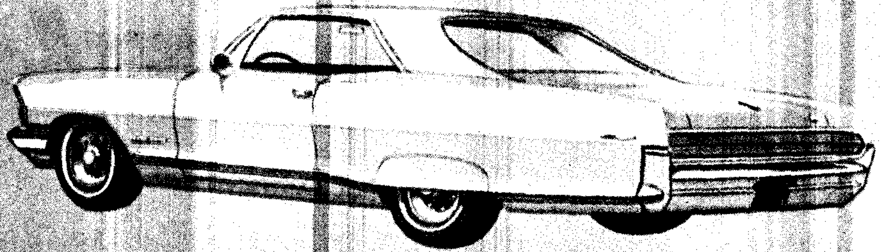
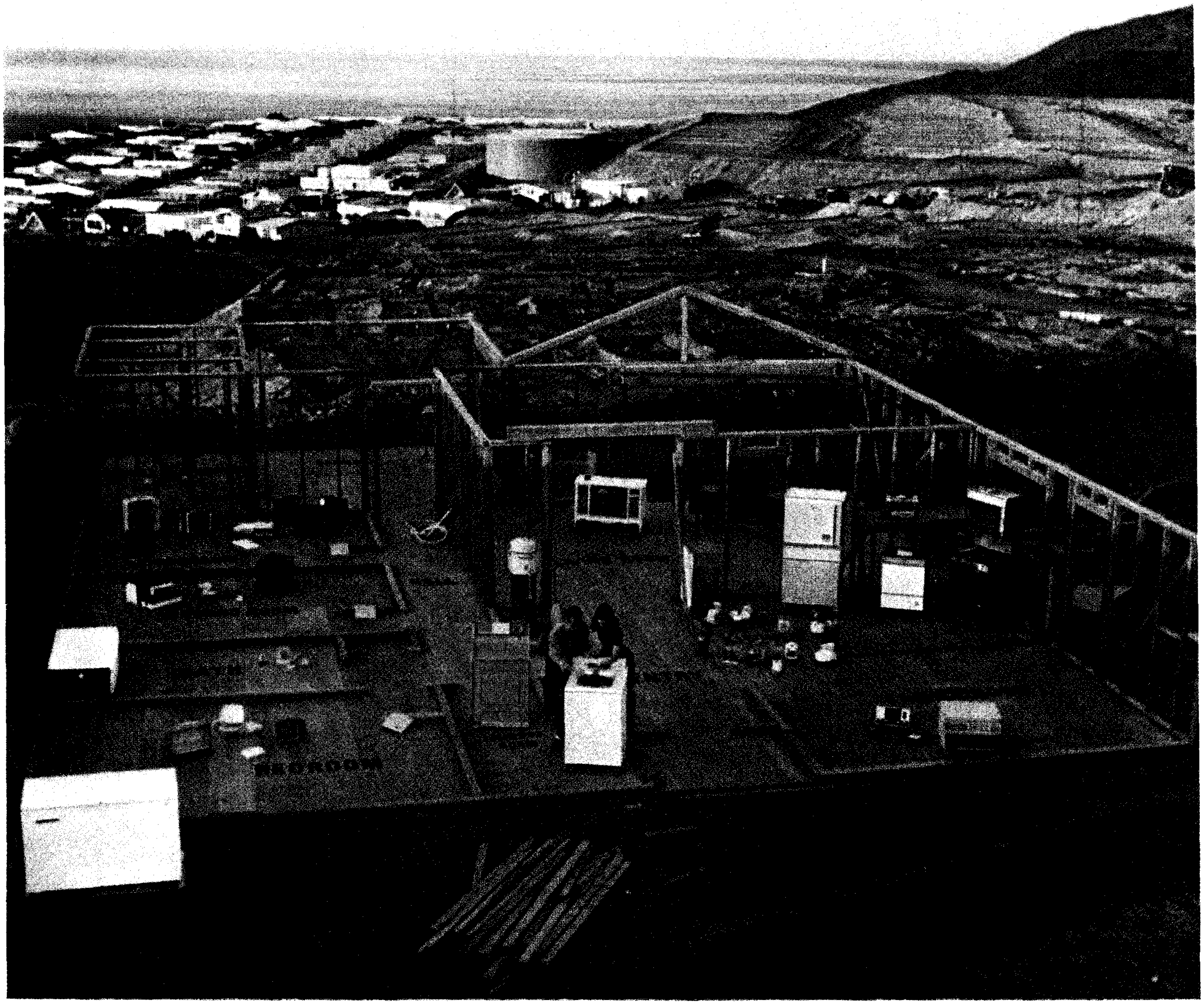


1965: THE YEAR OF THE QUICK WIDE-TRACKS



Fifty-seven varieties of household appliances (and one bathtub, for realism) are set in their proper household places in "see-through" house at Pacific Riviera development, Malibu, Calif. Product mix includes a freezer in the garage (foreground), 14 kitchen items ranging from a garbage-disposal unit to a juice blender, enough assorted major and minor equipment elsewhere to keep a family happily occupied until the electricity bill arrives.

AMERICA'S GREAT INDUSTRIES—III

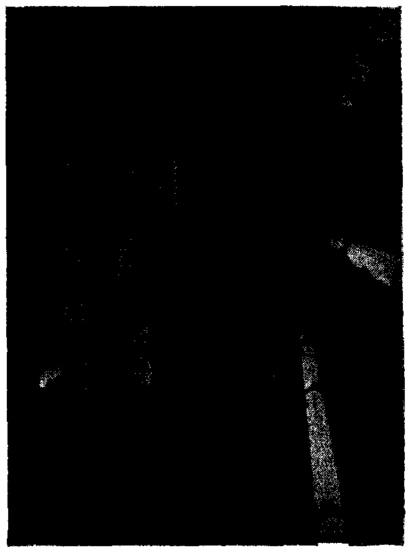
A HOUSEFUL OF HELPERS AWAKE AT THE SWITCH

Topping off their greatest year, U.S. appliance makers are looking for new chores to conquer, pushing quality instead of gimcracks.

For her birthday she got earrings and perfume. So what she wants for Christmas is something that washes, dries, toasts, roasts, freezes, cuts, peels, percolates or tidies up—something that may even turn a dreary household chore into an interlude of fun. She wants a new appliance, and she knows that if she doesn't get it at Christmas, she might have to wait another year.

If the appliance-craving American housewife is anxious about Christmas, the appliance manufacturer is doubly so. Depending on his line, as much as a third of his yearly sales must be made in the month of December if they are to be made at all. Will husbands buy his elegant bonnet-style hair dryer for their wives, or will they be lured away by his rival's new cordless electric slicing knife? Can his electric hedge trimmer command attention in the stores amid the crowd of equally dazzling floor waxers, electric dehumidifiers and garbage-disposal units? Worst of all, will masses of shoppers turn their backs on the Electrical Age *in toto*, choosing to muddle through manually? For the volatile and hotly competitive electric-appliance industry, Christmas is seldom a time of peace on earth.

By JAMES ATWATER / PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE SCHILLER



Firing oven bakes enamel on washing-machine tops and lids at 1520 degrees in Michigan appliance plant.

Working in a ruddy glow that shoppers will never see, foreman Ginder Benz inspects copper coffee makers just before they are sent to be chrome plated at Sunbeam Corp.'s Chicago small-appliance plant.

APPLIANCE BOOM

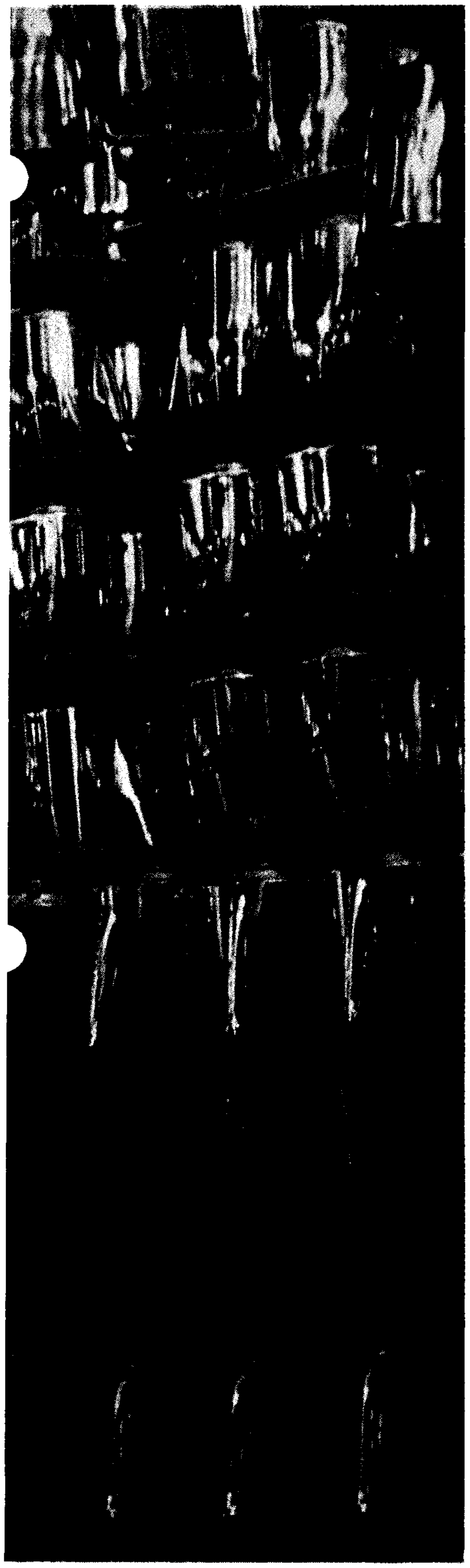
Christmas, 1964, however, promises to be good to both housewives and manufacturers. Dealers' showrooms, department stores and discount palaces are aglitter with an incredible variety of ingenious devices ready to perform magic at the flip of a switch. More to the point, the industry has every expectation of selling them in a holiday splurge that will make 1964 the biggest, richest year in its history.

As histories go, this is not too long a stretch. The iceman bending beneath his burden is still a vivid recollection for middle-aged Americans; in fact, the first electric refrigerator with all its parts in a single unit was introduced by Frigidaire exactly half a century ago this year. The automatic electric washing machine dates back only 27 years and the dryer only 26. There are millions of women who can remember slaving over a corrugated washboard; the wife handing out the wash and the apron-clad husband helping with the dishes are only slightly archaic stereotypes of U.S. homelife.

But labor conditions in the average American home have obviously undergone a profound change. Uncounted billions of woman-hours of work have been cut away by laborsaving appliances; a dishwasher alone, for example, reduces the average kitchen cleanup time from an hour and 13 minutes to half an hour, according to industry statisticians. Immeasurable vistas of leisure time have opened up, with social effects no statistician can really pin down. (Do housewives use their extra time to improve their minds, get jobs, enter local politics, plump pillows or find floors to wax which they wouldn't have waxed otherwise?)

Whatever the case, there is hardly an essential household task that can't be eased or eliminated by plugging in something. Americans have shown that they will buy an appliance to perform a task they had no idea needed performing until someone suggested it. Hundreds of thousands of people will buy electric can openers this month, though the job of opening cans by hand has caused no great outcry by housewives in the past The latest, and perhaps ultimate, model switches itself on and off. Hamilton Beach is offering a power unit with five attachments called the "Gourmet Center" which permits a gourmet to open a can, sharpen a knife, toss salad, grind meat or crush ice without expending a calorie of energy. Shoppers will also be rushing to buy electric toothbrushes, including Westinghouse's new Rocket model for children, a toothbrush shaped like an I.C.B.M., which comes with accompanying launching pad and gantry crane. They

Some appliances have the special aura of "giftability" that rivets the wandering shopper.



will even buy some electric swizzle sticks, a highly expendable appliance which has become a pet whipping boy for critics of the affluent society.

In today's competitive market, appliance makers have to expand and experiment at an unprecedented pace just to keep up. The pressure is particularly keen in the small-appliance business, where manufacturers just a few years ago had little to offer but such old reliables as the coffee maker, the toaster and the iron. Now these markets are becoming saturated (80 percent of U.S. homes have toasters, 97 percent have irons), and while millions will still be sold as replacements, the need for new products has impelled companies like General Electric and Sunbeam to double the number of items in their lines in just the last few years. "The housewife's major chores have been automated," says Norman Langenfeld, a top G.E. official. "To survive today, you have to innovate. You have to work the fringe areas of the market."

Almost every small-appliance maker is putting out a bonnet-style hair dryer with a chic carrying case, and a manicure set with power-driven nail buffers. With the rise of income and the consequent flourishing of home entertainment, the industry is selling a whole rumpus room full of new appliances designed specifically for this market—four-slice toasters, warming trays, party grills, and 20- and 30-cup coffee urns.

The newest thing in electric skillets and frying pans is Teflon, a material developed by Du Pont that keeps food from sticking to cooking surfaces and thus permits greaseless frying. New lightweight and long-life batteries are creating a whole new family of products: battery-powered shavers and clocks and mixers, rechargeable electric cigarette lighters, and even a battery-powered flour sifter. Designers are trying to hit on ideas that will make good gifts, since 30 percent of all small appliances are bought for presents. The aura of "giftability," as the trade describes it, has spurred the sales of such items as the flashy rotisserie and the electric slicing knife—appliances which easily catch the eye of the despairing husband searching for something different for his wife.

The makers of major appliances—"white goods," to the trade—do not live and die by Christmas as do small-appliance manufacturers (General Electric and Westinghouse are about the only companies which straddle the two divisions of the industry). But they, too, are counting on holiday business to top off their third consecutive year of rising sales. Frigidaire general manager Herman Lehman predicts that the industry's unit sales will run more than ten percent ahead of 1963, when a record 15.2 million major appliances were sold for $4.2 billion.

Less volatile, and nearly three times the size of the small-appliance market, the white-goods business tends more to majestic evolution than to rapid-fire innovation. Its fundamental statistics are majestic in themselves. Every 21 seconds a new household is formed in the U.S. with certain minimum needs for major pieces of hardware. Every three seconds a major appliance somewhere in the U.S. "outlives its useful life and needs replacement"—an industry researcher's expression which suggests a ghastly undercurrent of domestic turmoil, but is probably deceptive. In any case, the net effect is that one new refrigerator, range, washer, freezer, dryer, dishwasher or air conditioner is delivered to someone's home every *two* seconds.

The appliances themselves are changing, of course, and there have been fundamental improvements in all of them in recent years. For example, the industry has learned to control the blasts of heat that used to shrink clothes in the dryers. Dishwasher sprays are far more powerful and better diffused. Because of new and thinner insulation, a refrigerator with 12 cubic feet inside occupies no more kitchen space than a 10-cubic-foot box did a few years back. General Electric last year introduced an oven that cleans itself (with a special device that applies superhigh heat to vaporize accumulated grease); sales have soared despite a $75 premium for the feature. This year, Frigidaire is introducing a washer with a transmission that replaces troublesome belts, pulleys and gears with a compact system of rollers and wheels, for added reliability.

Despite booming sales and expanding profits, however, the white-goods business is still struggling with some serious and deep-rooted problems—problems which grew out of the fierce competitive struggles of the 1950's and which have yet to be entirely resolved.

The trouble began after World War II, when a number of large and powerful companies from outside the business—companies like International Harvester and Admiral—rushed in to compete with the established manufacturers in satisfying postwar demands for appliances. The result was a tremendous spurt of overproduction and falling prices, which dropped even faster as the cut-rate discount house began to get a big share of the appliance business. Retail prices have dropped some 25 percent since 1947, eight percent in the last five years.

To make matters worse, sales did not hold up as expected. E.B. Barnes, Kelvinator's vice president for sales, points out that during the '50's there was a slight decline in the number of persons in the 18-to-34 bracket, the biggest buyers of appliances. In addition, the market was gradually becoming saturated, particularly in washers and refrigerators, the industry's two major items.

The result was a severe shakedown. International Harvester quit the business altogether. The Speed Queen washer was bought by McGraw-Edison. The Easy washer ended up under the control of the Hupp Corp., a Cleveland-based company, which also bought the Gibson refrigerator. Bendix, which put out the first automatic washer in 1937, eventually sold it to Philco, which later was bought by Ford. G.E. bought Hotpoint.

In this competitive jungle, quick reactions have been essential for survival. Whenever one company added a feature that seemed to help its appliance sales, every other company would race to copy it. In the mid-'50's, for example, G.E. hit it big with the lint filter for its washer. Even Maytag, a firm which traditionally has resisted fads, joined the copycats. Maytag had been disposing of lint with a system that washed it down the drain, but it bowed to the pressures of the marketplace and added a filter it didn't need. Maytag points out, in its defense, that it really did add a feature, since it managed to incorporate the filter in a device that also dispenses the detergent.

In the small-appliance business, a manufacturer bringing out a brand-new appliance has little time to exploit his advantage before imitators have their own versions on the market. "We face a fast track now," says Louis W. Prestin, Sunbeam's executive vice president for marketing. "Before the war, it would take a competitor a few years to make a copy. Our mixer had a five-year head start. Today they can copy you in months."

During the '50's all manufacturers, and particularly the major appliance makers, became heavily dependent on their dealers, who were having their own troubles. Their profits were often a meager one to two percent of sales—and they naturally worked hardest to sell the products they thought would make them the most money. For example, some company executives privately blame the dealers for the consistently disappointing sales of the washer-dryer combination, which the industry had expected would go big. "Why should a dealer sell one combo," asks one official pointedly, "when he might be able to sell a washer *and* a dryer?"

Manufacturers today still turn flip-flops to cajole and inspire their dealers to get out and sell, *sell*, SELL! The big companies usually invite their dealers to lavish presentations of each year's new models, which are rolled out to the tunes of a musical especially written for the company and performed by competent, if somewhat shopworn, talent. For a *divertissement* at one recent presentation, a male performer was moved to tie a black brassiere over his head so that the cups perked up like ears. "M-I-C," he sang, "K-E-Y-M-O-U-S-E." The dealers loved it.

But by far the most effective way the manufacturers woo the dealers is to listen to their thoughts about product styling and design. In fact, some experts believe the dealer is the most important influence in the industry—more important, in many cases, than the housewife herself.

For example, there's a lot of evidence that women do not like instrument panels that look as though they were borrowed from John Glenn's capsule. One Chicago housewife admits to being cowed by her washer-dryer. "Every time I have to turn the thing on, all those buttons gleam at me, and I panic. I inevitably push the wrong one and either ruin the wash or burn up the machine's insides."

Market research shows that women want versatile machines with controls that are as simple as possible. But the dealers, who have the usual male fascination with glittering dials and winking lights, believe that a flashy instrument panel is important in helping to close sales. And so the manufacturer may load on the gadgetry which the industry calls "whistles and bells."

Prodded by the dealers, the manufacturers turn out a bewildering array of models to hit every possible segment of the market. One industry consultant came home recently to discover that the family washer had broken down. "I told my wife I'd drop down to a store and buy one that night," he says. "But when I got there, there were so many models with so many features that I finally went home in disgust. It was too damn confusing—and I know something about this business. The next day I went back and bought a model of a company I admire, and that was that."

The prime example of the strong influence dealers have is the annual model change, perhaps the main source of trouble in the business, since it vastly complicates the problem of building a solid appliance and servicing it expertly.

Asked to identify models by year, even experts flunked the test.

The dealers are afraid that their sales will slip unless they can annually put on display a new product brightened by new styling and festooned with new features. Many manufacturers will admit that they don't want the annual change; it is tremendously expensive in money, time and effort. Moreover, some market research indicates that the consumer couldn't care less whether an appliance first came on the market this year or last.

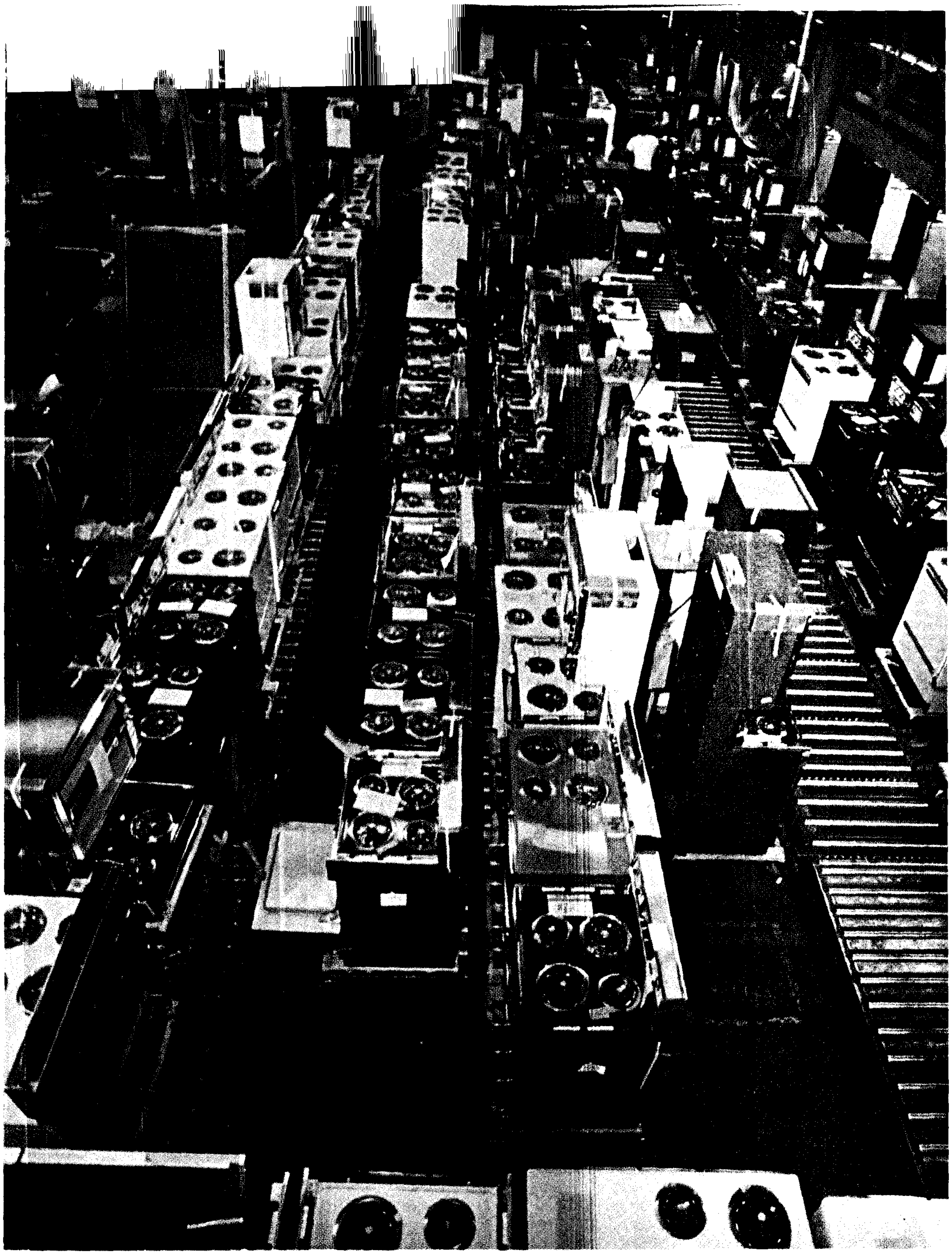
In fact, there is some evidence that not even the experts can tell the difference between models put out in two consecutive years. At a meeting of the trade press, Kelvinator once lined up 10 refrigerators of similar price and covered over the brand names. The display was made up of the models produced in two consecutive years by five different companies. The visitors were asked to identify the refrigerators by year and manufacturer. Half of the experts refused to take the test, and of those who tried, only 52 percent could name the brands, and only 25 percent the years.

Kelvinator abandoned the annual cycle four years ago. "We do not make changes unless they are meaningful," says sales vice president Barnes. The firm's 1964-range line, for example, is virtually identical with 1963's.

"The annual model change is senseless," says one official in the industry. "It's based on the assumption that the appliance is a status symbol, and that's just not so. You don't park your refrigerator in the driveway."

The industry's most outspoken critic of the practice of adding some chrome and changing the instrument panel to get a "new" model is Maytag, which never adopted the annual change. By stressing the reliability and long life of its washers

General Electric's cordless electric slicing knives, here cutting bread in tandem, are a top gift item this season. G.E. introduced the knife, but competitors quickly brought out their own versions.



Self-cleaning "P-7" electric ranges move down a final assembly line at G.E.'s Appliance Park in Louisville, Ky. The plant makes ranges in six colors, a total of 200 appliance models.

and dryers, Maytag has prospered mightily. For the first half of 1964, its earnings were 12.8 percent of sales, far above the industry average. "We're extremely old-fashioned," says one company official. "We think it is ethically wrong to foist something on the public that is not an improvement."

The result of the annual-model flap is that the engineers are placed under impossible pressure. "You have to produce new features *and* dependability," says the director of one company's advance-engineering department. "This is what is driving the engineers nuts. The more complex a device is, the more service problems you're likely to have, no matter how well designed it is."

The annual model change, in fact, is the main reason that every neighborhood has its share of horror stories about the failures of refrigerators, ranges or washers, that are repeated with little tingles of terror at the morning kaffeeklatsch. In Tarrytown, N.Y., for example, the neighbors talk of what happened to David and Lorraine Epstein, who installed a brand-name combination washer-dryer in their new home in 1959.

The one-year warranty had barely expired when the door began to leak. The charge was $18.85. The Epsteins now regard this bill rather wistfully, as though it were the first mild tantrum of a child who was to turn out to be incorrigible.

On July 3, 1961, the machine failed. For 28 days Lorraine Epstein improvised with the Laundromat and the neighbors' washers. When the repairs were completed, the Epsteins had a machine with a rebuilt rear end and a bill for $75. On November 6, 1961, the thing died again. This time it was out of action for 23 days, and the bill came to $54.05. Something about a bad pump and clogged vents.

Dave Epstein, an artist, is a mild and accommodating man, but this time he picked up the phone. The servicing company settled for $35. On January 26, 1962, the drying system broke down. $11.

In time, Lorraine Epstein came to know three different crews of repairmen. Each pair would utter caustic comments about the abilities of the others while peering into the stricken machine. One repairman adopted a brusquely proprietary air toward the Epsteins. Without ringing the bell, he opened the back door one morning at 8:30 and began to dismantle the machine while Lorraine was in the bedroom down the hall.

Dave eventually became something of an expert at spotting the combo's troubles. He once retrieved an ossified door gasket, as shredded and tangled as a clump of dried spaghetti, from its lodging place in the heat vent.

On September 9, 1962, the door gave way. $18.85. On December 10, 1963, the whole rear end collapsed again, the $75 collapse. "After that," recalls Dave, "we came to an agreement. Whatever happened, I was to pay for the parts, but not the labor."

On January 17, 1964, the rear end disintegrated a third time. A man came and poked at it moodily and went away. This time it was 40 days before the thing was fixed, but this time there was no bill. In four years, counting stray odds and ends, the Epsteins have spent about $300 repairing a machine that cost $420.25.

Epic disasters like this are unavoidable in any mass-production industry—they come with the territory—but the appliance manufacturers are making a sincere effort to reduce their number. The campaign had its beginnings in the late '50's when appliances began to break down at an alarming rate. Looking back, a few executives are willing to admit that one cause was that they had let their quality-control programs slip.

To make matters worse, the housewife who was stuck with a spavined dishwasher or refrigerator often had to start a great manhunt to find someone to repair it. Not only were there too few repairmen to handle the sudden avalanche of work, but many of those who were in business boggled at any job that required much more than a screwdriver and friction tape. The industry had woefully failed to train men to repair products that were getting increasingly complex.

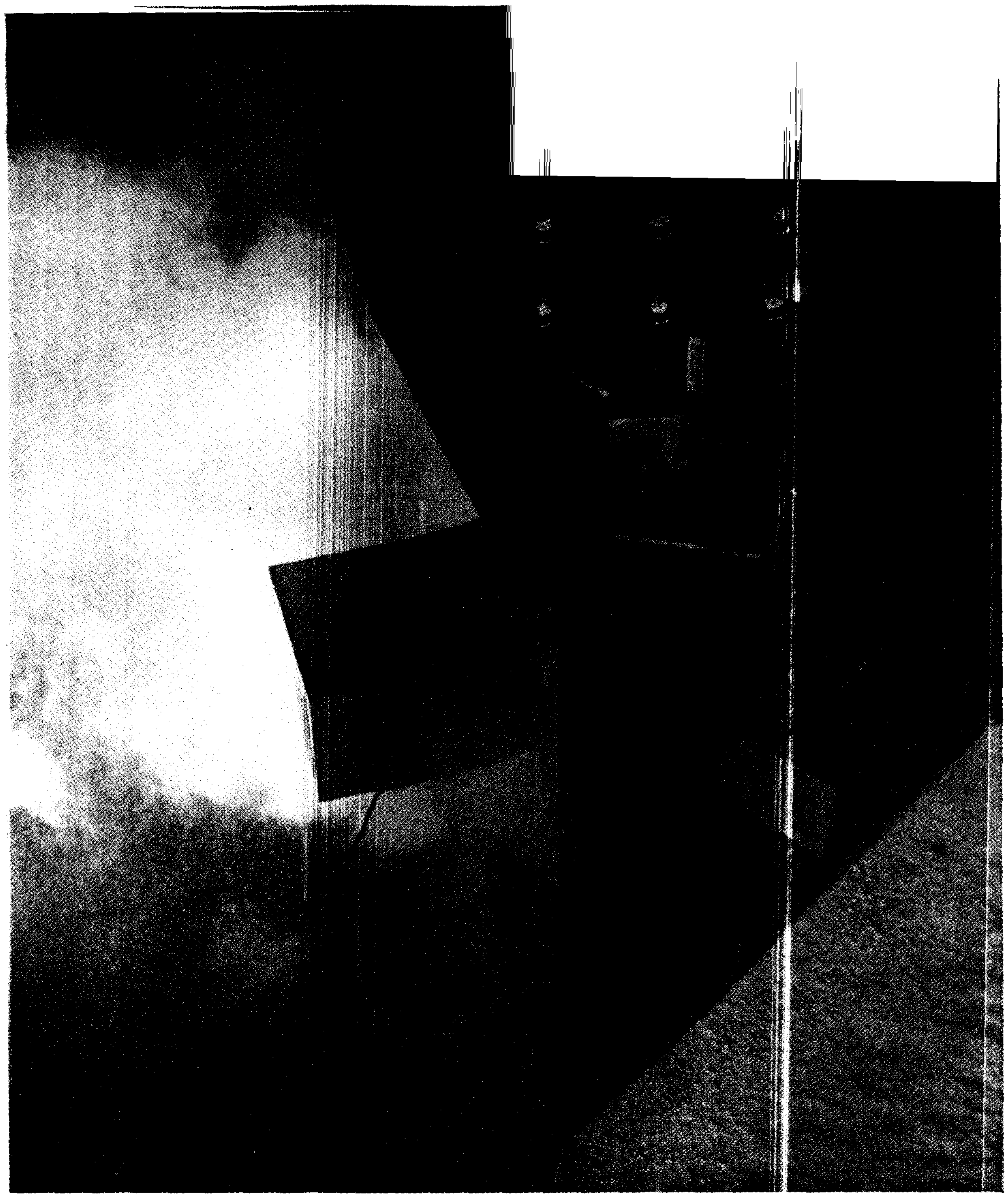
The result was a consumer revolt that thoroughly frightened the industry. Some executives believe that the poor sales record of the early 60's was due in part to the public's growing disenchantment with appliance makers and all their works.

To improve the quality of their servicing, many companies are conducting training courses around the country that are attended free by repairmen who work for completely independent firms or for franchised dealers. G.E. alone has a force of over 100 full-time instructors and trouble-shooters.

"By running very hard [in their training program], the manufacturers are barely able to stand still," says Frederick Schlink, technical director of Consumer's Research, an independent testing service that publishes *Consumer Bulletin*. "They have trouble catching up because of the constant innovations. The poor serviceman often doesn't get the parts or manuals before the appliances get in trouble. We get letters from people whose appliances are out of action for months."

Labor now accounts for 60 to 70 percent of most repair bills, and it is not at all unusual for a homeowner to pay $7.50 or more an hour for a service call. The best way to keep down rising service costs, of course, is to make a better product. As a whole, the industry is making a strong effort to turn out appliances that are more reliable and more easily serviced. "The service manager never used to see the product until it came off the line," says Philco's President Robert O. Fickes. "Now he's in on the creation of it from the beginning."

Nearly every major manufacturer has a quality-control program that has been substantially improved in the last few years. Appliances are pulled off the line and rigorously tested at regular intervals. At Whirlpool, quality-control supervisors report directly to the president. They have the authority—the ultimate power in any manufacturing process—to shut down



Symbolic climates in glass triangles at Whirlpool's Benton Harbor, Mich., plant show three principal functions of air conditioning—cooling, dehumidifying, and heating.

the line completely if their testers find a series of lemons.

This concern for a sturdy product is beginning to pay off in both small and major appliances. The Detroit Edison Co., which services 800,000 small appliances a year, is convinced that quality has improved.

Product improvement is most obvious in major appliances. "There are some indications of improved quality control in such appliances as washers and refrigerators, formerly among the worst offenders," says Morris Kaplan, technical director of Consumers Union, which publishes *Consumer Reports*. Then he adds, "but consistency of quality—what quality control tries to assure—is not necessarily equivalent to high quality. I'd like to see some manufacturer make and sell the guts and not the gleam, the stamina and not the trim. The engineer is usually required to design the product to sell at a predetermined price. He can spend a lot on fancy things like butter dishes and egg shelves and chrome and gimmicks that are supposed to sell. Or put the money into the guts of the machine."

Because quality is not as obvious as, say, a lint filter, Kaplan thinks it would have to be backed up by broad, long-term warranties patterned after those now used by the auto industry. "It would take some doing and a tremendous advertising campaign," Kaplan concludes, "but I think the appliance industry, if it wanted to, could find a way to sell quality to the public."

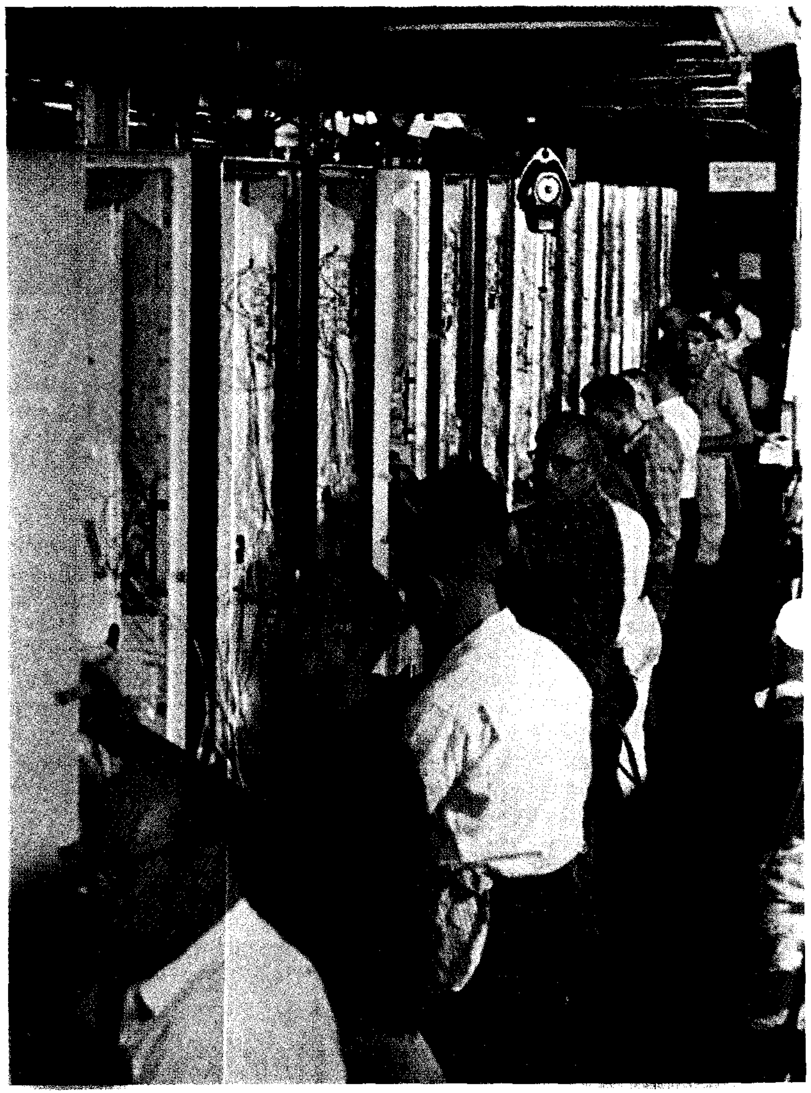
Here and there are scattered signs that the American public may indeed be ready to buy quality—and service—rather than going automatically for the lowest price, or falling for a cute butter compartment. Albert Sindlinger, head of the market research firm of Sindlinger & Co., thinks that consumers are tending more and more to buy appliances from dealers who emphasize good service rather than the best price deal.

The problem of servicing is one reason that product development will continue to be more evolutionary than revolutionary; appliances are complicated enough as it is. What is more, no manufacturer wants to risk losing heavily on a long shot. "This is an industry," says one executive, "in which the companies are glad when a rival tries out a new idea—and takes a chance of falling on his face."

Perhaps most important, the housewife seems to be essentially a conservative. "Unless she sees the real advantage of a product or a feature, I don't think she'll go for it," says William L. Hullsiek, vice president in charge of Admiral's appliance division. "We have to be damned down-to-earth in what we offer."

Yet all of the major companies inevitably are experimenting with totally new and revolutionary appliances that may someday be as familiar as today's refrigerators and ranges. Some examples:

- *Sonic Cleaning*. For years the public has been hearing reports of miracle clothes and washers and dishwashers that would vibrate dirt away with bombardments of sonic waves. The principle is now used in many industries to clean metallic parts, but there are stiff problems to be overcome. Sound waves do not work too well on some soils, and in dishwashers they are blocked by the shielding effect of plates and pans. (They also have been known to clean the pattern off china, the finish off silver plate.)
- *Electronic Cooking*. The industry has been marketing small quantities of electronic ovens for some time. The oven generates microwaves that agitate the molecules of food, and the friction of the molecules produces the heat that does the actual cooking. Microwaves can bake a potato in four minutes, cook a frozen 19-pound turkey in 90 minutes, and fry an egg as soon as the oven door is closed. But the cost of this performance is high—the oven is priced at around $800. When the frozen-food business expands, as it is certain to do, the fast-action electronic oven will become more salable.
- *Home Dry Cleaning*. The popularity of coin-operated dry-cleaning machines has suggested that perhaps American homes should have their own units. Westinghouse estimates that the public might be interested in paying around $500 for a single machine that dry-cleaned as well as washed and dried clothes. So far no one in the industry has come close to reaching



Freezers are wired at Frigidaire's Dayton, Ohio, plant.

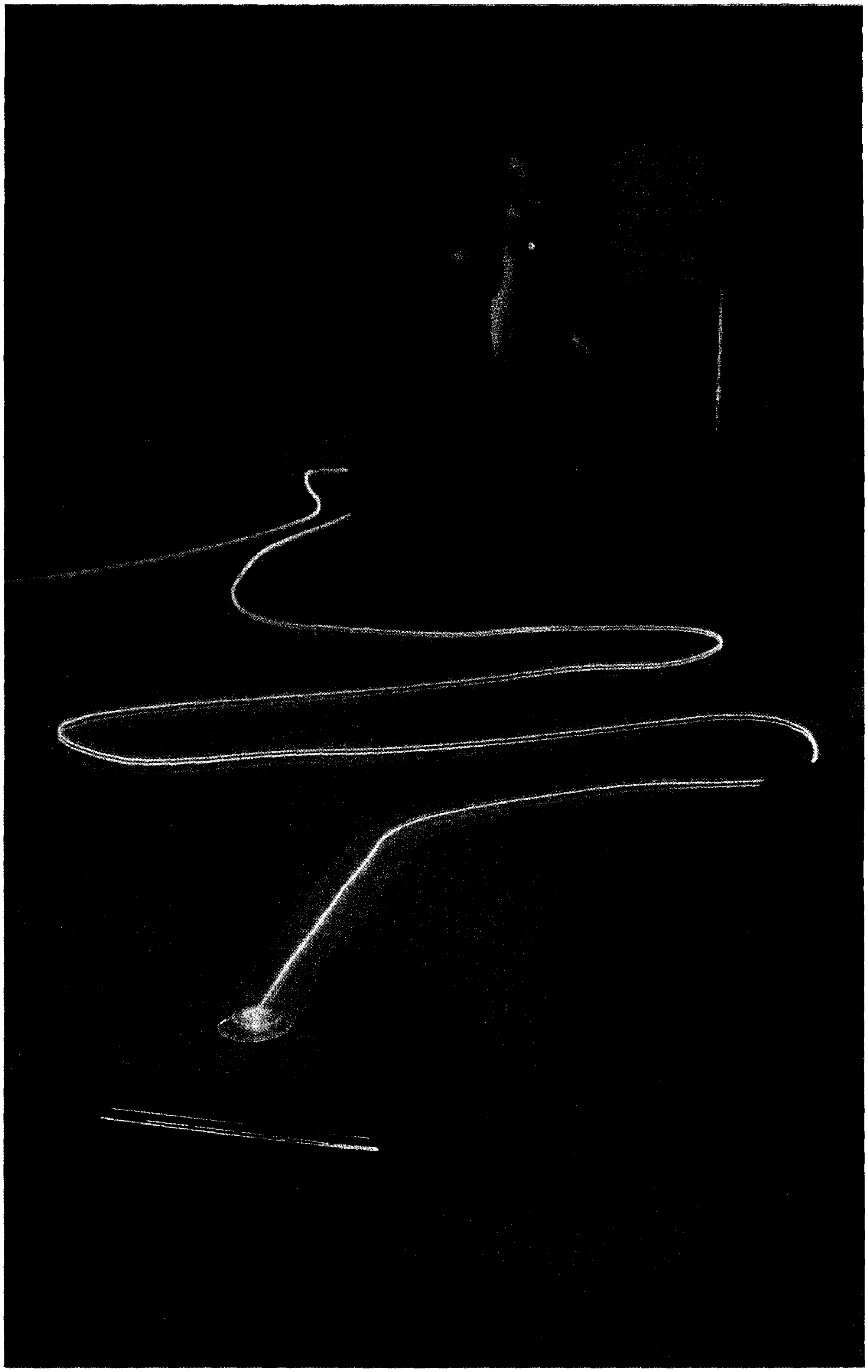
this figure. The main problem is finding a dry-cleaning solvent that is safe for household use, and that can be economically filtered to remove impurities.

- *Thermo-Electric Refrigeration.* For decades engineers have known that the passage of electricity from some conductors to others produces a cooling effect. A simple device with no moving parts theoretically could replace the bulky, conventional compressor of the standard refrigerator. It could also be broken up into a series of thermoelectric drawers that could be placed around the kitchen and the house where they would be most convenient. To date the process is still far too expensive for widespread use, although several companies are marketing small thermoelectric units.
- *Clothes Washing.* "Over the years the housewife has been satisfied with the progress in developing laundry equipment," says Whirlpool's Dr. Gale Cutler, director of research, "but it's time for a new step. It's time we got away from bleaching the dirt, or dyeing it with brighteners. And the only way we can do this is take the job out of her hands, make it completely automatic." Cutler is thinking of a washer that would only require the housewife to push a single button indicating the type of load. The machine would use uncanny electronic sensors to determine such things as the hardness of the water and the amount of dirt in the clothes, then not only add precisely the right amount of detergent, chemicals and properly heated water, but set the spin and agitation cycles at precisely the right speeds. Whirlpool is now test-marketing what could be the forerunner of this genius washer—a unit with controls that allow the operator to choose a wide variety of agitation and spin speeds.
- *Water Purification.* As population grows, the shrinking supply of pure water will become an increasingly serious problem. The appliance industry is interested in developing a water system that would circulate household wastes through a sophisticated purifier that would make the water usable again, and so on around and around.
- *Home Computers.* G.E. believes that some day the household bookkeeping will be done instantly and automatically by a computer about the size of a desk. The computer will make up shopping lists, pay your bills, remind you of anniversaries and even figure your income tax. Industry is now using somewhat similar electronic brains, but the price is still far too high for the kitchen.

Whatever other duties the appliances of the future will perform, they all seem bound to make money, for today's boom market is only a rumble compared to what is coming. Within the next few years millions of war babies will marry each other and buy millions of appliances to fill millions of new homes. Appliance men are also looking forward to replacing the aging appliances now in use—over 30 million homes have refrigerators, washers and ranges that are at least 10 years old.

The industry which has always called itself the housewife's best friend hopes to reaffirm that status, promising a Utopian tomorrow when every chore is reduced to the flip of a switch and every switch, almost infallibly, will work. THE END

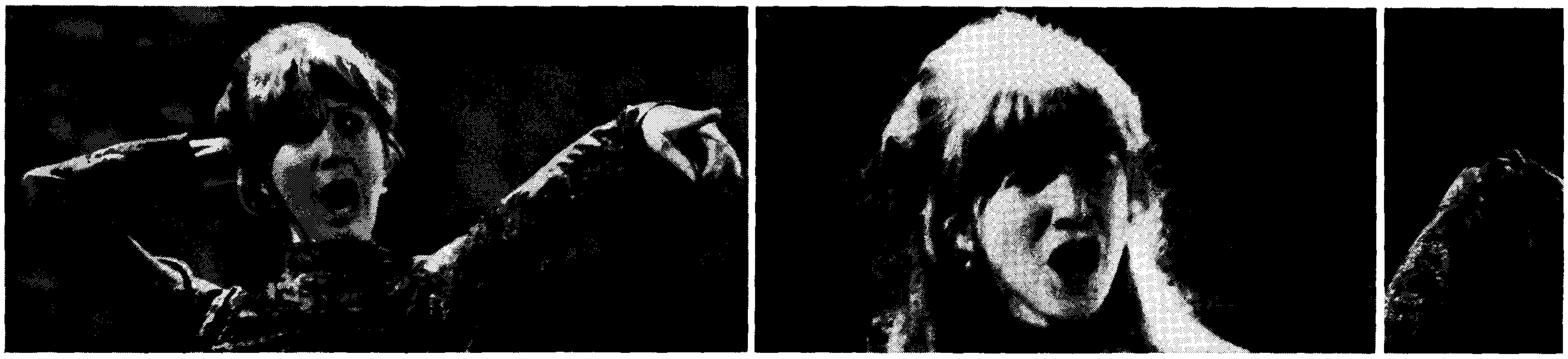
"I'd like to see someone sell the guts and not the gleam, the stamina and not the trim."



Time exposure taken in Bel Air Skycrest model home in Los Angeles shows how vacuum cleaner of the future might work unassisted. Whirlpool developed the device using remote-control radio, but thinks the ultimate solution would be for the cleaner to follow sensitized tracks set in floor. The machine would also empty and recharge itself.

'A SAINT IS A SAINT, YOU KNOW.'

For Julie Harris, acting is a voluntary martyrdom that is most satisfying when th



By Brock Brower

Ultimately, it has to be your own choice. If you ally yourself with a play, I feel it's like . . ." Julie Harris paused to make absolutely sure of her own feelings, or maybe to gauge just how somebody else was going to take them. "Look," she finally admitted, "I'm terribly moved by that scene in *Hamlet* when he makes Horatio and Marcellus swear by his sword."

For Julie Harris, agreeing to do a play is a little like nicking open her wrist to seal an oath in blood; from then on, whether the show turns out to be a hit like *The Lark* or a flop like *Marathon '33*, her bloodstream is joined to the play's. In fact, her commitment only deepens the more a play sinks into trouble. "In a way, I like it when the trouble starts," she confesses. Then she can steel herself to tend it round the clock, like Florence Nightingale—one of her favorite TV roles. "*I* loved it," she'll defend some past turkey she had no business being in. "It's like when somebody comes up to you and says, 'I don't like your brother.' OK, you don't like him, but he's still my brother."

"This is the woman, the girl, who is the exception to the rule," says Josh Logan, who is currently having the distinct pleasure of directing her for the first time in a new comedy, *Ready When You Are, C.B.!* The play, ironically, is about an actress who is afraid to act; instead, she occupies her time renting her apartment week by week to itinerant actors and finding other people's couches to sleep on.

Julie Harris herself is made of sounder stuff. "She's one of the few stars," Logan says "who can take responsibility for a whole evening in the theater. She's this poignant, mercurial, talented person—who can control herself!"

That control underlies an acting career that began in the late '40's and very quickly reached its highest emotional pitch with her anguished performance as the 12-year-old Frankie Addams in *The Member of the Wedding*. Frankie is a Carson McCullers creation, part elf, part hysteric, who passes through her first near-adult crisis when she realizes she cannot go along on her brother's wedding trip. Since then Julie Harris has triumphed as the light-of-head, light-of-love Berlin expatriate, Sally Bowles, in *I Am a Camera;* Joan of Arc in Jean Anouilh's *The Lark*, and the saucy French heroine of *A Shot in the Dark*, playing all of them with a lingering overtone of Frankie. Thirty-nine years old, she still looks like Frankie. She is freckled, tomboy trim, with long auburn hair that really justifies the Victorian word "tresses." "In my experience," says Harold Clurman, one of her best directors, "she's totally designed to be a good instrument on the stage."

It turns her into the most private of persons. "From here, she goes home," says producer David Black, standing in the back of the rehearsal theater. "And from home, she comes here." That's it, her total routine, with a quiet life spent with her second husband, Manning Gurian, and their nine-year-old son, Peter, as the only interlude. "She unwinds," says her husband, explaining her activity away from the theater. "She couldn't possibly go to sleep unless she's relaxed. She eats a little food, reads to Peter if he's up, or reads a little bit herself." Much the same sort of subdued life goes on even when she isn't in a play, except that she begins baking again and worrying about Peter's work at school.

"I call her a Sister of the Theater," says Clurman. "She's a kind of martyr. She has that Puritan nature that always wants to be beaten a little. I remember she fell in *The Lark* and cut her lip. She went through the entire performance with this bleeding lip, and I'm convinced that somewhere inside she was enjoying it."

The only hitch is that she expects everybody else in a production to swear by the same sword that she has. "She demands a high degree of devotion," Clurman goes on. "If an actor lets down, or gives way to theatrical habits, she's almost unforgiving. In *A Shot in the Dark* there was a boy who was late or drunk for a performance, I forget which, and she was horrified. When he came around the next day to beg her forgiveness with some flowers, she threw the flowers at him."

Sometimes she forces herself to make sacrifices for a play that seem downright masochistic. Last year, for instance, she starred in her friend June Havoc's autobiographical *Marathon '33*, and never was more talent wasted more sublimely. She knocked the heels off the high button shoes she'd worn for her TV role as "Johnny Belinda" and stepped into them to master all Miss Havoc's old dance routines, even though she'd never done much more with her tight body than arrange it graciously for modern-dance classes. But she learned the time step and the waltz clog and dragged a leaded dummy all around her summer cottage at Truro, Mass., to learn to carry the dead weight of her sleeping dance partner for the show.

It might have had some real point if the work had been done for any real play. But Julie Harris danced on coals only to be martyred in a one-dimensional role. She was put on as an act, not as an actress. In the entire show she had exactly one good line, with which she managed to evoke all the sadness of the vaudevillian in a lonely, ugly town. Walter Kerr, while panning the play, and even faulting Julie Harris, still picked it out to admire. "That was in Pittsburgh" was the line. Nothing more. But the way she said it was like the first real tear in a rain of sequins.

Happily her present part as Annie—in the new play—offers more than just one real line. In fact, although Annie start out with that little bit of Frankie in he too, the character *does* grow up durin the course of two acts. Julie Harris get to use her adult life for once instead o being stymied at "the eternal little girl i Julie" that producers are always delighted to cast.

In Julie Harris there is also a kind unpretentious moral fervor that flashes her like temper in other people. Anythin can touch it off. Money. "Money's terrible thing, you know. I've always ha a conscience about money. In '29 it al went," she says, recalling her father' troubles as an investment banker in Detroit. "We were still living very well, bu the faces around said something different I was afraid of money and all that. I wa so glad once I started working, because didn't want to be any unnecessary burden." Yet realistically she never was. Th family sent her to Grosse Pointe Countr Day School and Miss Hewitt's classes i Manhattan without sinking into penury Still she felt impelled to get a worl scholarship at the summer acting cam of the Misses Charlotte Perry and Porti Mansfield in Steamboat Springs, Colo. where she succeeded on her own for th first time in her life. "It was a thing I had It was quite an expensive camp. I hate to ask for the money."

And, of course, even though Miss Perr has since named her camp theater afte Julie Harris, Julie herself still feels she wa "a lazy actor" out there. "I was alway staying up late at night, and I'd have t be thrown out of bed to wait table. O time I just fell asleep in the middle lecture, and when I woke up, I found note from Miss Perry, which said something like, 'If you can't stay awake, you'l never learn to play Saint Joan.'"

Again, in her own estimation, she neve quite did, despite her incomparable performance as Joan of Arc in *The Lark* i

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VYTAS VALAITIS

Rehearsing for her new Broadway play, "Ready When You Are, C.B.," Julie Harris displays the emotional scope that has made her equally memorable in the role of a 12-year-old girl and later as Joan of Arc.

lay isn't even worth all of the sacrifices

955. She did find it gratifying to meet ıe responsibility of shouldering that play. If I hadn't been able to try to get there—nd I didn't always get there, I know ıat—if I hadn't tried always to make the 'fort, that play couldn't have held up." he effort seems to have brought Joan ser to her than any other role. "I love .r as somebody who has lived for me," ıe says. "It was as if her development as woman stopped when she heard those oices, and she simply entered a state of race. I'm in search of it. But a saint is a ıint, you know."

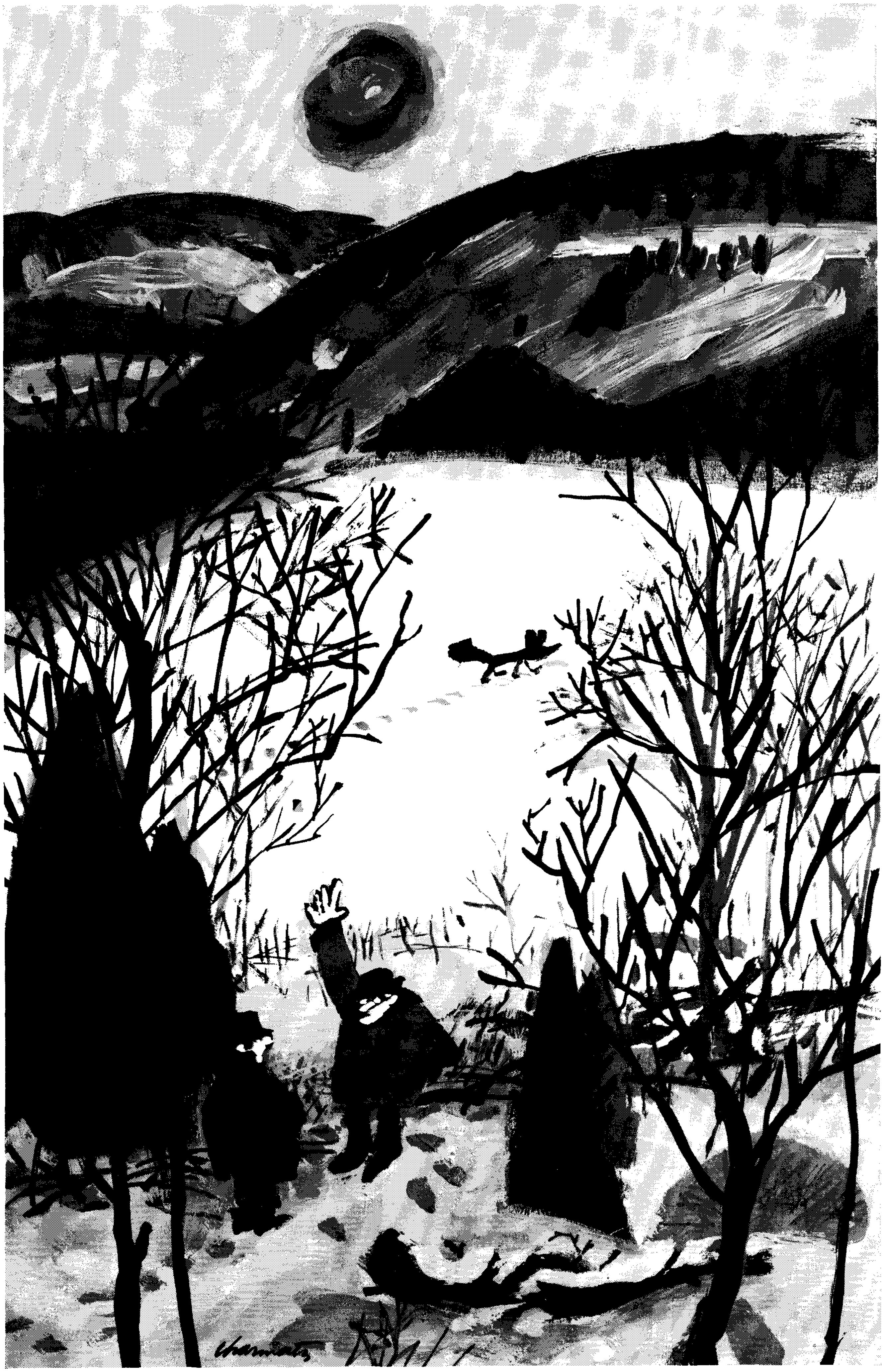
Yet, in some ways the extreme is more ative to her character than she or anyody else really admits. She really would ke to see all the Virtues and all the ıraces triumph in this world. "I like fe to be"—and then there is that embarıssed hesitation—"I like life to have ılory." Suddenly, she's said it. "When I ear Beethoven's music, or see Michelıgelo's paintings in the Sistine Chapel—ıose two fingers coming *so* close—you :tually do gasp, you know." She wants ıat Glory to have its place in the theater ɔo. "What I worry about is what's hapened to the *good* underground, like orky's, that truly expresses what people ed to associate with. Or Juno in O'Casey. ou *want* her to come out on top, even ıough you know she never can. But ɔt Martha in Albee's *Who's Afraid of 'rginia Woolf?* Martha's not somebody eople are going to want to see year 'ter year."

She reads a lot, and likes to talk ks—sometimes between scenes of a ay she's in, just to pass the offstage ne—but her choices, and her reasons r them, are as far removed from current erary cant as her conscience is from ıe age. Emily Dickinson: "She was in ve with Shakespeare all her life, I think. ıe said, 'As long as there is Shakespeare, erature is safe.' And I like that feeling she describes: that when she goes icy cold and the top of her head is coming off, then she knows the poem is good." Or James M. Barrie: "I've always dreamed of playing Peter Pan. Barrie's a tremendously moving and interesting man. Honestly, he just tears me apart. Tender, but never sentimental. Basic stuff. Basic. People think he's old-fashioned and sentimental. He's not. He's *shocking*."

As an actress, she has really developed far beyond the little bit of Frankie. "I think now her acting is even more subtle than it was," Clurman comments. "I'd like to have her in every play, playing all the parts, including the men." He is talking quite realistically about her versatility, but few producers have had the imagination to rely upon it, to say right out to her, as Clurman did for *A Shot in the Dark*, "Look, I want you to play this dirty little French whore, so you won't be an old maid in the theater."

The trouble is that too many casting people "think of Julie Harris right away" and choose her because she's "endowed with purity," as a human being, when, as an actress, she's really endowed with so much more. Playing Annie this season—who turns into a woman, even if she tries hard to stay a girl—may help. But already there is that $100,000 advance sale of tickets to people who want to see the usual Julie Harris. She has a way of meeting this obligation. "She comes in," says Clurman, describing her manner at early rehearsals, "as if she didn't have an idea in her head. She sits there like a bottle waiting to be filled up." It is her way of putting the play ahead of herself. It is conscience at work. "On Broadway," she says, "you can't help but feel the burden is on your shoulders." But it is really about time that Broadway stopped carrying Julie Harris so lightly on its own.

THE END



THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON FOX

In the winter when the sun shines on the frozen lake and lights the ridge of mountains beyond, a red fox sometimes trots across the shoreline in front of my house. He does not come often; he is, I think, a solid citizen who on a particularly fine Sunday extends his afternoon walk a bit before going home to read *The New York Times* magazine section.

This fox has cost me a great deal of money, and more emotional wear and tear than a man who must budget his stability (so much for taxes, so much for home improvement) can afford. Although he does not come often, he times his entrances well. The first time I saw him was on a day three years ago when I hiked through a quarter mile of deep snow to see a patch of Vermont lakeshore I had no intention of buying. There he was, lightfooting past the spot on the shore where the real-estate promoter had just, with a wave of his arm, built a fine boathouse for the cabin cruiser I did not and do not own. At first my eyes, not myopic but city-worn, caught only the blur of color and the shape of the great, floating tail. I took him for a collie; I was not expecting a fox.

It took me only a moment to realize my mistake, and to say "fox," casually and knowledgeably. I have wondered since whether this, too, might not have been a mistake. Could the small red animal have been one of the real-estate promoter's children, zipped into a furry suit and sent scuttling across the shoreline on cue? I like to think not. But when it is midnight, with the temperature at 34 degrees below zero, and I am crawling through the crawl space beneath my house to warm the frozen plumbing with the heat of my body (as, oftener than seems possible, I am), a bitter vision obsesses me. It is a picture of the real-estate promoter doing his accounts (for the Internal Revenue Service, or for the devil) and writing down, "rental, one fox suit, $3," and "wages, one boy, 50c."

The fox settled things, of course. I pointed to him, and the promoter said, "A-yup." You don't hear many a-yups anymore, unless Vermonters are telling Vermont jokes or showing off for the summer people, but this was a beauty, one part "durned-things-are-always-underfoot," and one part "what-do-you-New York-City-people-expect-in-Vermont—

There is not a single fox in Rockefeller Center,
which may (or may not) be a good reason for a man to move his entire household
from New York to the chilly wilds of Vermont.

By JOHN SKOW

taxicabs?" The a-yup used as a sales weapon is devastating, and I was already unsettled. Trying to be agreeable on our mush through the woods, I had said of a tree, "Nice birch."

"Popple," the promoter had said, looking at me glumly. I was shaken. When the fox came along, I signed.

I remember thinking as I sank into a trance that there were no foxes in Rockefeller Center, where I then was working. This seemed at the time an unanswerable reason for buying the property. It is equally true, on reflection, that there are no armadillos in Rockefeller Center. The lack did not occur to me then, probably because I have no liking for armadillos—really, no feeling one way or the other about them. But—and this is the interesting part—I have no feeling one way or the other about foxes either. My wife thinks this is fascinating, and I do too.

At any rate, when the seizure passed, I had in my hand the deed to half an acre of moist, low-lying shoreline (very low-lying, very moist; someone spilled a package of brown rice at a cookout last summer, and it grew). The collapse of my resistance did not seem to please the promoter. Still gloomy, he said, "I suppose you'll be wanting a camp."

As a matter of fact, I did not want a camp. A camp is a place for small boys in the summertime. If I wanted anything, it was a weekend house, and 15 minutes earlier I had not wanted that. "You mean build a house," I said.

"A camp," the promoter said. I have learned since that it is not possible to build a house on the shore of a Vermont lake. Five miles away, overtown on Main or Pleasant Street, the structure for which you bleed mortgage money would be a house. But if you can tie a boat in front of it, your castle is a camp (unless it is a "place"; places have eight bedrooms, not counting servants' quarters). Women who move to Vermont from Away find this especially hard to understand. One of them I know weeps to herself softly late at night, saying over and over again, "It's not a camp—we have a rosewood-veneer Danish sideboard."

The rosewood, the weeping and the guests came later. At first everything was joy, unpainted pine boards and guests. "We don't have much money," I told the promoter. He did not bother to a-yup this time. He had our lot, and no one was in a better position to know that we did not have much money. He decided that he would build a shell. This is a house, or camp, having, like a stuffed moose, a presentable exterior and very little except shavings inside. The shell would be ready by the first of June, he said. The mighty earthmovers, the giant cranes and the trusty artisans would commence as soon as the first violet thrust through the snow.

Time passed. It was the middle of August before the camp was abandoned—it is not proper to use the word "finished" in reference to a shell house—by the workmen. I did not realize it then, but the promoter had performed prodigies in whipping the builders to such speed. Vermont workers are bluff, honest, God-fearing, calloused philosophers who can light a kitchen match with a full swing of a double-bitted ax, but the quality for which they are most justly famed is their complete unreliability. If six men are supposed to be at work on a job, two will show up. One of these will have a sore back, and the other will have to go home again to get his tools.

If a boss carpenter has been persuaded to start work with his crew, he must be watched like a two-year-old at the beach. If he wanders off, he must be fetched back. Sometimes he will have wandered to the Folly View Diner, and here the householder's job is relatively easy. The carpenter is greeted casually and as if by accident. The householder buys him coffee and pie with ice cream. He chats for a while. Then he offers the carpenter a lift back to his house. The carpenter says no, he has his own car. This is the critical moment; the householder must be prepared to say, "Fine, I'll ride with you." This means he must leave his own car at the Folly View, and later walk back six miles to get it. It also means that if the carpenter escapes a second time, the game is lost. It is very hard to track a full-grown carpenter on foot.

The same stalking pattern is employed if the carpenter has wandered to another job (generally he will have three or four stagnating), but the hunt is made more difficult by the fact that another householder will be on hand, determined to foil any attempts to recapture the carpenter. Here the first householder must approach by stealth and appeal to the carpenter's better nature. "Looks like an emergency," the first householder says. "My job can wait; Smith will be mad as hops if you leave him with half his roof off." More times than not this will bring the carpenter; he likes the idea of Smith's ears turning red.

It should be added that none of this works with plumbers. Vermont plumbers promise, but they do not plumb. Calvin Coolidge himself could not get a faucet fixed using local labor.

For all of this, the carpenters eventually were netted, the plumbing was improvised, and our shell, finally, was ready for gracious living. My wife and I decided to invite some friends to drive up with us for a housewarming.

It was 393 miles from midtown Manhattan to the cement block we used for a doorstep, and if you drove like Fangio you could make the distance in seven and three-quarters hours. As we left that Friday after work, our friends chatted gaily about the problems of owning a country place. Theirs was an 18th-century Connecticut farmhouse with three fireplaces, handmade nails signed by Paul Revere, and a wide-board floor in the conversation pit. Oh, the stories they had to tell about the *priceless* local couple who cooked and caretook for them! I spoke in praise of foxes. We pulled in at 3:30 A.M.

The ground was muddy, the building was dark, and the door was guarded by a pile of scrap two-by-fours and sections of electrical conduit. Our guests, Scotch-grain brogues after Italian hemp sandals, picked their way through the mulch. Inside, the female guest looked around a little desperately and then ran, Pucci-Pucci, over to one of the four collapsible aluminum chairs we had bought at the hardware store the weekend before, and which, with two studio couches, constituted the furniture. "See, Brock," she said. "Aren't these cute?" No one said anything. After a while I pointed to the floor, which was made of large pieces of plywood. "Look, wide boards," I said. No one said anything. The next morning the plumbing did not work and the fox did not show up.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was right about shells. Build thee more stately mansions next time, O my Soul, and make sure the drains work and the foxes run on time.

All of this was three years ago. Somewhat later we moved the household to Vermont. Within a week I cut my foot with an ax. The doctor said "a-yup," and a few days later I took the shoe I had been wearing to a cobbler, who said "a-yup." Later, before Christmas, I hiked into my woodlot to cut a spruce. I learned that in order to get a whack at the trunk you must lie on your side in the snow, and that when you do this, the cold water that has accumulated in your L. L. Bean gum boots trickles up your pantlegs. Lessons of this kind, well learned, offer an explanation of an aspect of the knotty Vermont character not visible in Grandma Moses Christmas cards: specifically, why so many Vermonters disappear into the root cellar with a jug for short periods, such as from November to May.

Our house is still a camp, Danish sideboard notwithstanding, but it is no longer a shell. Its walls are plastered and many of its window frames are painted. There is a lawn now, and a racketing toy tractor to cut it, and a pile of slate steppingstones beside six feet of unfinished garden-magazine slate walk. The mountains still stand on the far shore, but they are no longer part of a distant dream. Now it is New York City from which—usually when Vermont is mired in the spring mud season—Lorelei sometimes wave their handkerchiefs.

I am not going to finish the slate walk. Two weeks ago we called a trucking company, and in a few days, in one of those odd, tidal shifts that families make for no expressible reasons of necessity or desire, we are moving to New Hampshire. I say something about better schools when my friends ask me why we are going. This is not really the truth, but it would be ridiculous to say that we are going because the clatter from my house and the camps that have grown up around it has driven away the fox.

For the clatter is really in the mind, and that, perhaps, is where the fox has always been. The other day just before dusk I showed our camp to a man who wanted to rent it. "Look, you have a crane," he said. And sure enough, we did, although I had not seen it before. It was an enormous bird with great, slow wings, and it beat mockingly across the marsh and out of sight. THE END

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL CHARMATZ

Vinson in 1914, when he entered Congress.

By JEROME DOOLITTLE

THE GENTLEMAN FROM GEORGIA GOES HOME

IN CONGRESS SENIORITY IS POWER, AND FEW MEN SURRENDER GREAT POWER WILLINGLY. BUT THIS YEAR CARL VINSON IS RETIRING—AFTER SERVING IN THE HOUSE LONGER THAN ANY OTHER MAN IN HISTORY.

At some point during the first half century or so of getting up at 5:45 in the morning, a man gets used to waking at that hour.

Consequently, no alarm clock clamored at Carl Vinson in the predawn of Friday, October 2. He just naturally got up to go to work, for about the 6,000th time since his neighbors sent him off to Congress in 1914.

By seven Vinson was in his Capitol Hill office, going through the mail. At eight he went to the House of Representatives for his unvarying breakfast of fresh orange juice, oatmeal, dry toast and coffee. At 8:30 he was back in his office. Members of his staff were arriving and the phones had begun to ring—tokens that by now the rest of the world was starting to catch up with the 81-year-old Mr. Vinson.

When the phone rang, the secretary barely had a chance to find out the caller's name because Vinson himself was on the line and barking, "All right!" Carl Vinson has no time to waste—particularly not today.

The 88th Congress (his service had started in the 63rd) was tumbling toward a close, its members eager to get back home and campaign. This day, Friday, was likely to be the last of the session.

If so, it would also be the last in Vinson's extraordinary public life. Although little known outside Washington, Vinson, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, was one of the most powerful men in the country. And yet he had chosen not to run this fall for the reelection that would have come to him automatically.

It is a rare thing to give up great power voluntarily, but Carl Vinson is a rare thing too—a man wise enough to learn from the mistakes of others.

"The old gentleman was sitting by me one day," another southern congressman recalls, "when a member came shuffling by who maybe isn't quite . . . well, he's senile. Uncle Carl punched me with his elbow, closed one eye, looked at me right sharply with the other eye, and said, 'That's why I'm quitting right now—before I get like that.' "

Vinson passed the morning of that Friday with routine congressional business, and showed up in the House chamber briefly when the session began, at noon. Just after two P.M., having had his usual cup of the House restaurant's bean soup for lunch, he settled down, hands laced over his vest, to listen to a debate on a bill setting up new salary scales for congressional employees. Soon, two other Georgia Democrats came by—G. Elliott Hagan and Robert G. Stephens Jr.

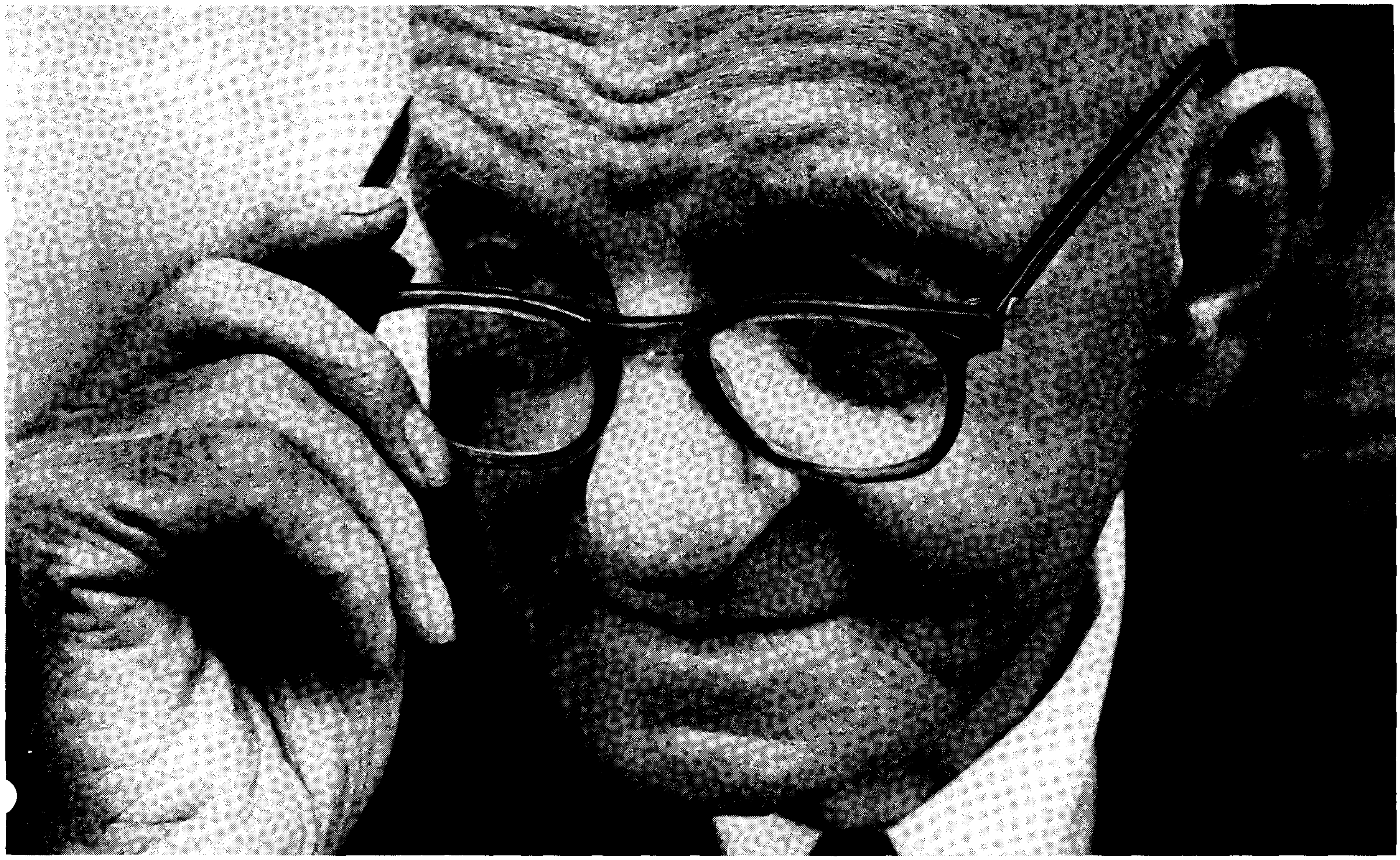
"Come on, boys," Vinson told them, "sit down here in my office." He motioned to the seats beside the one he customarily used, in the seventh row back. The seat's appeal for him arose not only from custom, but from the fact that there is a spittoon under the seat in front. Vinson's vice, which in these effete days he shares with only a couple of other congressmen, is tobacco chewing.

The old gentleman inserted a chaw and began talking to Hagan about postal appointments in a former Vinson county that had been given to the younger man in the recent redistricting of Georgia.

They were still talking when John McCormack, the Speaker of the House, left his podium for the microphone below. ". . . entire history of our country . . ." McCormack was saying, ". . . more outstanding record . . . distinguished friend and colleague . . . Carl Vinson. . . ."

It was, of course, the kind of thing you hear pretty constantly when any session of Congress draws to a close. No man leaves that sentimental body without being the subject of gusty oratorical praise from his colleagues. Usually the process is as automatic as a reflex knee jerk, but in this instance it was a great deal more.

In a place where seniority is next to godliness, Carl Vinson was the all-time senior. He had served in the House of Representatives continuously for 50 years,



Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, "Admiral" Vinson had a way of reminding four-star warriors that Congress was their boss.

longer than any man in history. His country-boy drawl (of which President Johnson is an extraordinarily good mimic), his short temper, his enormous political ability (the late Sam Rayburn once called him the "best legislative technician in the House"), and his deep knowledge of military affairs all had combined to make him a figure almost of myth in the Congress where he had spent most of his life.

The Armed Services Committee was founded in 1947, and Vinson became its chairman in 1949, when the Democrats won control of Congress. Younger congressmen soon began to call the committee, somewhat ruefully, Vinson College. He ran it as if he were a Marine drill instructor handling recruits. He also had a way of reminding generals and admirals of their place—which was, of course, sharply subordinate to that of the United States Congress. He would affect forget the names of four-star warriors, ask the witnesses to repeat them, and then get them wrong anyway. By and large the military men suffered gladly, though, because they knew the old gentleman would turn right around and fight their legislative battles for them.

"There is no man," Speaker McCormack was saying on that Friday, "who has done more in one of the most trying periods of the world's history and of our nation's history to bring about a strong and powerful defense for our country. . . ."

Vinson served on the old Naval Affairs Committee during World War I, and found a fellow advocate of strong naval power in Assistant Navy Secretary Franklin D. Roosevelt. Later, when one man had become President and the other chairman of the committee, they worked closely to produce the two-ocean fleet that did so much to hold off disaster in the early days of World War II. After the war, when the Naval Affairs Committee became part of the new Armed Services Committee, Vinson widened his military horizons to include all the services. Within a year, "Admiral" Vinson (so nicknamed because of his Navy partisanship) was pushing for a 70-group Air Force. Lyndon B. Johnson, a onetime member of Vinson's committee, said at the time, "Vinson long ago saw Hitler and Hirohito coming and built a Navy to whip them. Now he sees the danger of Stalin and backs an Air Force—the thing that will beat him."

"The gentleman from Georgia, Carl Vinson," the Speaker was saying, "has served the longest of any member of the national House of Representatives."

Over a year ago, on July 16, 1963, Vinson, by serving 48 years, eight months and 13 days, had outdistanced his old friend Speaker Sam Rayburn, the previous record holder. Vinson's public career began in 1905, when the young lawyer was named county prosecutor in Baldwin County, Ga. His only defeat in an election came in 1912, when he lost his seat in the Georgia House of Representatives by five votes. Two years later, after stumping his district from four A.M. till midnight for weeks on end, he won election to the U.S. Congress, becoming its youngest member at the time.

Speaker McCormack was asking the House to approve a resolution commending Vinson on his service—the first such resolution ever passed by the House, so far as the Speaker could discover. The House shouted its unanimous approval, and Carl Vinson came to the microphone for what was likely to be the last time in his life, a slight, bald man, wearing in his buttonhole the rosette of the Distinguished Service Medal that President Johnson had given him this summer. Vinson's large nose, accented by the glasses perched halfway down it, gave him the look of an aging hawk.

"Quite literally," he said, "my service started with the Springfield rifle and is ending with the Polaris submarine and the intercontinental ballistic missile. . . ."

Vinson had kept up with these martial advances all the way and by 1962 was, indeed, somewhat less conservatively inclined than the President. Kennedy saw no need to spend millions on the controversial RS-70 reconnaissance-bomber. Vinson did. That March the old congressman and the young President took their famous walk through the White House rose garden. Neither man revealed what was said, but the RS-70 still isn't built—and G.O.P. congressmen will still sometimes ask a Democratic colleague something on the order of: "Can the gentleman assure us that he has not been taken through the rose garden on this issue?"

Vinson finished his speech of thanks and sat down. He tented his fingers over the vest of his neat, dark suit and leaned back to listen, a small smile on his face. The next speaker was Charles Halleck of Indiana, minority leader of the House:

"Now Uncle Carl, as I call him, said in his little speech, which I thought was real good, that he was a Democrat. Well, some of us have found that out, maybe sometimes the hard way, but we still love him. . . ."

Uncle Carl is a Democrat, all right. Not in the new, rock-hard conservative sense that some of his younger southern colleagues are, but in the old-time southern sense of the word. If being against civil-rights legislation makes a man a conservative, Vinson is a conservative.

"HE NEVER HAD ANY HOBBIES EXCEPT HIS WORK."

If being for large military forces makes a man a conservative, he is one. But he has supported the Democratic national ticket all his life, and on most issues he voted consistently with the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, as he had with those of Roosevelt and Wilson.

The next man to the microphone was Hale Boggs of Louisiana, Democratic whip of the House. "Ever since I have known him," Boggs said, "I would say that he is a man who invariably looks to the future. . . ."

"Invariably" is a little strong. Vinson looked to the past when he blocked Defense Secretary Charles Wilson's plan to get rid of the horses in the Army's ceremonial unit at Fort Myer. Thus it was, years later, that a horse-drawn caisson rather than a dreary hearse bore John F. Kennedy to Arlington Cemetery.

Other congressmen spoke. O. Clark Fisher, a Texas Democrat, came to the House microphone. "As a member of the House Armed Services Committee for some sixteen years," he said, "it has been my privilege to observe the gentleman from Georgia in his masterful performance as chairman of that group. His capacity for leadership is uncanny."

It is. By means that ranged from the wheedle to the blackjack, Vinson was usually able to squeeze unanimous decisions out of his variously minded committee members. He once told a younger congressman his secret: "Never let them all get mad at once—you lose control. It's all right if they get mad one at a time."

The tributes finally came to a close, and Vinson got up to leave the House chamber. It was the end of the day for him, but not quite the end of his service. He had learned that Congress would have to go into brief session again on Saturday; his train ticket home would have to go unused. The congressman picked his cane from the cloakroom rack and left.

"I'll sort of miss that cane," a House page said. "It's always been the sign. If it's here, he's somewhere around. If it's not, he's not."

The chairman, a childless widower, had lived since his wife's death in 1950 in the home of his administrative assistant, Tillman Snead. It had been an extremely quiet life. "He never had any hobbies except his work," Snead says. "He might watch the boxing on TV, or follow baseball and football in the papers, but that's really about all."

So, on that last Friday, Vinson went home again for another quiet evening with the Sneads, and got up again and drove early to Union Station. He bought a ticket on the Seaboard Air Line Railroad's Silver Comet, leaving Washington at 4:10 that afternoon to take him back to Milledgeville, Ga. There he would manage the 600-acre farm on which he raises cattle and feed crops, busy himself with local civic affairs, politick for the Democratic national ticket—and just generally, in the words he loves to use, "wear out, not rust out."

There was only this one day left to him on the national scene. The session began an hour earlier than usual, at 11 o'clock. For most of the first hour, Vinson sat in his accustomed seat, flanked by Rep. William H. Bates, a Massachusetts Republican, and former congressman Paul J. Kilday, now a judge of the U.S. Court of Military Appeals. Vinson was reminiscing about the old-timers in Congress—so many of them solid but little-educated men from the newer states.

Nostalgia would have been out of character, and so the chairman merely noted noncommittally that the modern breed tended to possess elaborate things like masters' degrees, even doctorates. Bates was thinking that he himself was a good example. His late father, a congressman too, went only to grammar school. The son holds a master's degree from Harvard.

As the three men talked, a vote was in progress on extending a federal aid-to-education program to the District of Columbia. The Democratic leadership favored doing so; conservatives of both parties were opposed. At five minutes before 12 the clerk finally got to Vinson's name. The chairman half rose, cried "Aye," and went out to the cloakroom. It was the last roll-call vote of Carl Vinson's life, and it was, typically, the vote of a loyal party man.

Now he could go home, after half a century. In his speech of thanks the day before, Carl Vinson had told his friends:

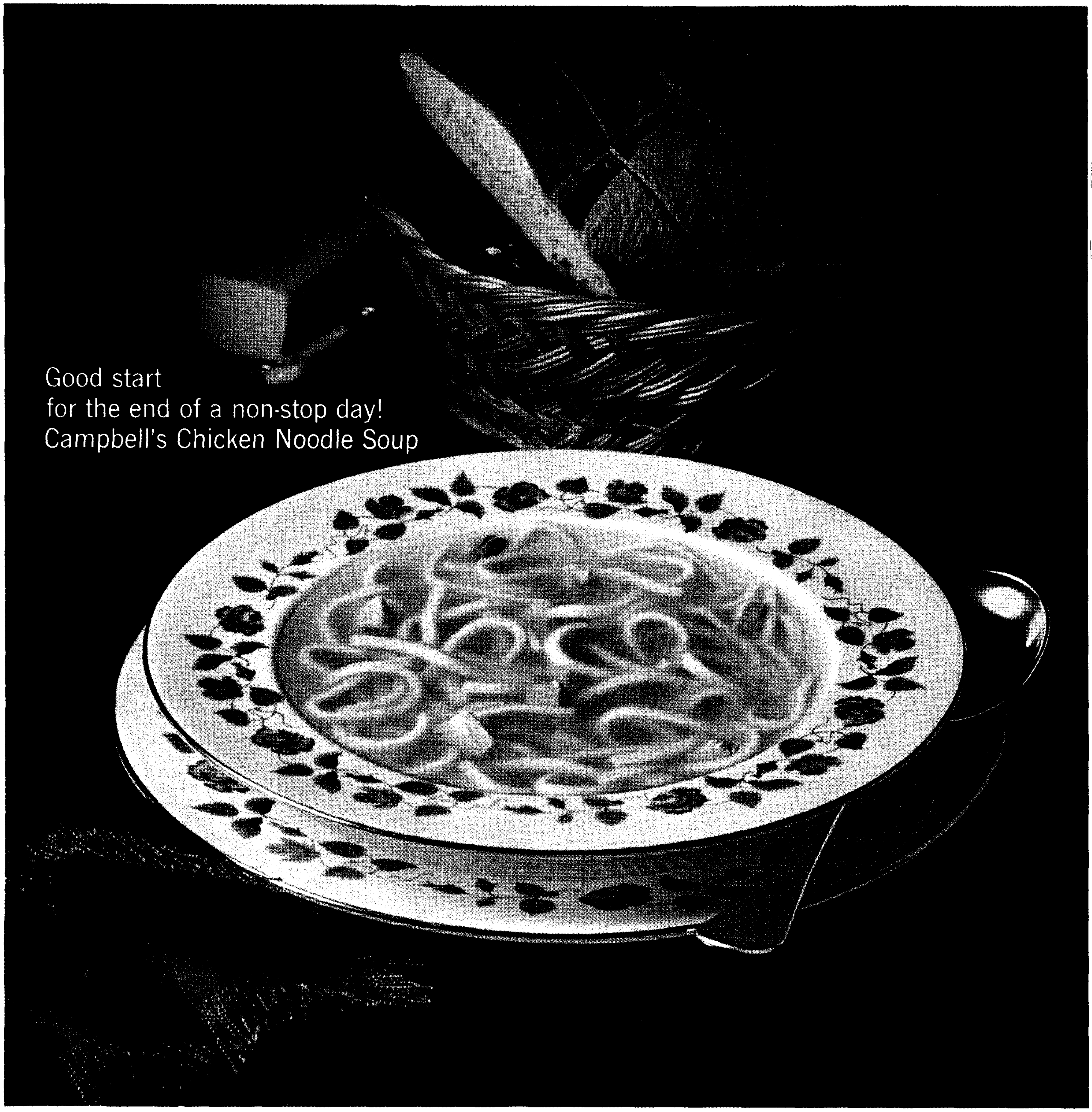
"It has been said that the morning is the time for preparation.

"That the afternoon is the time of achievement.

"And that the evening is the time of reward.

"It is evening. . . ." THE END

Defense Secretary Robert McNamara pinned Distinguished Service Medal on Vinson at ceremonies last June.


Good start
for the end of a non-stop day!
Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup

They always eat better when you remember the soup

Campbell's
CONDENSED
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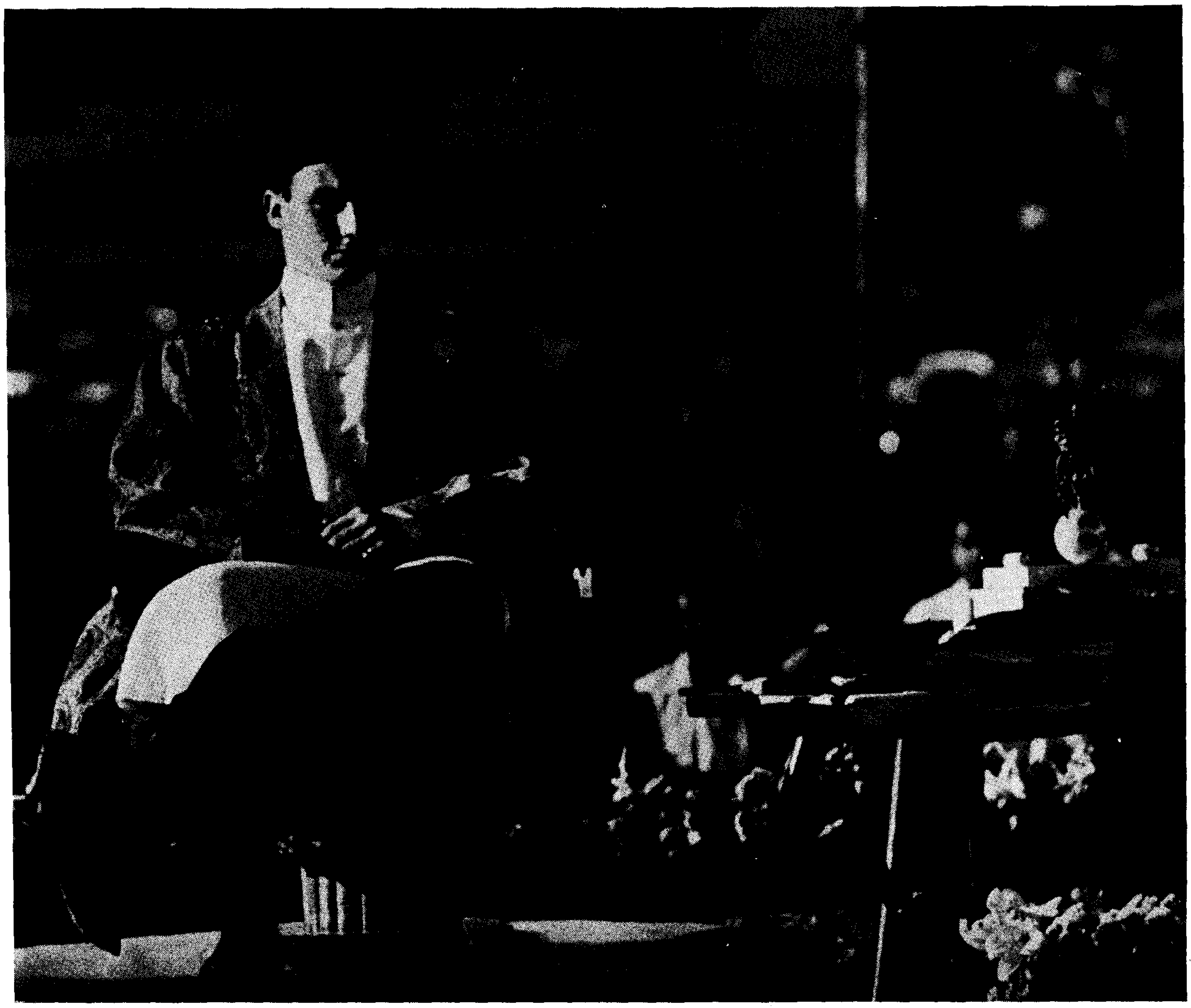


Enthroned at Karachi in 1957, twenty-year-old Karim became the 49th Aga Khan, "honorable leader" of 20 million Ismaili Moslems.

WHAT BECAME OF THE AGA KHAN?

By Sanche de Gramont

Prince Karim took his grandfather's throne in a glare of publicity, then vanished.

On July 11, 1957, at the venerable age of 79, His Highness the Aga Mohammed Shah died of a heart attack in his villa outside Geneva. His eldest son, Aly Khan, was expected to succeed him as spiritual leader of 20 million Ismaili Moslems. The old Aga's long reign had given rise to a legend of Oriental opulence adapted to European tastes. His followers had matched his 240-pound bulk in platinum in a ceremony three years earlier. Aly was even better known—as a playboy and the ex-husband of Rita Hayworth. Overshadowed by the flamboyance of his father and grandfather was Aly's 20-year-old son Karim, a junior at Harvard and a roommate of Adlai Stevenson's son John. Yet when the Aga's will was read on the day he died, his successor was revealed to be Karim, "a young man who has been brought up . . . in the midst of the new age and who brings a new outlook on life to his office as Imam."

Illustrating the dictum that a Harvard man may aspire to anything, Karim left the sedate banks of the Charles River for Karachi, where he donned his grandfather's maroon robe and became the 49th Aga Khan. He also became the world's most eligible Ivy Leaguer, and heir to the publicity that had surrounded his family. Gossip columnists expected him to perpetuate the legend of an immensely rich sportsman devoted to the pursuit of loving cups and famous beauties. But the student prince disappointed the mythmakers by returning to Harvard to graduate with the class of 1958. A Harvard professor said, "He'll never make a playboy," and the photographers who trailed the young Aga eventually came to the same conclusion. Fewer and fewer pictures were published of the solemn-faced, hazel-eyed prince. He showed up occasionally in the right place for "the season," but no one seemed really to know what had become of the Aga Khan.

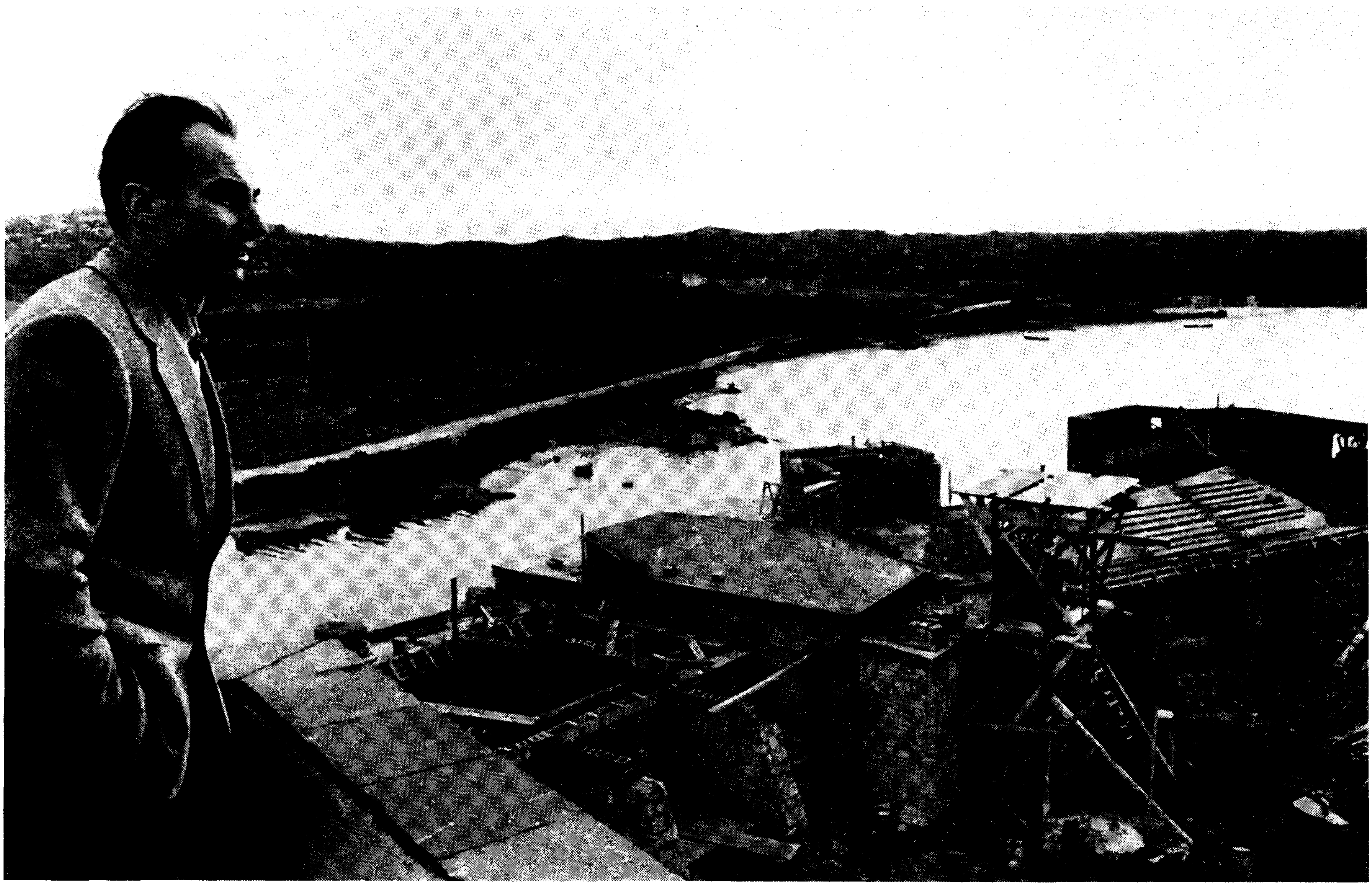
Karim was publicity-shy, but he had scarcely become a hermit. Commuting by twin-engine Beechcraft, he divided his time between a Renaissance mansion in Paris, a château on the French Riviera and a handsome chalet in the Swiss ski resort of Gstaad. On a typical day he would see bankers from Geneva about a cultural center for Moslem students, read telegrams about the political situation in Pakistan, spend half an hour with his tailor for fittings, receive a diplomat from a Moslem country, call Genoa about his 80-foot yacht in drydock, see a decorator about murals for his Paris house and sift hundreds of invitations. But the project that has lately interested Karim more than any other is one of the most ambitious real-estate developments ever devised.

Whenever he can, the Aga Khan flies to Sardinia. Dressed in worn corduroy trousers, rope sandals and an open-necked shirt, he dashes about a 20-mile section of the island's Emerald Coast overseeing the construction of a $300-million vacation resort that is a kind of Brasilia for tourists. Still far from completion, this future haven for the rich lists among its present attractions the sight of bulldozers shifting tons of mud, and trucks rumbling to building sites.

But in the midst of all the purposeful confusion Karim is like a contented child at play. The sad fact, for those who would like to make him into a storybook prince or an international playboy, is that if Karim were not the ruler of 20 million Ismaili he would probably be a civil engineer. He is about as romantic as a balance sheet, and women who approach him soon learn to take Karim on his own terms. One dewy-eyed young lady who met him recently in Sardinia said: "I was hanging on his every word, but all he could talk about was how to dredge a harbor."

Karim himself says, "After I finished school in Switzerland I applied to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. I was accepted, but my grandfather said 'No, I want you to go to Harvard.' I agreed, and started to study civil engineering at Harvard, but I was doing so poorly in two subjects that I switched to Oriental history." The prospect of the Aga Khan as a college dropout must have worried the school administration as much as Karim, but in his last three years he regularly made the dean's list.

Engineering remained a passion, however, and it is the master-builder aspect that appeals most to Karim in his Sardinian domain. No decision is made without him. He rules on the style of architecture ("I made sketches for the architects because I wanted the hotel to be built like a Sardinian village"), the type of sewerage ("the residue is chemically destroyed and the water is used for



In his preferred role of master builder, the Aga Khan oversees his temporal domain, a 20-mile strip of Sardinian coast that he is developing as a resort. Cost: $300 million.

gardening"), and the roads ("I walk over the layout before I let them bulldoze it").

Karim discovered his Mediterranean paradise in 1961, landing from his yacht on Sardinia's northeastern coast. He found a harsh, mountainous land where 10-year-old boys are put to work as shepherds, where some families still live in natural rock caves, and where farmers still use the spokeless cartwheels imported by the Romans. Wild horses roam the countryside, and sea lions frolic off the coast. Italy governs the island as an autonomous region and has made little effort to develop it.

What Karim and his yachting friends saw, however, was not the island's poverty but a stretch of coast with deep craggy inlets, crescent-shaped beaches of fine dove-gray sand, clumps of juniper trees, and some of the best natural harbors in the Mediterranean.

"I walked every foot of the coast," Karim said, tracing the shoreline on a white tablecloth with a knife. "There were no roads, there was no electricity. I got interested when I noticed that the coast was a geographic unit, bounded on one side by a deep gorge like a Norwegian fjord and exposed to the mistral winds on the other."

Investigating the area with an Italian interpreter, Karim found that the coastline belonged to Sardinian families living in conditions of medieval poverty. Perhaps because the island's history is a series of foreign conquests, Sardinians have an atavistic fear of the sea. They turn their backs on it, build their homes inland, refuse to become fishermen, and teach their children to fear it.

Karim began buying parcels of land, assisted by the man he calls "my alter ego," André Hardouin, a bald, bespectacled Frenchman with the velvety manner of an eighteenth-century cardinal. "He is the only person Karim really trusts," an associate says. Hardouin is a specialist in international tax law whom Karim inherited from his grandfather, and he knows more about the finances of the Aga Khan and the Ismaili community than any other man. "He is a model of loyalty," adds the same associate, "and when Karim became interested in Sardinia, Hardouin even turned himself into an outdoor man."

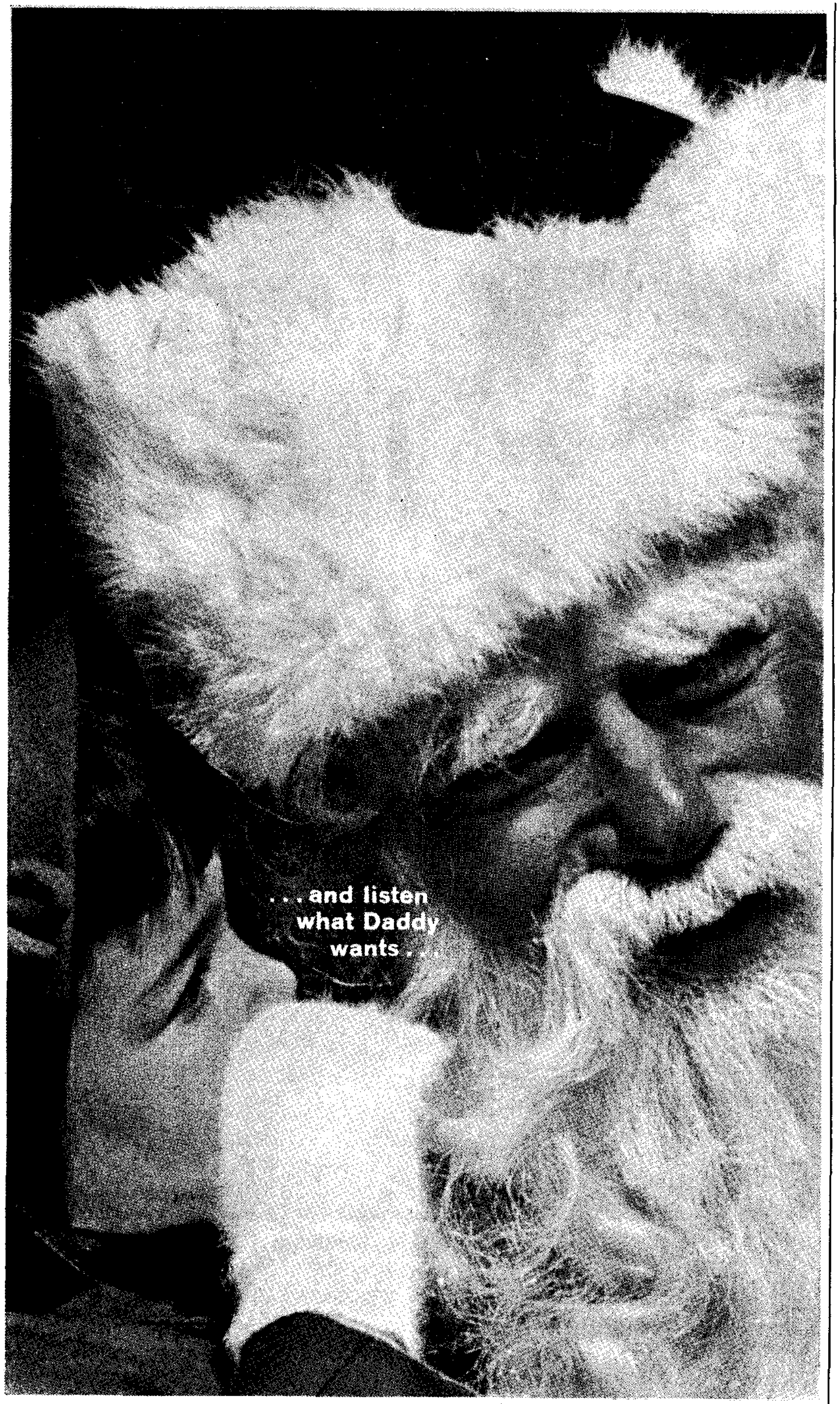
Karim's half-brother Patrick Guinness, his uncle Sadruddin, and a handful of friends also took an interest in the project. The ocean-front land, considered least desirable by its owners, was ridiculously low-priced. But because of complicated divisions of land, signing deeds involved entire families and sometimes required a full day. Hardouin recalls that "some changed their minds at the last minute and had to have the sale explained over again, others began crying and had to be comforted, others had to be shown piles of banknotes. Then there's always a vendetta, someone who wants revenge on the rest of the family and refuses to sign."

The transaction was not completely unlike the sale of Manhattan by the Indians. The first acres went at 10 cents a square yard. "By the time we had a fairly important chunk of land, speculators began to buy to make indentations in our holdings and we had to buy them out," Karim says. But he and his associates peacefully conquered a 200-square-mile Sardinian enclave, and a nine-member consortium was formed to plan the selling, zoning and building.

"I was made president because of my name," Karim says frankly. "They knew it would attract publicity, and that when I wanted to see a minister all I had to do was call him on the phone. It was not because of my looks, you can be sure of that." The consortium is now selling land for as much as $20 a square yard, although there is no telephone service, no electricity and no water.

The project has been attacked as a scandalous real-estate speculation, a resort for millionaires, a desecration of the island, and a second Moslem conquest. But the money pouring in has stimulated the island's economy, and Karim's enthusiasm is hardly that of a speculator. His architects are building the most modern yachting harbor in the Mediterranean and a village for several thousand people. Anyone who wants to buy one of the 8,000 custom-built villas—priced from $10,000 to $60,000 plus the cost of land—will have to accept curved, sculpted walls and irregular-shaped windows. The spacious houses are made of local materials and seem to grow out of the countryside. There will be public beaches, with moderately priced hotels and restaurants, but camping is prohibited. The resort is obviously being designed for the affluent, and the showpiece will be Porto Cervo, a harbor that can accommodate the biggest yachts in the world. It will be, says Karim, "worth three Portofinos."

At present the Emerald Coast is more construction site than vacation spot, yet rich Europeans have been scurrying there like lemmings. Despite occasional discomfort and improvisation, the register of one of the two operating hotels, the Cala di Volpe (fox's cove), is filled with names like Princess Margaret and her husband Lord Snowdon, the Grand Duke of Luxembourg, former French finance minister Wilfrid Baumgartner and Elie de Rothschild. At $50 a day for room and board, the Cala di Volpe is one of the most expensive hotels in Italy, and yet water has to be brought by truck over rutted dirt roads to the remote beachside



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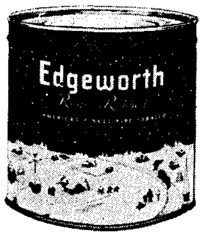

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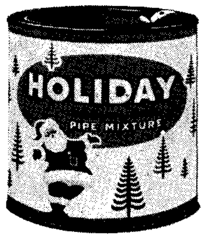

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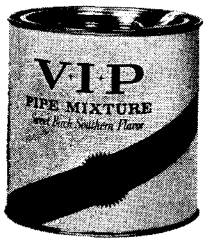

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FROM THE HOUSE OF
Edgeworth

Even a living god must have heirs.

(macadam roads are being built). When the trucks get stuck, the chef cooks with mineral water. The hotel, reached by crossing a moat, looks as though a pile of huge, pastel blocks had been tossed on the beach. No two walls rise at the same angle or are painted the same color.

The headwaiter, noting in a reverential tone that "the hotel is full—the prince is here with friends," presided over a dining room decorated with hand-hewn beams, polished brick floors and bamboo ceilings. Waiters in gold braid and crimson cummerbunds were serving smoked salmon, cold lobster and French wines. A few feet away from the diners a bulldozer heaved and roared in the harbor, scraping away mud while guests scraped their dinner plates.

Karim made his appearance like a Renaissance prince, surrounded by half a dozen sleek, beautifully groomed young men and women. They are his courtiers, the glittering, always available members of the international set, who are in constant attendance for water-skiing, boating, playing cards or simply waiting for Karim. "They are ruthlessly boring," said one of his close associates. Among the regulars are Princess Ira von Furstenberg; Maria Pia, daughter of the ex-king of Italy; her husband, Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia; Count Paul de Ganay, and Karim's half-brother Patrick Guinness.

The Aga Khan's most frequent woman companion is Annouchka von Mehks, a soft-faced honey blonde of Baltic origins whose father runs a dress shop in Paris. She met Karim three years ago in a Saint Tropez nightclub and thought he was joking when he told her who he was. Karim is a devoted but discreet suitor. When he is in Paris, where she works as a secretary for her father, he gives her dinners at which every woman receives a gold watch as a party favor—a practice Karim inherited from his father Aly. But Annouchka usually stays in the background of Karim's life, as demure as a Moslem woman. "Karim's singleness of heart is rather touching," commented a friend. "It's something the family hasn't seen for generations." At 27, Karim shows no signs of getting married, and Annouchka's chance of becoming Begum, as the Aga Khan's wife is called, is considered slight. Karim promised his grandfather that he would marry an Ismailian, and his friends think he intends to keep the promise—someday. (The Ismaili point out that even living gods need heirs.)

As he watches over his growing domain, Karim displays a little-boy quality peculiar to men who have always been protected and supervised. He absentmindedly picks up rocks and tosses them into the sea; he sloshes through ponds to get a better look at a perspective; he climbs boulders and jumps off after announcing, "Well, here I go."

He approaches every problem like an efficiency expert. He hungers for order, and some of his collaborators believe he tries to reduce life to good management. "He is hard and selfish and disliked by the peasants," one said. "He has tremendous charm which he turns on and off like a faucet, and an amazing capacity for seeing a problem from every side, but he is totally lacking in psychology. Sometimes he gives you the impression that the Emerald Coast is a cold investment, not a labor of love."

In his own unemotional way, Karim has taken an interest in the Sardinian peasantry. "I wanted to have a study made on the consequences of a sudden injection of capital in an underdeveloped country," he said. "It would be useful in my work with my community. From the little data we obtained, we found that marriages increased, and the number of private cars tripled. The workers used to sleep on the construction site because they had no transportation. They wore the same clothes for months. Now they drive to work in new Fiats, and the road workers wear rubber gloves to protect their hands. Many have made small fortunes, and while we are trying to preserve the style of traditional Sardinian architecture, they build monstrosities they think look like rich men's houses."

In the newly prosperous villages, women in black shawls and men in faded velveteen knickers sit in front of ranch-style houses that contain television sets and modern appliances. The owners are waiting patiently for electricity.

Karim, who brought this strange new way of life to Sardinia, will take care of the electricity problem as soon as he efficiently can. At the same time, however, he has the 20 million far-flung Ismaili to think about. When a recent visitor to Sardinia suggested that it would be good public relations if he paid more attention to the peasants, Karim replied impatiently, "Do you think I have time for that?" THE END

Rumbling past in an oxcart, a Sardinian farmer greets island's most famous landlord.

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The Decision

There are as many kinds of salvation as there are people to be saved.

By LEONARD WALLACE ROBINSON

The night before the Monsignor hurled the thunderbolt at him, Clifford had a strange dream. In it he was listening to music. Somebody who was standing close to him, somebody whose face he could not see, told him it was "star music." And then this person said, "It comes from an Infinite Sea." (Clifford could see these two words capitalized as he heard them.)

The music was overwhelmingly beautiful, Clifford knew, but he could barely hear it; it was as faint and as far away as it was lovely. And then, suddenly, it seemed to fade away into the distance completely. He strained to hear it now, but it was too far off, and he could not, and he felt infinitely saddened because of this.

He remembered the dream vaguely when he awoke, but when he went downstairs and saw the message in Box 803 (his mailbox in the great honeycomb of mailboxes in the lobby of the seminary dormitory) telling him to report to the Monsignor's office at ten o'clock that very morning, it drove all other thoughts out of his awareness, the dream of the far-off music with the rest. He felt certain the Monsignor was going to praise him and even perhaps inform him that he had won a First Year Prize, and he was excited. August was the month you were told of such matters, and as he walked in the midsummer sun to the new glass-and-aluminum Administration Building from his own ancient quadrangle of red-brick dormitories and classroom buildings, he wrote, in his mind, a letter to his parents telling them of the signal honor that had been bestowed on him. And, in Clifford's imagination, the letter was sent and received, and as his father read it a smile of pride spread over his face. Such reveries about his father, in which the older man was suddenly clearly happy about his son's choice of a vocation, beamed about it, boasted about it, were common to Clifford since he had left home ten months before to study for the priesthood.

At the beginning of the interview it did seem indeed as if the Monsignor were leading up to something quite positive, something to write home about. Praise, pure praise. "I've gone over your work here, Clifford," he said, "not only your marks, which of course are truly outstanding, but also the various comments made about you by your instructors—ah, that is, the teaching fathers." He paused, smiling with quiet authority, but still essentially gentle, an urbane saint in his black robe, with his heavy tortoise-shell glasses and the gray hair at his temples; then he continued. "I must say I get the distinct impression that you're one of the most promising fellows—ah, students that is—we've had here in a long while." Another slight pause and then the subtle shift to the major motif (the thunderbolt motif): "I have no *real* reason, Clifford, to think you'd make anything but a wonderful—ah—priest."

The Monsignor had been facing him across the desk, and now he swiveled his chair around to look out the rectangular unmullioned window, a small picture window really, to the right of his desk. He said nothing for a few moments and then he started. First, the generalities. Not every man who hears the call in his youth has been *truly* called. He may start; it is quite permissible to pull back. There may be other voices calling him, more imperious voices for him as an individual. Clifford must remember he is only nineteen. It would be a tragedy if one's call to Holy Orders should be a weak call, dictated by the idealism of youth alone. One must be certain.

And so forth and so forth. And all the time, he, Clifford, became more agitated and bewildered. And finally the Monsignor abandoned the generalities and, swiveling back to the personal, to look at the young man, said it right out. "Nobody has said you do not have the calling, Clifford. Nobody. And I do not wish to discuss the subtle contraindications for the priesthood some of us may, I emphasize *may*, have noticed in you. We may just as well have been totally mistaken. But this is not a matter with which one takes the slightest chance."

There was a pause. Clifford's hands were trembling, and in his agitation his head bobbed slightly, involuntarily, up and down as though he were indicating small yeses.

The Monsignor may have been uncomfortable looking at the boy's troubledness, for he swiveled away now and looked out his unmullioned window again. Then, finally, without turning back, he spoke, his voice clear and low and authoritative, and altogether kind.

"I want you to go home and give this talk of ours a lot of honest consideration. Pack up and go right home. You can take a month. Two months. Six months if necessary. There is no *urgency* whatsoever." He stopped then, still turned away from Clifford, and they sat in silence for a bit. Was the Monsignor waiting for him to ask a question, to ask why this was happening? If he was, Clifford couldn't, he was still too agitated, did not trust his voice not to quiver any more than he trusted his upper lip not to. He kept his face firmly rigid.

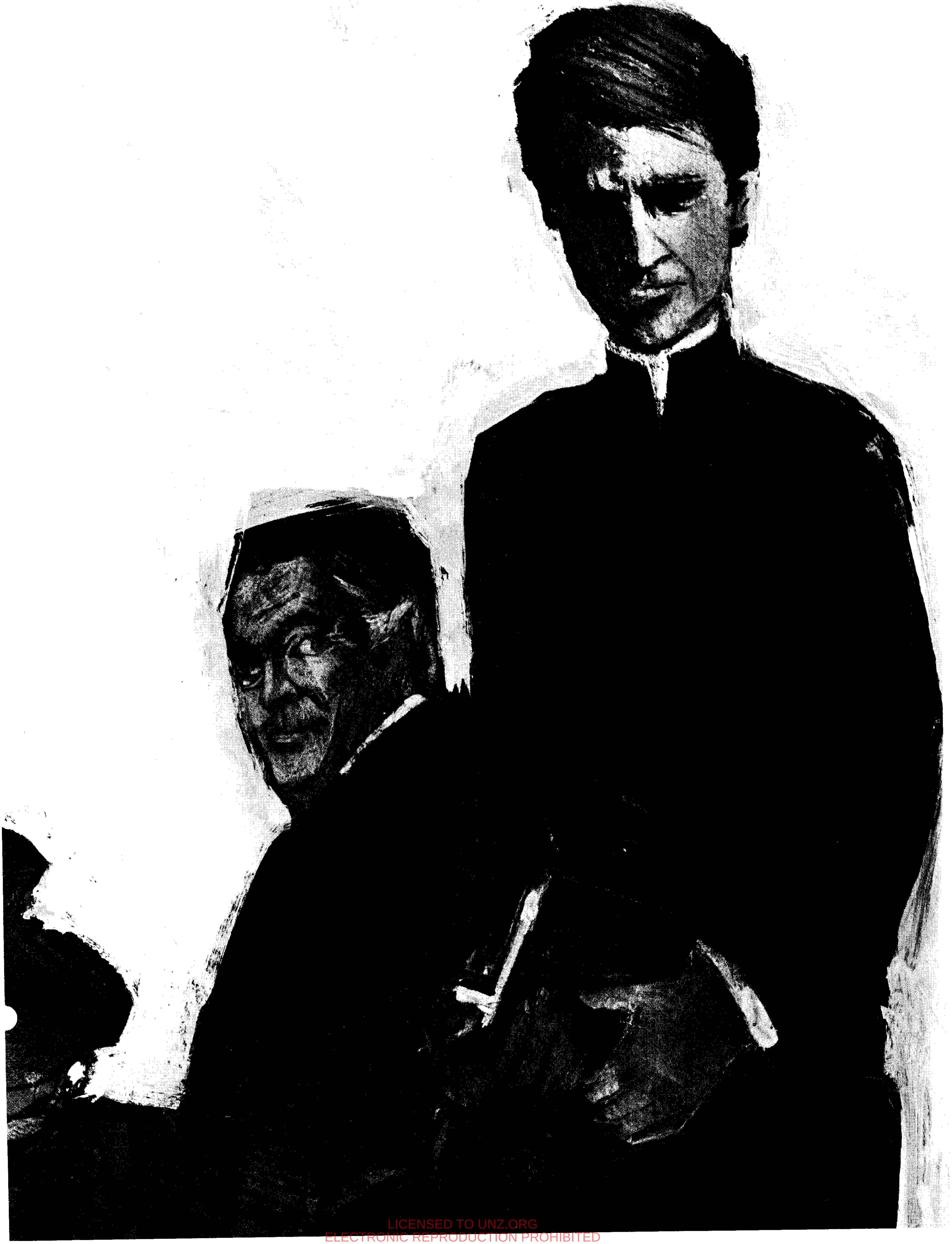
The Monsignor saved him at last. He heaved himself up now. "Just loaf and invite your soul, Clifford," he said. "Contemplate, don't press." He smiled. "Don't look for comets or crosses in the sky." He started to come around the desk to shake hands, and as he walked he said, "There is no urgency at all. *Dolce far niente.* That's the ticket. *Dolce far niente.*" His voice was meant to soothe, and as he came up to Clifford, who now stood up (he was taller and broader than the tall and broad Monsignor) the older man stretched out his hand and Clifford took it.

The interview was over. "Good-bye," the Monsignor said.

And Clifford managed in turning away to say good-bye.

But the Monsignor, as Clifford opened the door to go out, hurled the final smiling reassurance: "No urgency. Remember." And Clifford managed to wring from someplace in his astonished spirit a caricature of an agreeing smile and too many small nods of his head.

Illustrated by David Passalacqua



But there *was* urgency, a terrible urgency in him after the shocking interview. The urgency was twofold, a need to know what they had seen in him of flaw, and a need to prove them wrong. On the train home the questions flooded through him in a repetitive, clacking monody. What had they seen in him that was not the stuff of a priest? Who among the teaching fathers had thought he had seen it? What had they seen? Who had seen it? What? Who? And again; what had made the Monsignor take their opinion seriously? What did the Monsignor think they had seen? What?

At home in his family's place at Old Harbor, where he had spent all the summers of his life, and where he had now gone directly, he dissembled his intense emotion. He did not find it difficult to do this; his mother and his father and his sister were not pryers, certainly not into a priest-to-be's inner life. He simply told them that he'd be home for a while, and when he did not mention the exact length of time he would stay they did not ask, assuming it was some kind of seminarian's vacation or the like. And, too, they gave him all the privacy, all the solitude he needed.

If it was *dolce far niente* the Monsignor had prescribed (ordered, really), the beach and jetty at Old Harbor were the best of places to obey him in. There was nothing here but the quiet and the sun.

From the beginning the sun became an all-day affair; in the morning he would lie on the white sand listening to the light breeze stirring through the broad belt of eel grass which separated his house from the beach. Or he would go over to the flat rock (one he had known from his boyhood) in the middle of the jetty that lined the edge of the tidal channel separating Old Harbor from neighboring Brant Beach.

The sun, on the beach or rock, was the central thing though. He would lie in it hour upon hour, letting it dazzle through and through him till its blinding white glitter seemed to fill his whole being, his whole body and soul. And in its dissolving light, its solving, resolving light, at first slowly and then more quickly, all urgencies, all impediments to calmness within himself began to subside. In a week the hurt questioning, the need to prove "them" wrong, swiftly and decisively with a blinding revelation, to show them, to refute them, to put them down; all dwindled. The whole lump of injured pride within him shimmered away into nothingness as day passed into day. And, somehow, he was not surprised at this.

As time went on he came to spend more time on his flat jetty rock than on the beach in front of his house. And now the sound of the waters coming up or retreating down the tidal channel between Old Harbor and Brant Beach, the unceasing burbling and singing of the current, added a second dimension to his pleasure, to his joy in the sunlit days; music with sunlight.

It was on the tenth day that he began to turn his attention to Brant Beach itself and now, slowly, a third pleasure, that of watching the sights and colors and movement on Brant Beach, was added to his other two pleasures, the beating of the sun on his body and the sounding of the channel waters.

The Brant Beach side of the channel was fascinatingly different from his side, Old Harbor. On his side there were only large old summer houses, each quite far from the other, each with its own occupant, each staring privately, almost gloomily, over its frontage of eel grass to the sea. Old Harbor's beach was sparsely inhabited, even on weekends. The Brant Beach side of the channel by contrast was teeming with people. All during his boyhood Brant Beach had been a bleak spit of land with only a few lobstermen's cottages on it, but two years before a high, bright modern summer hotel, all glass and shining metal with large balconies in front of each room, had gone up, a swimming pool had been put in, a long line of handsome red-and-white beach cabanas had been erected and, presto, Brant Beach had been transformed, had become a pleasure dome, a place of movement, gaiety, running, calling fun.

On his flat jetty rock, when he was thoroughly dazzled, almost drunk on the sun and the sound of the channel waters, he would sit up and gaze over at Brant Beach. Its movement and color, the bright beach umbrellas, and gay cabanas, the half-naked men and women and children running and playing and swimming seemed a kind of eye music, a visible counterpoint to the dancing sounds of the channel water. But, too, the scene that he watched seemed far, far off from him, separate and unreal, in another world, almost a mirage that he had conjured up.

On the day that began his third week in Old Harbor, Clifford slept late, till 9:30. His mother and father and sister were out when he came downstairs, already, as usual, in his swimming trunks. Probably they were at the market, he thought, and he got his own breakfast swiftly and went down to the beach. At the edge of the eel grass fronting his house he paused, looking out over the ocean. And then he slumped down in the sand. He would lie here for a while and then go over to his rock. The sun was still low, but it could dazzle down on him when he closed his eyes, until he felt what he sought, the glittering through his whole body and mind.

He did not know how long he lay there before he heard the footsteps. Somebody came walking-rustling through the eel grass toward him. From the house. His father or his sister. He sat up and looked as his father emerged. He was in his swim trunks and was carrying a football with him.

"Hi, Father," the older man said.

"Hi, father," Clifford said. It was a tenuous joke between them, a little threadbare, and their smiles at each other were merely token.

"What a day," the older man said, looking out over the sea.

"Yes," Clifford said.

His father looked up and down the beach. Clifford knew he was looking for somebody to throw the ball with. There was nobody, just the Creed children playing in their beached rowboat. He wouldn't ask Clifford to play, of course. Who knows what a priest-to-be might be up to, lying here alone? Clifford smiled slightly to himself. A priest-to-be might be praying, or contemplating. Something mysterious. The whole family had changed its attitude toward him, oh so subtly, but nevertheless changed it, from the moment he had enrolled at the Seminary. They were slightly hushed in his presence, uncertainly reverential. How holy was a priest? Could one swear in his presence, gossip, talk about sex, drink? His sister and his mother would look at him whenever the conversation at table or in a group took any questionable turn to see whether things were going too far, whether his expression would give them a guiding clue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That was not the old come-on, Mr. Blakey—
that was my isometric exercises."

His father was worst of all. He had from the first moment set up a wall; he had from the first moment withdrawn. It wasn't only the hushed reverence of the others, either. It was a true wall. No communication, not even passion in the talk about politics, hardly even the talk about politics anymore. It was as though he had put their relationship away for good. He had quit on it, at the same time keeping up the same outward signs as his mother and sister did, demurring to the priest in the family. He used the demurral as part of the wall. The wine was a case in point. His father had always had wine at supper; a whole bottle of it on the table, sometimes two; he loved wine with his meals; and often enough he'd get very cheery on it, sometimes even slurry and cheery. But not from the moment Clifford had announced his firm intention of taking Holy Orders. One glass of wine at most from then on, and the bottle not on the table anymore.

The older man put the ball on the sand and walked down toward the water. He stood on the edge of the hard sand and looked out at the sea—a big man, almost bald, in blue swimming trunks, his arms akimbo.

A deep sadness for his father suddenly swept the young man, bringing him to the verge of tears. Suddenly he stood up and went over and scooped up the football.

"Hey, pa," he yelled. The older man turned around and Clifford threw the ball at him, a perfect thirty-yard spiral. Then he trotted down toward his father. "How about a little practice?" he said.

"Sure as you know," said the older man. He pointed. "Cut to your left at that piece of seaweed," he said; "right at your fingertips."

Clifford ran and the pass was there, the smacking hard pass of his father, right at his fingertips, and he caught it on the dead run as his father had taught him to so long ago. He ran a few yards, dodging imaginary tacklers.

"We're as good as ever," called the older man.

They played for an hour, passing for a while till they were too out of breath and then punting in their bare feet, both getting off great, booming kicks. And then his father tired and went in for a dip.

Clifford waited for him till he came out of the water, standing at the edge of the white sand holding the football.

"How is it?" the young man asked.

"Cold," said his father; "cold as a"—he caught himself, pretending that a shiver had interrupted him—"son of a gun." He rubbed his arms to show how cold it was.

Clifford tossed him the ball. "One more," he said.

"OK," said his father, "over by that little mound."

Clifford was there and the pass was perfect, but he bobbled it. He made it a point to swear loudly.

His father looked slightly shocked, and then suppressed a slight grin. Clifford threw the ball back. "I'm going for a little walk," he said. "I'll be up after a bit."

He went to the jetty now and sat on the flat rock, looking across the channel to Brant Beach. It was crowded as usual, the people lying under their umbrellas or playing ball or walking on the hard stretch of low-tide sand. Two girls in bikinis lay together on a rock of the Brant Beach jetty opposite, in an interesting counterpoint, one on her stomach and one on her back, taking the full sun directly; rock flowers. One bright orange umbrella dominated the forest of others, glimmered and dazzled, seemed to emit its color in waves, its orange beating upward into the air.

The tide was nearing its lowest point, and the current in the channel was running with tremendous speed. The channel was barely thirty yards wide now and the musical rush of its waters had turned up in volume, had become a small arpeggic roar as it ran in ever-increasing panic outward to the sea.

He stared so long at the beach scene across the channel that when at length he stretched out on his rock and closed his eyes, the people and the umbrellas and the movement and the girls in their bikinis were etched before him, a floating vision suffused in orange, and the roaring current moved darkly through the middle of this afterimage. Soon, however, this vision left, its separate subjects fading and its orange aura dissolving in the white sunlight beating against his closed eyes.

And with the vision gone the sound of the water, the racing raging current, seemed to move up still another notch in volume. He lay now, the world occluded, on an island of pure white dazzle surrounded by the noise f, the small steady roar of, the hithering and thithering of, the millrace drowning sounding of, the waters. He was nearly asleep.

Then, suddenly, he was fully awake; *fully* awake. In an instant something somewhere deep within him had moved toward an implacable decision.

He sat up and looked across the channel again to Brant Beach, and he was seized with the full power of his desire to be there, his need to be there, to move through its orange aura, to be up close, up very close to its people. Ah, it was urgent, terribly urgent that he be there. Now.

He stood up, overwhelmed by the sudden shaking urgency. He looked down at the rushing tidal current of the channel. It was only twenty yards across now; had it reached its low point? Was the tide out? It seemed to have slowed a little.

Swiftly now and expertly he walked back over the jetty rocks to the hard sandy beach bordering the channel. He went to the edge of the deep bank the current had cut into the sand. The current had slowed down. He was sure of it. Only twenty yards across. If he took a powerful running dive from the ank's edge, he could make it across with a couple of strong strokes or so. Once more he looked across at the people on Brant Beach; the orange aura had expanded, and its hue had deepened. He *must* get there and move with the others in this pulsating light.

He moved back a few yards to give himself running room, and now he hurled himself toward the channel. He was running at top speed when his foot hit the edge of the channel bank, but the imagined sand was not the sand that was; it buckled a little under his foot as he plunged in, and this checked his momentum so that his plunge carried him only a few yards out into the water.

From the moment he hit the water he knew that he had reckoned wrong, terribly wrong. The current still raced at full power, the tide had *not* reached low. It seized him at once and propelled him seaward. He beat his arms against the raging waters, but he could feel the weakness, the feebleness of his most strenuous efforts, the power of this element he had hurled himself amidst. It dragged at him, pushed his left arm against his body so that he could barely lift it out to take the next stroke. And at any rate his strokes barely moved him forward. And, too, the current turned his body so that it was almost impossible to keep his direction. He kept on, however; even if he could he would not have turned back.

He was in the middle of the channel now, but he was also far down it toward the sea. And his strength was leaving him. He could feel it ebbing. A sudden eddy forced his head under and he swallowed some water, a lot of water. And then another eddy and he swallowed more. He panicked and tried to beat his arms even faster, and this drained more of his strength. He was still little better than halfway across.

Despair seized him. He knew now he would not make it to the other bank; he did not have the strength; he could never move within that orange light; never, never, never. Not all his need, not all his wishing, not all his urgent wish and need could bring him to it now. It was lost forever; just at the moment he had found it. He was now beyond effort, totally exhausted, strength utterly gone; he gave up trying, moved now simply to keep himself afloat as long as he would be able.

And then, suddenly, a chance eddy of the current picked him up and in two or three seconds brought him to the edge of the jetty on the Brant Beach side. He seized a shelf of rock that jutted out, and pulled himself with his remaining strength up and onto it, heedless of the scrapes the barnacles on the side of the rock made on his chest and legs, and he dragged himself to safety. He lay on the rock now, on his stomach, panting wildly, water streaming from his nostrils. But even in his utter depletion, his body racked with shuddering gasps, he could feel the joy suffusing him, the intense dazzling joy sweeping through him. He had made it; he had made the Brant Beach side; it was a miracle. But he had made it.

He lay there now, his breathing easier by the moment. And then, fully recovered, he still lay, listening. The roaring of the millrace current had returned to its light arpeggic singing; the tide was at full ebb almost ready to turn. And then at last he was ready to get up and to walk among the umbrellas in that glimmering and dazzling orange light that hung like a cloud over Brant Beach. And as he walked along the shore now he forced himself not to run or leap as his blood counseled him to.

And he forced himself, too, when he had returned home, not to tell his father or his mother, not anybody of the decision he had come to or perhaps rather, that had come to him. He made himself instead ponder the threnodic question that sang just under his elation: "How did he know, how did the Monsignor know?" But he only pondered it, looked for no answer, content to let a miracle be a miracle.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Can't you realize it's the shy, unassuming, little guy in the corner women really go for?"

It was not until late in the afternoon that, unable to contain himself any longer, Clifford told his father, reciting the whole story, from the Monsignor's incomprehensible doubts to his own final decision that afternoon, omitting only the Brant Beach adventure.

The older man tried to accept his son's new decision with seemly gravity, but he was not truly successful in concealing his delight, and he was able to muster only a few bromidic statements, such as: "Well, every man must decide these things for himself," and "You're lucky to have found out so early." But these heavy observations were punctuated by irrelevant smiles of great intensity and once by a loud, almost hysterical burst of laughter, totally inappropriate. He excused himself rather quickly, considering the importance of Clifford's news, saying he had a brief appointment and they'd talk about it later. Before he left he clasped his son's hand and pumped it vigorously as if they were leaving each other for some solemn length of time or just meeting each other again after such a length of time. Clifford heard him a few minutes later starting his car in the garage.

It turned out that his father had gone over to Duckfield, to the very fancy package store there and bought six bottles of the best wines he could lay his hands on. He put the whole six of them on the table together at dinner time. The family drank them during dinner that night, the whole six bottles, and his father and Clifford got very high. His father got much higher than Clifford though, higher than any of them could remember. He stayed utterly jolly, of course, but his thoughts rambled, and he was close to incoherence, for his voice slurred.

But when, just before Clifford's mother put the coffee on, the older man suddenly lifted his glass and burst into an impromptu song, his voice was not so slurred that his three happy listeners, Clifford, his mother and his sister, could not understand the words, which were:

Hooray for the Monsignor, Mon-
signor, Monsignor,
Oh the wise Monsignor, hooray,
hooray, hooray.

Smiling gently, he went to sleep in his chair shortly afterward and that ended the festive dinner.

A little later that night Clifford took a long walk alone on the beach. He was still somewhat tight as he started out. The tide was at flood and the breakers were high and their sounds were crashing, triumphal music to him. At intervals now and at the top of his lungs he sang the song his father had sung at dinner, hurling the hoorays for the Monsignor at the celebrant sea. And at other intervals he ran and leaped like a bacchant as his blood counseled him to.

Strange then that returning up the beach later he felt a curious sadness, fading, almost hidden from him, but certainly there. Was it the wine wearing off? The triumphal music of the breakers continued. But had there been another music once, faint and far off as it was lovely? Yes, and he had strained to hear it. Now he would strain to hear it no more. "Star music" somebody had once called it.

Who? When? THE END

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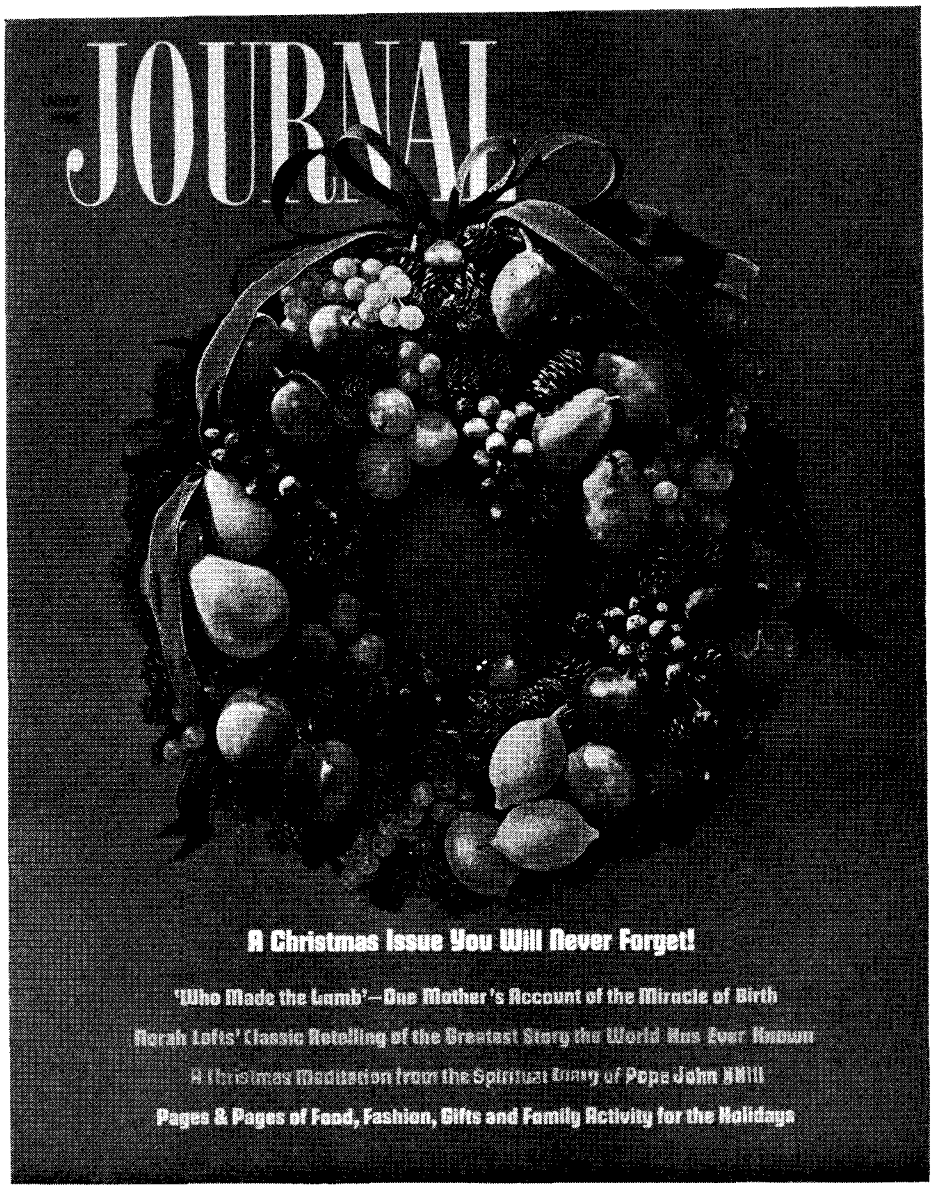

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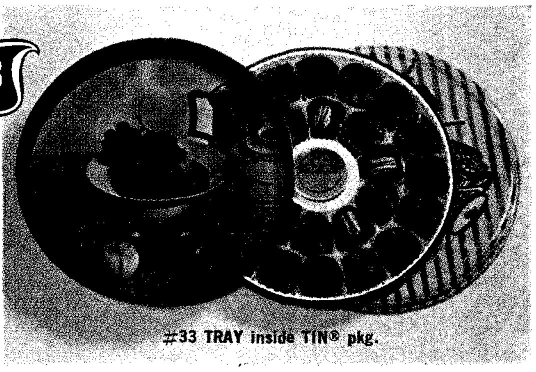

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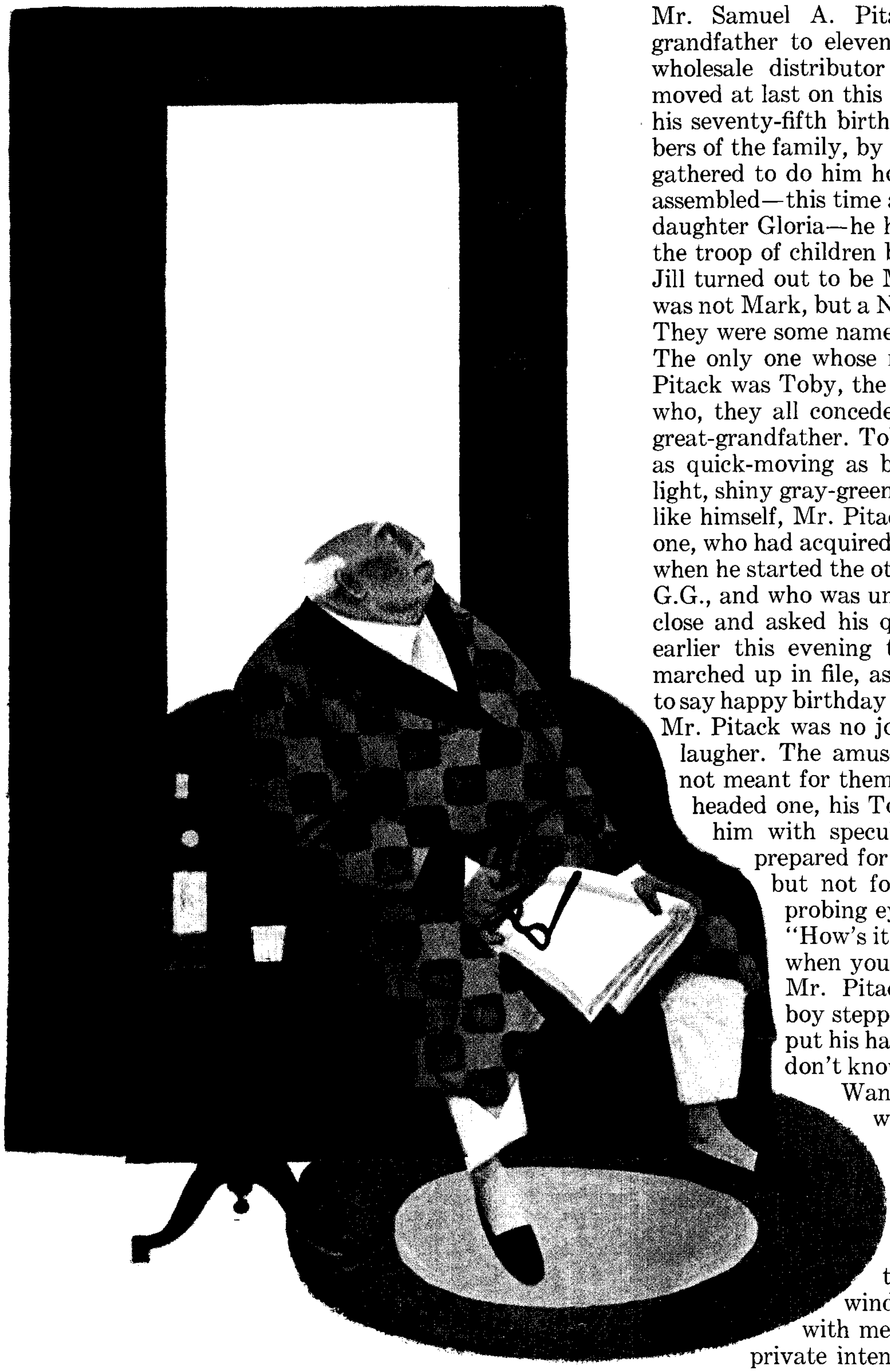
If a man has a big loving family t

By MORTON FINEMAN



Mr. Samuel A. Pitack, widowed, great-grandfather to eleven children, and retired wholesale distributor of men's underwear, moved at last on this particular Sunday into his seventy-fifth birthday, and all the members of the family, by birth and by marriage, gathered to do him homage. Whenever they assembled—this time at the apartment of his daughter Gloria—he had trouble sorting out the troop of children by name and parent. A Jill turned out to be Moira or Jody; a Mark was not Mark, but a Neil or Sanford or Scott. They were some names, Mr. Pitack thought. The only one whose name never failed Mr. Pitack was Toby, the skinny, redheaded one who, they all conceded, most resembled his great-grandfather. Toby's eyes were big and as quick-moving as butterfly wings in sunlight, shiny gray-green. If there had to be one like himself, Mr. Pitack was glad it was this one, who had acquired a measure of notoriety when he started the others calling Mr. Pitack G.G., and who was unafraid; who walked up close and asked his questions. Much, much earlier this evening the children had been marched up in file, as at a formal reception, to say happy birthday and offer their presents. Mr. Pitack was no jolly hugger, though, no laugher. The amusement in his eyes was not meant for them to share; but the redheaded one, his Toby, stayed to examine him with speculative eyes, dauntless, prepared for a standoff if necessary but not for a retreat before the probing eyes.

"How's it feel to have a birthday when you're so old, G.G.?"

Mr. Pitack motioned, and the boy stepped forward. Mr. Pitack put his hand on the boy's arm. "I don't know. This is the first time. Want to go for a bus ride with me sometime?"

"Where to?"

Mr. Pitack shrugged. Geography was a minor item. As he would bow to the undisputable fact of rain or wind on his face, he bowed with measureless delight to the private intensity of love he had for this one. "Anywhere," he said. Not the journey itself, but simply having this one by his side, chattering of Apaches and fast-ball pitchers, was the source of profit in the day.

Toby nodded. "Hey, let's shake on us taking a bus ride, G.G."

"Shake," Mr. Pitack said. He reached out and embraced Toby. But not in the wraparound style common to sentimentality and indulgence in vanity. This was just an arm slipping around the bony shoulders and the old face drawn into warmly quizzical regard by something that had its source beyond the boy or himself; perhaps recognition that he could find a common game with the boy who had bestowed upon him his final identity: from Sam to Pop to Grandpop to G.G. He had said you can't go around saying great-grandpop, it's too long. Is it OK? OK, Mr. Pitack had assured him gravely, and so their little ceremony ended and, like an Indian boy attaining the status of warrior, he had his name.

Toby drew down the corner of his mouth and winked effectively, but not slyly, and that gesture of affinity, observed by some in the family, was smiled at for the wrong reason. Seeing Mr. Pitack unbend, they felt successful; he was enjoying his birthday celebration after all; he had been reached and touched in a way they—particularly Sidney, his oldest son—understood.

"We could use a happy patriarch," Sidney said. "It gives the family class. If he grew a white goatee—you know what I mean?" Mr. Pitack's daughter, Gloria, laughed at her brother. She wasn't sure. Sidney tried to be a kidder once in a while with his father and always got into trouble.

"I'm a retired businessman, not a rabbi," Mr. Pitack said with asperity.

"Sidney means it as a compliment to you."

"Do you know what a patriarch is?" Sidney said to his father.

"Frankly, no. After all, I didn't graduate from the U. of P. Law School," Mr. Pitack said.

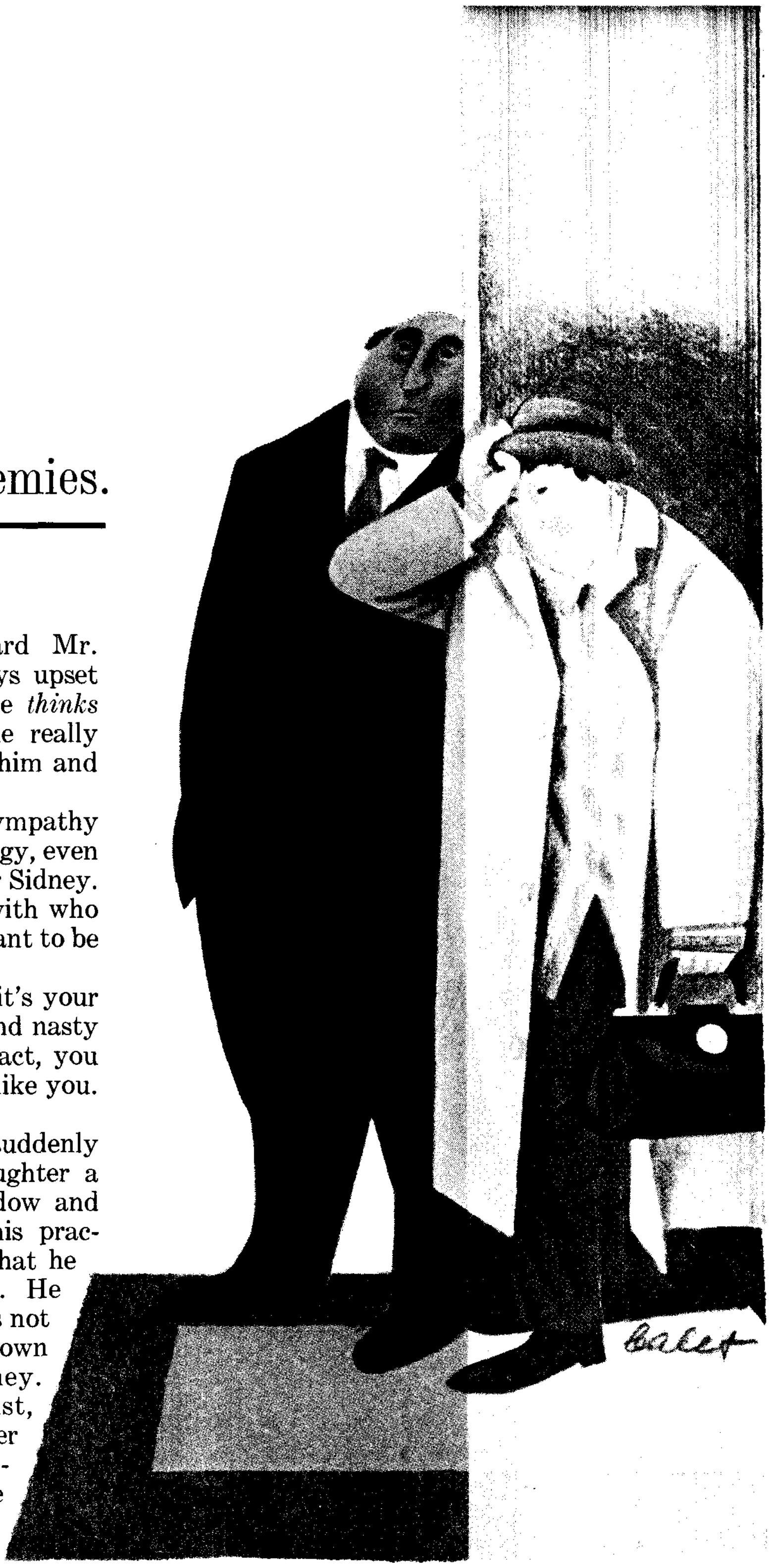
"So what're you getting sore about?"

"What I'm hurt about," Gloria said quickly, "is the fact that you never want to come to dinner, G.G. You live six blocks away. You could come here to dinner practically every night. In fact, you could move in with me, or with Sidney. We've got so much room."

"That's right," Sidney said. "Bess told him practically the same thing a dozen times. You've been retired for five years and living all alone. That's not good for anybody."

"I'm still a busy man."

They smiled at him. But he could tell they didn't understand. He smiled too, and they looked at him with the innocent confusion of the worldly. It was not a matter of hearts orry about him, he doesn't have a need for a lot of enemies.



ILLUSTRATED BY JAN BALET

breaking. Cantankerousness was a more logical explanation for their patriarch who would not claim his crown.

In the kitchen of Gloria's apartment, the caterers were preparing for their departure. Four hours ago the long dining-room table had gleamed with sterling and china and the gaudy colors of food against snowy Belgian linen. Once-fat salmon in aspic were skeletal shapes. The linen blossomed with stains and the great swan of *pâté* was eroded, its neck broken; only puddles of sauce from the sweet-and-sour meatballs remained in the chafing dishes; ashtrays were heaped with cigar butts and olive pits; the standing ribs of beef were down to the well-done outside slices awash in blood and yellowing fat.

"Make Sidney a little nightcap," Mr. Pitack said to Gloria.

"No, thanks, G.G." Sidney tapped his fleshy chest.

"You didn't have to eat all that stuffed cabbage, Sid," Gloria said. "Do you want some Tums or something? I'm not sure what's in the medicine chest."

"Too much fat," Mr. Pitack pronounced in a dry, judicious voice. "That's your trouble, *boytshik*. You're stuffed up like a balloon. I watched you eat. . . . If he doesn't want a drink, make me one."

"You're right about that," Sidney said. "I could stand to knock off ten or fifteen pounds."

"Fifty is more like it," Mr. Pitack said.

"Honey, please stop teasing Sidney," Gloria said as she rose to go to the bar. She poured a Canadian Club and ginger ale for herself and carefully filled her father's shot glass with Old Overholt.

Mr. Pitack raised his glass and looked at his son and daughter with very bright eyes. "Lots of happiness," Gloria murmured emotionally.

"And good health," Sidney said, aware of the nakedness of his hands without a glass. Physical discomfort in front of his father made him vulnerable; his overweight seemed a grossness of character that could never be subdued. He didn't enjoy being called a hotshot lawyer in company, or forced into lame explanations for not having a nightcap. The old man was full of porcupine quills. You had to watch out. He sucked you in with that big smile and that craftily benign, old-man's face. He's seventy-five years old; his family is celebrating. Why the hell couldn't he feel a little blessed? Those annual trips to the cemetery by his family would begin soon enough. Sidney walked away to find his wife.

Gloria sighed and leaned toward Mr. Pitack. "Honey, why do you always upset Sidney? He doesn't understand. He *thinks* he's got a sense of humor, but he really doesn't; and then you make fun of him and his feelings are hurt."

He met her little challenge of sympathy head on, by saying nothing. An apology, even to her, would be a minor triumph for Sidney. Not that he minded. But tonight, with who knows how many drinks, he didn't want to be less than he was.

"I hate to say this now, because it's your birthday, but you are really mean and nasty to Sidney lots of times, honey. In fact, you always pick on people for not being like you. We're *individuals*, honey."

Mr. Pitack's attentiveness was suddenly deceptive. Gloria had been his daughter a long time ago; now she was a widow and grandmother who yearned to be his practical nurse. He resisted telling her that he had not yet ordered a wheelchair. He liked her more now, though; she was not such a humorless fool; but in her own way she was worse than Sidney. Sidney wandered away in disgust, mouthing defeat; Gloria sat closer and implored her father. "Seriously, honey, why should you have to live alone when there's no need?" She could move a conversation around like a woman moving ashtrays and vases in a living room.

"I like it," he said. "Who wants to be a guest?" He thought how nice it would be if one of his former children would stop to remember something simple and human about him from their long association.

"Don't talk like that." Her breath flew upward, and one hand fussed about the base of her throat.

He saw again that he was wasting his point of view and reached out to pat her knee.

"Talking like that is a lifelong habit." He was bored now, with his place of honor and with her solicitude.

"What I don't understand is what you *do* with yourself. Nobody sees you. All summer long you wouldn't come down the shore even once. Do you realize you are practically a mystery to me and Sid?"

Mr. Pitack picked up his drink. He drank the whiskey neat, smiled, and wiped his lips with his fingers. The whiskey blazed warmly inside him. "Will the real Samuel A. Pitack please stand up," he said.

He looked up to see Bess, Sidney's wife, waiting to kiss him good night. He raised his face, took the kiss, and said, "Good night, darling."

"Come over for brunch next Sunday?" Bess said.

"What time?"

"Eleven?"

"I'll be there. Who's catering, Sidney?"

"Oh, cut it out, will you?"

"Sidney, don't be so humorless," his wife said. "I'll have everything you like, G.G."

"Do you want to know something? He's drunk," Sidney said. "Honest to God. It would be just our luck if he becomes a rummy in his old age."

It was Sidney's bitterly defensive joke. His sister Gloria and wife Bess stared him down. Mr. Pitack gazed at him with a sensation of utter remoteness. Who exactly was this tall, pudgy, balding man with the worried eyes? Of course, a son. His own. Mr. Pitack wagged a finger. "Don't worry about your old man, *boytshik*."

"Sidney, that's no way to talk," Gloria said. "My God, why don't you try to make an allowance once in a while? After all, you started it."

"Really, Sid," Bess said.

Though Mr. Pitack considered the entire matter comical, he said, "I think we should have an apology here from son to father." If Sidney told him to go to hell, he was going to laugh with a measure of pride. But Sidney disappointed him and apologized. That was Sidney, the big-shot lawyer everybody called "counselor" in the corridors of City Hall, a man they wanted on the Republican ticket next year for judge. Sidney, the man with his own opinions. Some judge.

Mr. Pitack had had enough birthday party, and he got ready to leave. He had to avoid hands fluttering toward him and voices cast out like the nets of fishermen; but at last he escaped to the pavement and the cool night, ascetic of body and feature yet elegant in the dark chesterfield coat and Homburg hat; and a little drunk, in fact, as had been observed; enough to laugh at them and taste this freedom from their syrupy homage. He settled himself on a bench in Rittenhouse Square and lit a panatela. The fallen leaves littered the curving walks of the square like lost trinkets of summer.

Telling his family certain things was unwise because, knowing, they pestered him with the generosity of superior alternatives. He could hear the predictable tone of Gloria's voice: *But, honey! If you want to go for a ride, I'll take you any time. You know that, G.G. If you want dinner, why should you go to Horn and Hardart's? Why should you be alone when you can be with your own family?* He smiled at how roles shifted. Even the secrets department changed. Long ago, he had held secrets from them, exercising adult prerogative; now he performed with the cunning of a child who had no rights. He looked at the yellow, full-moon face of the clock in the City Hall tower. In a little while the telephone in his apartment would ring. The telephone company was his daughter's ally. *You weren't home. Where do you go in the middle of the night?* She would call again, then tomorrow, until she was satisfied that he was safe. If he wasn't sleepy, she wanted him behind a locked door with nothing more hazardous before him than a late movie on television.

Shortly after two in the morning, Gloria telephoned her brother Sidney. Driven by an expanding vision of disaster as graphic to her as the highs and lows the television weatherman drew on the map, she had called the police and the night manager of Mr. Pitack's apartment house. The policeman, an Officer Feldman, had declared unequivocally that they had no corpse identified as Pitack, nor any unidentified corpse so far tonight. To make her feel better, Officer Feldman, who recognized genuine distress when he heard it, had said in a voice sympathetic enough to be a credit to his badge, "Most people get home safe at night, no matter what crime statistics you read about, even the FBI, and they're tops. You know what I mean? In the morning, you'll give him a good piece of your mind, God bless him, and everything'll be all right."

The night manager of the apartment building, however, was a grump with curt answers to worried women who wanted him to adopt the ways of the good Samaritan. He was a man who required bullying. It wasn't difficult; it was simply a matter of putting him in his place. After all, Sidney was general counsel to Jerome R. Murvis, who just happened to be chairman of the board of the corporation which owned this particular building along

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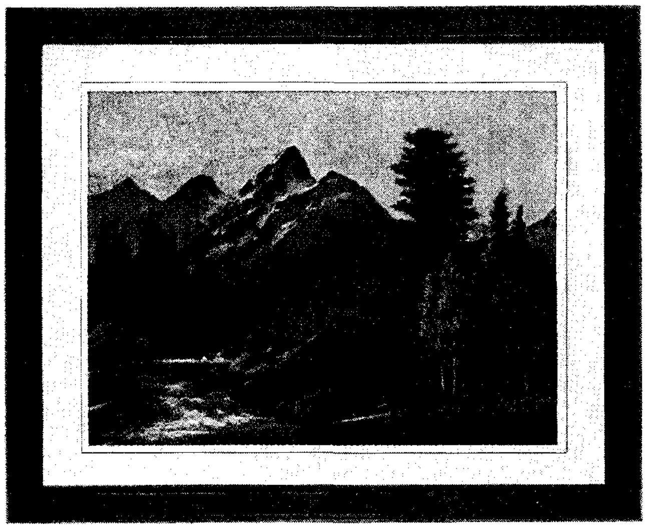

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with God knows how many more. The night manager had, at Gloria's behest, fished the passkey to Mr. Pitack's apartment off a giant ring of other passkeys, ridden up in the elevator, let himself in the door and searched the premises; he was able to provide eyewitness testimony that Mr. Pitack was not lying dead on the floor or the bed.

"He's not home," the night manager had said—ungraciously, because not many people appreciate the realization that night managers can be put in their place, which is usually below street level, and cramped.

The ringing of the telephone added a new, intolerable burden to Sidney's already troubled sleep. From the other bed, his wife poked an arm out blindly and grabbed the telephone. Sidney lay absolutely still, foggily prostrate with the need to sleep, aware of a great chunk of pain lodged under his sternum. Often Sidney had swift, dizzying fears that his pounding heart was about to destroy him. Ashamed of this nightmarish fear, he worked himself up on one elbow as Bess said, "Calm yourself, hon."

"What the hell's the matter?" Sidney said. He received no immediate answer, but he knew who it was now. He got out of bed and lumbered into the bathroom where, as an act of self-mercy, he spooned Maalox into his tortured stomach, vowing again to stop smoking so much, to lose weight, and to cut down *on* the amount of coffee and Canadian Club and ginger ale he drank. He rested his buttocks on the side of the tub and pressed both hands into the flesh below his tender rib cage. Bess's voice came to him through the open door like the notes of a bugle. She was saying, "What do you mean you hate to disturb us? Who else should you call? After all, Sidney is his oldest son. . . . Sidney, are you through in the bathroom? Gloria wants to talk to you. . . . Look, honey, stop apologizing. . . . Sidney, Gloria is waiting."

"Stop shouting. I don't feel good."

"If you'd listen to what Irv tells you, you'd feel better."

Irv was Sidney's younger brother, and a doctor. Sidney grunted. He took the telephone, and when he was able to interrupt Gloria, he asked, "Did he say anything when he left your place? Or did he give you any idea that he wasn't going home?"

"Sidney," Bess said from the extension in the living room, "please don't cross-examine Gloria in that tone of voice. She's upset enough as it is."

"You asked me to talk. So let me talk. Somebody has got to be logical about this."

"Sidney, please don't argue with Bess at a time like this," Gloria said.

"Let me talk, for God's sake, so we can establish a few facts," Sidney said. "That's all I want."

"I already told you. As far as I know, he was going home. That was three hours ago."

"All right. You checked with the police, you checked with the apartment. Right? All you can do now is wait awhile, then try to reach him at the apartment again. Unless he decided to go to the Camac for a steam bath and some pinochle. He does crazy things, as you damn well know."

"I called there first. Sidney, please get dressed and go out and look for him."

"Gloria, for crying out loud, I have to be in court tomorrow. And you want me to go driving around the streets at two o'clock in the morning."

"If you're going to take that attitude, I'll go myself."

"Gloria, don't be ridiculous," Bess cut in. "Sidney will go. . . . Do you hear me, Sidney? You get dressed and look in the square. Go to that all-night H. and H. where he likes to sit and talk. . . . Gloria, you just relax, hon. We'll call you back. Listen, I've got a better idea. If you're so upset, take a taxi and come over here. Don't sit there and worry all alone."

"Maybe I better. Honest, I really am terribly upset, Bess. Ever since Harry died, I'm acting like an old lady. I mean the kids don't need me. They've got their own family. That's something you hear other people say, then you realize how true it is when it happens to you. Don't you honestly think I'm overconcerned? All I can think about when he's not home late at night is maybe he's lying in the street somewhere with a heart attack or a stroke. Or maybe he was held up and they beat him up, because you know him. He would try to fight. After all, he's seventy-five years old. Just because he talks the way he does doesn't mean he's forty or fifty. He's an old man, Bess. I know that according to Irv he's as healthy as a horse for his age, but I don't care if Irv *is* a good doctor. G.G.'s *still an old man*."

"Come over right away," Bess said. She hung up and went back to the bedroom. Sidney was lying in bed with his eyes closed.

"Get out of that bed, Sidney."

"Ten o'clock," Sidney said. "That's when I have to be in court. If I can't do a respectable job for clients, I won't have clients." He talked with his eyes closed, like a man desperately reciting a prayer. "Four and a half for the apartment. A hundred and a half each month for the car, and that's only the beginning. Add up all the rest of it—everything you say it's ridiculous not to afford—and figure it at rock bottom and you come up with two thousand a month before taxes, as God is my witness. Do you have any idea how much money that is?"

"It's your own father."

"He can take care of himself. He says it and I believe him. I'm going to sleep."

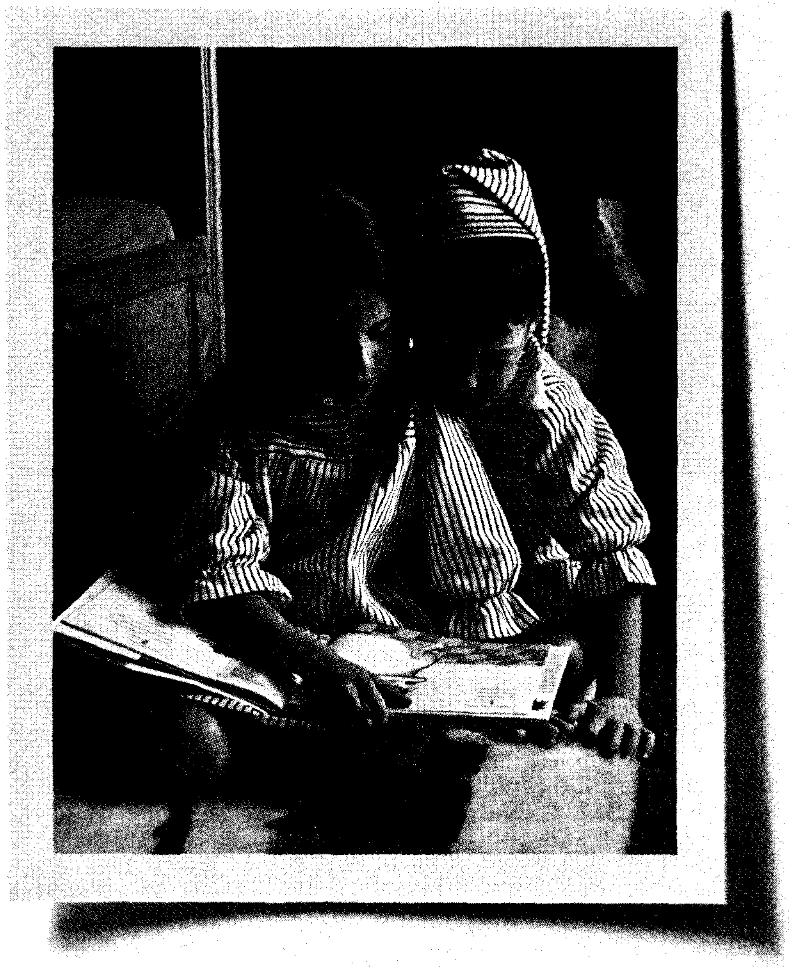
"Lower your voice. You'll wake up Toby. In case you forgot, he's spending the night with us."

Sidney believed that if he opened his eyes and looked at Bess he would say unforgivable things which neither of them would ever be able to forget. So he kept his eyes closed and said, "I'm going to trial against Leo Bortnicker. Leo is a hungry tiger. Leo told me once he doesn't drink, he doesn't smoke, he doesn't fool around because he's got to be in shape to make a hundred grand every year. And he makes it. He doesn't have a wife who wants to drag him out of bed. Call the house sometime when Leo is taking a nap. You'll see how far you get with her. She's a woman with respect for her husband's physical capacity and his pocketbook. She's not a woman who says nobody gets a bargain. She gets them."

"From now on, I'll pack you a lunch every day."

"Thanks," Sidney said.

"I'll make one more call, then *I'll* go



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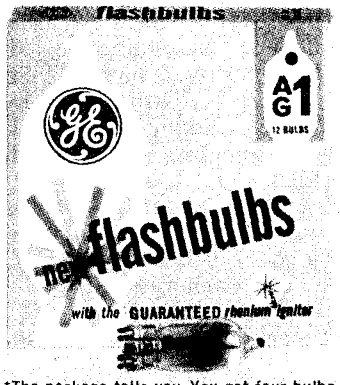

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out with Gloria when she gets here."

"Do you mind using the phone someplace else?" Tears salted the insides of his closed eyes. Thank God for the miracle of movable eyelids. Engine, engine number nine, he thought within the ruined temple of himself, take me the hell away from here on the Chicago line. It didn't end that way. He'd remembered it once—a jump-rope rhyme. He'd gone whooping and yelling it through days long ago before he fell in love with cool-eyed, throaty-voiced Barbara Stanwyck and played on the Penn tennis team, and now he didn't remember it. When he saw Barbara Stanwyck on television now, he wasn't in love. When the model year changed, it changed, and all the lost and fading angels drifted out of your thoughts.

He listened to the rapid clicking of the telephone dial as it rolled back to the starting position. He didn't remember the rhyme, but he had learned a few things on the way to now; he had learned all the forms of negotiable currency. He knew how to total up the bill for his name on the door. Judge Sidney Pitack. Your Honor. I'll see you in my chambers tomorrow. "Honest to God," he said aloud, "I couldn't afford it." Tears slipped through his eyelids, found a channel across his face down to his lips. Bess did not ask him what he could not afford. "Honey," she cried to Mr. Pitack, who answered the telephone this time. "Where have you been, for God's sake? Gloria is out of her mind."

"I told you he is all right," Sidney said untriumphantly as he gazed at the dark ceiling of his closed eyelids. "He is blessed."

"Nobody is checking on you, G.G.," Bess said. "We just worry when it gets so late and you're not home." She offered Sidney only the dry bones of her interest. "I guess he's all right. He hung up. This time we're lucky," she said.

Damn it, Sidney thought, like a man screaming behind a plate-glass wall. I am here trying to fall asleep. Check up on *me* and do a little worrying. The world was an ever-narrowing, fearful place. Your wife treated you like Red China. "I appreciate all the consideration," he said to Bess as she went out to the living room to wait for Gloria.

Later, alone and wakeful in the bedroom, full of unuttered messages for the outside world and threatened by Leo Bortnicker, Sidney opened his eyes to see his grandson, Toby, standing in the doorway.

"They're talking about G.G. in the living room," Toby said. "And they told me to go to bed. I can't sleep."

"Nobody can around here."

"What did G.G. do?"

"That's what I'd like to know," Sidney said.

"I'll call him up. He said I can call him up any time I feel like it."

"He's probably sleeping," Sidney said softly and bitterly.

"He doesn't care—if it's me. He said he'd rather hear about Comanches and Apaches from me instead of somebody on TV. He gives me all his Indian-head nickels, and they're getting harder and harder to find."

"Why don't you come in? Don't stand way over there."

"Is G.G. all right?" Toby asked, walking toward his grandfather. He was wearing pajama pants and his gun belt. "He didn't get sick, did he?"

"G.G. never gets sick," Sidney said. "According to your Uncle Irv, G.G. is the healthiest one in the family, even if he is seventy-five years old. He never gets a headache, he never gets gas, he never gets a lot of other things I get that you never even heard of. All he keeps in his medicine cabinet is shaving cream."

"He's always telling me to eat lots of liver and lots of fruit. Every time we go someplace he always stops in a store and gets a bag of fruit."

Sidney, chagrined by his ungrandfatherly outburst, got out of bed for another helping of Maalox. "Listen," he said, "you want my Indian-head nickels too?"

"OK," Toby said. "If you find some." He drew the Colt .45 from his holster; then he upended the holster; an opened pack of Life Savers dropped into his cupped hand. He peeled back the foil and took one. "Want one?" he asked.

Sidney smiled. "No," he said.

"I'll bet it's going to be dawn pretty soon," Toby said.

"Before you know," Sidney murmured. Dawn and Leo Bortnicker. "Look on the dresser and see if I've got any Indian heads in my change."

"Can I call G.G. first?"

"If you find out he's all right, tell me," Sidney said. He added water to the Maalox and watched Toby through the opened bathroom door. Leo Bortnicker didn't have a grandson like that. As skinny as a hockey stick, grave, philosophical, full of lore about Apaches and Comanches, a regular walking *Boy Scout Handbook.* Leo Bortnicker didn't have a redheaded grandson with enough brains to stash his Life Savers away in the bottom of his holster, or to be an expert on Indian-head nickels. Sidney rinsed the chalky taste of Maalox from his mouth with another glass of water. And then, peacefully believing the worst of everything was over for the night because his stomach was momentarily at ease and the apartment was suddenly as quiet as an empty chapel, Sidney yielded to himself. "Toby," he said, "before you call G.G. I want to ask you something, and I want a serious answer. OK?" He sat down beside Toby on the bed.

"OK," Toby said, holding the telephone on his lap.

"How would you like Grandpop to become a judge?" Sidney smiled. Some question to ask a boy. But he wanted to ask it: He was Sidney Pitack, father, grandfather, attorney-at-law, board member. He could walk freely around the dimensional figure of himself, hold back the inundating sea with heroic strength, still the noisy winds. He was unburdened by fifty pounds of unnecessary fat, hypertension, upper-range cholesterol and Leo Bortnicker; he was cut free from all the anchoring mortal coils.

"Would you be a good judge? Not like Judge Bean, who was the only law west of the Pecos?"

"A good judge," he said fervently.

"Grandmom says you just talk about it. You wouldn't really get to be one. I heard her talking to Mom about it a couple of times."

"I know what Grandmom says."

"Why do you want to be one?"

"That's a hard question to answer," Sidney said. "You have to be older to understand some of the reasons. But you can understand one of the reasons now. For the same reason you want to be a fast-ball pitcher and beat the Yankees in the World Series. So you can be Toby Barish himself, and not like somebody else."

Toby smiled, hearing his own secret put into words, and Sidney, because he was being regarded with ingenuous, serious eyes and granted the ultimate courtesy of attention, wanted to embrace his grandson.

"All right," Sidney said. "Talk to G.G."

Just then Bess entered the bedroom to get another pack of cigarettes. "I thought you were so sleepy," she said to Sidney. "Why aren't you sleeping? And what's Toby doing up? It's nearly four o'clock. Honest to God, Sidney, why didn't you send that child back to bed?"

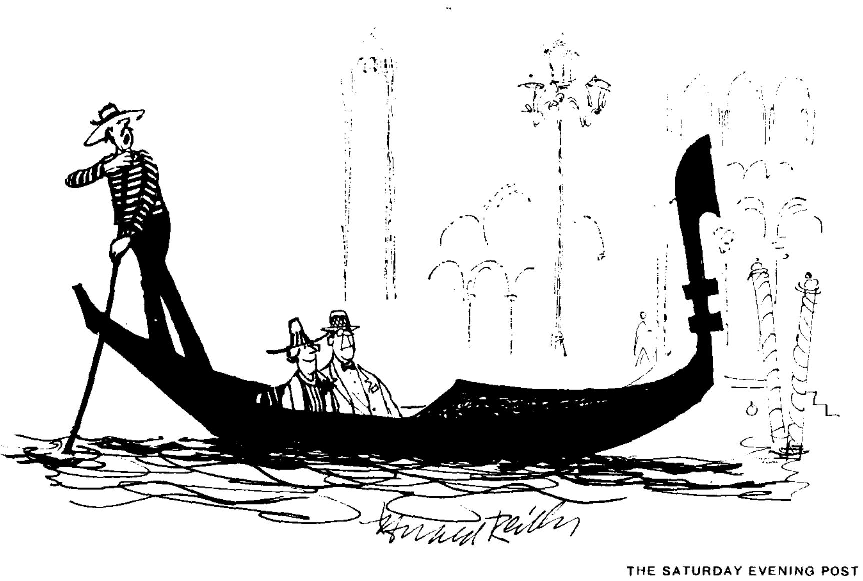
"I'm waiting for G.G. to answer," Toby said, hunched protectively over the telephone. "It's ringing. Grandpop said I could call G.G."

"Well, Grandmom says you can't. Hang up the phone."

"Leave the boy alone," Sidney shouted. "Don't worry about everybody sleeping all of a sudden."

"Hang up the phone, Toby," Bess said, ignoring Sidney.

"He's not answering anyway," Toby said.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hel-lo, Dolly . . . ."

Bess took the telephone from Toby. "Go to bed, Toby," she said.

As he backed out of the bedroom, Toby said, "You look like a statue pointing at something. But not the Statue of Liberty. Can Sarah make me grits Atlanta style for breakfast?"

"Yes," Bess said. "Just go to bed."

"What are grits Atlanta style?" Sidney asked her.

Bess, who was frowning at the telephone, said irritably, "Do you think I know? Every time he stays here, Sarah takes him shopping and they come back with all those crazy things. He sits there in the kitchen and she cooks and he talks. Then they eat all that junk and she starts putting on that Southern drawl for him. Take a look in his room. I want him in bed. His mother will kill me if she finds out he was up at four o'clock in the morning. And be quiet, because Gloria finally fell asleep on the couch. She's absolutely exhausted. Make sure he doesn't have that transistor radio in bed."

Sidney eased the door of Toby's room open just enough to look inside. He heard a rustling of sheets and a snapping sound.

"I'm in bed. I'm just cracking my knuckles."

"OK," Sidney said. "Listen, what're grits Atlanta style?"

"With red-eye gravy. Ask Sarah. She'll make some for you."

Sidney shut the door, grinning tiredly and shaking his head, resolved not to let G.G. hog Toby any more, as he returned to the bedroom.

"Don't you want to go to sleep?" he said to Bess, taking off his bathrobe.

"Sidney," she said, "I just called G.G.'s number myself. All of a sudden, I realized what Toby said. Remember he said the telephone was ringing? There's no answer. Please dress and go over there and see if he's all right."

"Maybe you ought to let me try and sleep for a change. Call the night manager and ask him to check the apartment."

"Sidney, anybody would answer a telephone *this* hour of the morning. Don't you realize what I'm saying? Please don't stand there and argue with me. I'm going to call Irv and tell him to go right over there. Look, I know G.G. went home, because I talked to him," she added, dialing the telephone. "Maybe he did something crazy like go out again. I'm not denying that he does crazy things. But don't forget that he's also an old man and he lives all alone, and something could very easily happen to him. And he is not the night manager's responsibility. I'm talking about your own father. Just remember that. I'll call Irv and tell him you'll meet him there. Please hurry up, Sidney."

Riding up with Sidney in the elevator to the nineteenth floor, the night manager, a controlled diabetic in his late fifties with a recently corrected double hernia, felt contrite for having been as sarcastic as he dared earlier to both Gloria and Bess. He kept referring to Mr. Pitack as a fine old gentleman and saying, "Let's knock on wood that it's nothing of a major nature." In the corridor, outside the apartment, he crowded near Sidney, eager to observe whatever catastrophic scene lay beyond the closed door; yet he dreaded a situation that would require the rescue-

(Continued on page 58)

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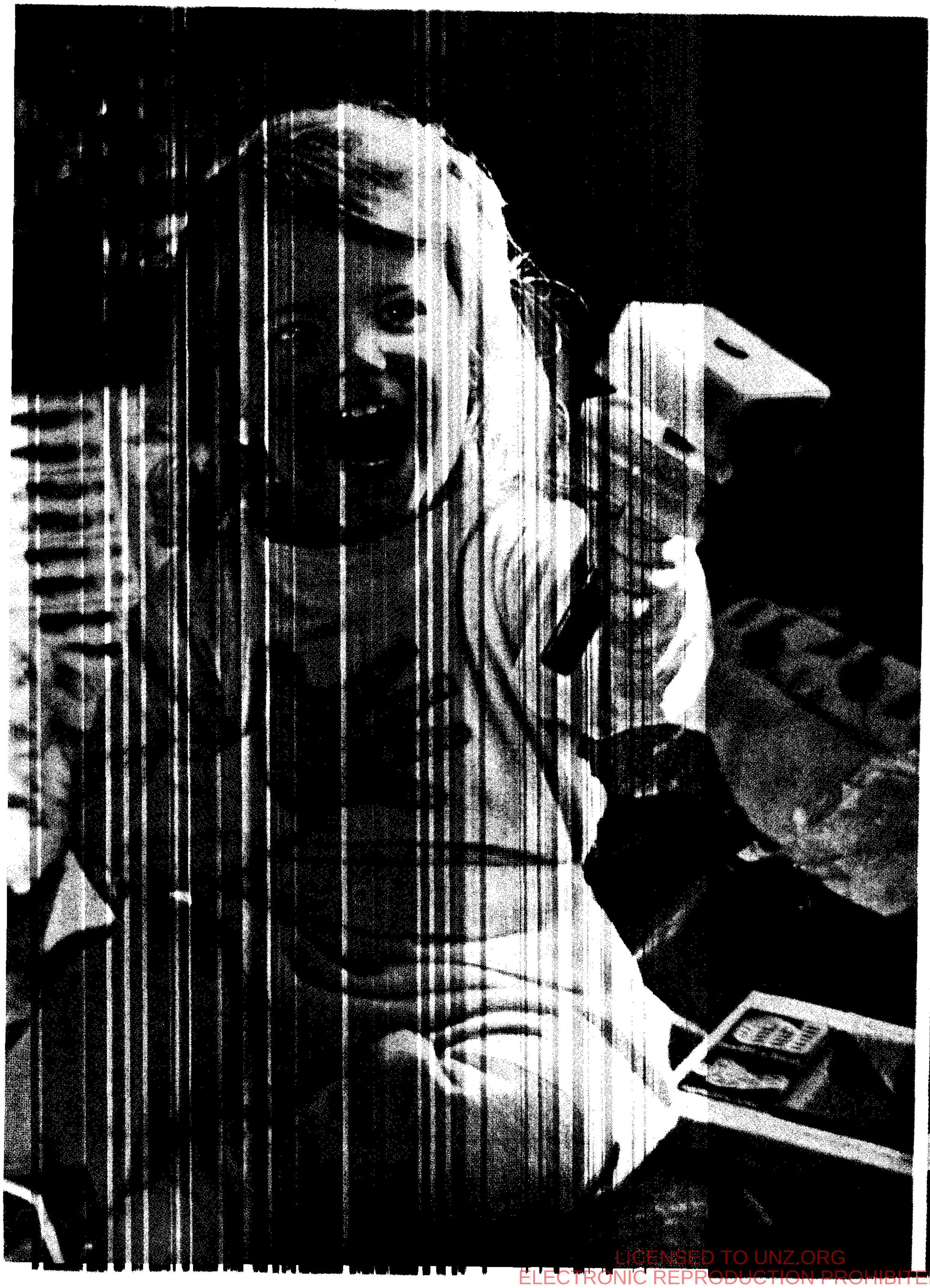

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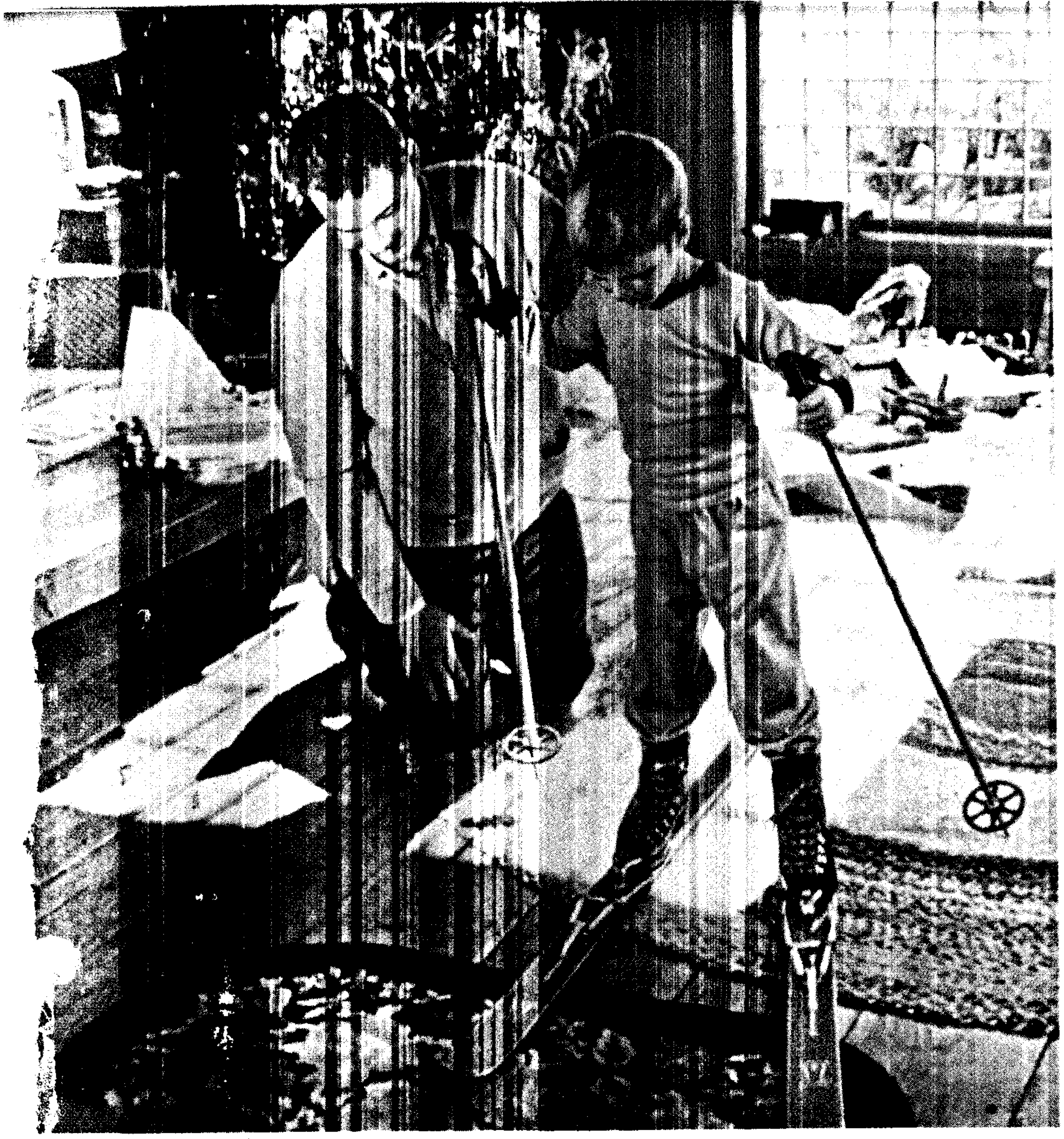

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(Continued from page 46)

squad ambulance, and policemen tramping through the lobby.

A reading lamp by the couch was on; the FM radio was on, tuned to an all-night music program; the curtains were pulled back and the Venetian blinds drawn up, and all the lights and bright darkness of the clear, cold morning flooded into the room.

"Sick, in trouble, emergency," the night manager snorted. "God almighty, it's enough to drive somebody crazy. You look healthy to me, Mr. Pitack."

Mr. Pitack, sitting on the couch in his bathrobe, with a copy of *Men's Wear*—to which, though retired, he subscribed loyally—looked at both of his unexpected visitors with a faintly puzzled expression. "Sure I'm all right, Fred. Who told you I wasn't all right?"

"I'm glad to hear it. . . . I'll trouble you for the passkey," he said frostily to Sidney. "I'm sorry for the inconvenience. I got all kinds of alarming stories about your health and safety from the counselor here."

"Why didn't you answer the phone?" Sidney asked in a choked voice. Behind him, the night manager closed the door softly. "Do you realize that Bess thinks maybe you're lying unconscious with a stroke, or a heart attack? She got Irv out of bed to rush down here. Do you realize I haven't had one decent hour of sleep tonight on account of everybody worrying about you?"

"Why?" Mr. Pitack said. "What the hell's the matter with everybody? I appreciate the party. You said happy birthday. Now can't I sit in my apartment and read the paper?"

"Why the hell didn't you answer the phone?" Sidney repeated. "Don't give me that independence crap. Just answer my question."

"Because I didn't want to. Who passed a law that I have to answer the phone? The telephone company?" Mr. Pitack picked up a plastic kitchen tumbler from the coffee table, the chipped edge turned away from his lips, and sipped a little of his whiskey, smiling at Sidney.

"Can't you afford a decent glass, for God's sake?" Sidney shouted. "You know what you're becoming? A screwball. Listen, if you don't want a family—if you don't want us to give a damn about you, just say it. Tell me right now. Tell all of us to go to hell."

"Sidney, *boytshik*, with your high blood pressure you better sit down and cool off. Make yourself a drink. If you want a fancy glass, you know where it is. When Irv comes, he can have a drink, and we'll enjoy a little sociability so you won't feel you made the trip for nothing."

"Irv's probably got a dozen patients to see at the hospital before noon and I've got to meet Leo Bortnicker in court, and you want us to sit around and be sociable. Don't you realize why the girls are worried about you?"

"Sidney, I'm going to make a point-blank statement to you," Mr. Pitack said. "You are looking at Samuel A. Pitack. None of you want me to be Samuel A. Pitack any more. But that's who I am. If you don't want a drink, go home, and when Irv comes, I'll tell him to go home if he doesn't want a sociable drink. Considering what time it is and why you're here, what else can we do, Sidney? In plain words, Sidney, I'll give you a fair proposition. Don't be a pain in my backside and don't let me be a pain in your backside."

The door chimes echoed musically above Sidney's labored, gravelly breathing as he stared at his father. "That must be Irv," Mr. Pitack said. "Let him in before he breaks the door down."

Sidney flung the door open and Irv darted past him like a hungry sandpiper, carrying his doctor's bag and still wearing his pajama tops under his jacket. "Hey, G.G.," he said brightly, "what the hell is this all about? I thought you were dying, according to the hysterical phone call I got from Bess. Sue answered the phone. So by this time everybody in the family's probably ready to visit you in the hospital. Hoo, did I come down that expressway! Seventy miles an hour all the way."

"Make yourself a drink, Irv," Mr. Pitack said.

"Hey, now, that's an idea," Irv said. "What kind of nutty females have we got in this family? By the way, G.G., happy birthday. I'm sorry I missed the party. According to Sue, it was like an inaugural ball."

"Listen, Irv," Sidney said, "he wouldn't answer the phone at four o'clock in the morning. What do you expect Bess to think? You have to admit she's got a point there."

Irv paused and stared at Sidney, observing him closely for the first time

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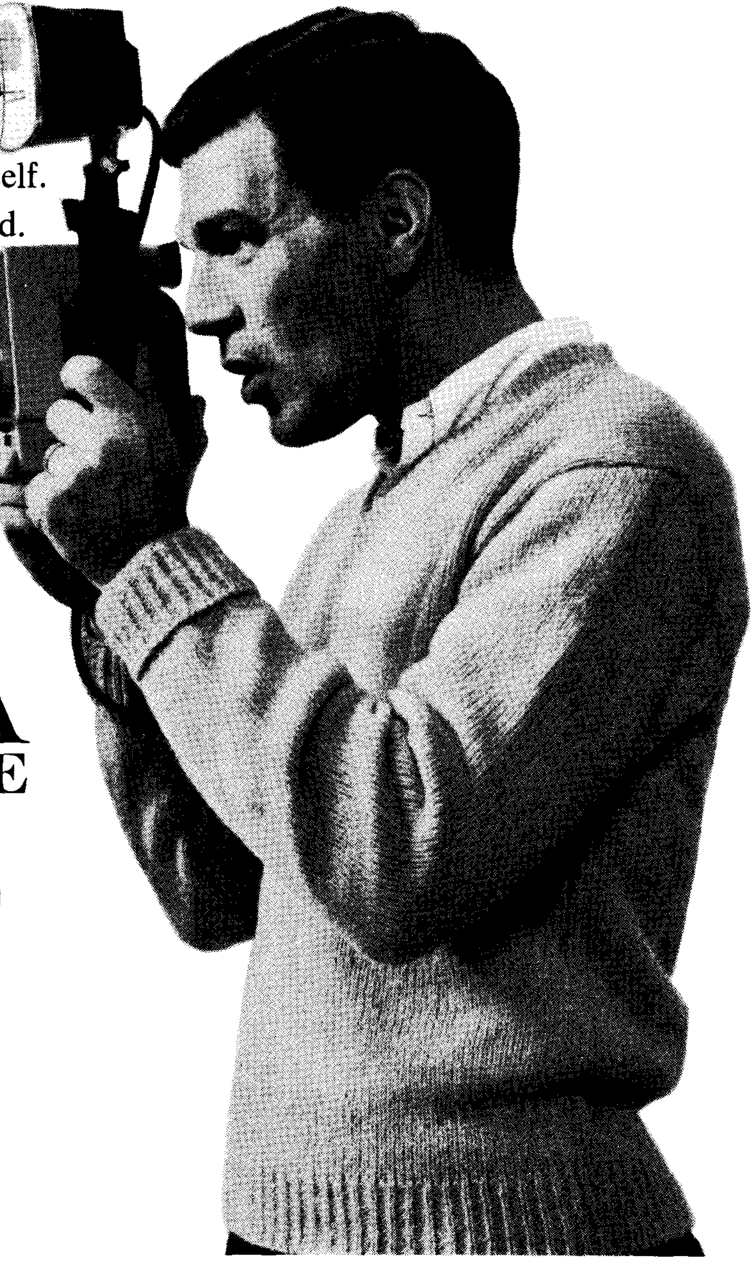

since he had entered the apartment. "When did I see you last, Sid? About four months ago, right? Didn't I tell you I want a five-, six-pound weight loss every month? You're not listening to me, buster." He wagged a finger at Sidney. "Statistics bear me out. You are in the danger zone, the point of impact. Overweight, lousy diet, hypertension, cholesterol—the works. If the doctor's word doesn't become law with you pretty soon I'll be down to do a Babinski and a Chaddock and some oxygen therapy. Thrombus and embolus, buster. Do you want me to put it in the layman's language? The Babinski and the Chaddock are little tests to tell the doctor how bad the stroke is. Right now I want you to sit down and relax. I'll make you a drink too."

"I don't want a drink. I want to settle something with him."

The telephone began to ring and Mr. Pitack started to laugh. "It'll stop," he said.

"You see what I mean," Sidney cried as he walked toward the noisy telephone. "It's a big joke to him."

"My God," Bess said over the telephone, "what's going on? Why didn't you call me?"

"He was sitting here reading the paper, smoking a cigar and drinking whiskey," Sidney said. "Are *you* satisfied?"

"Why didn't he answer the phone?"

"He didn't want to."

"Sidney," Bess said, "if Irv is still there, apologize for me, and you come home. Take a warm bath and I'll make you some cocoa, and you'll sleep for a couple of hours. I won't let anybody disturb you."

"Go to hell," Sidney said, dropping the telephone back onto the cradle. He wheeled around clumsily, as if he were trying to get out of a revolving door too late. The rage fell to a guttering level within him. Pain-ridden by all his wounds and the spectacle of his ballooning heaviness, he thought that all he could get was cocoa and a warm bath for this tormenting night while they converted this five o'clock in the morning into an hour of sociability. "Just tell me one thing without being a wise guy," Sidney said. "Where the hell were you all night?"

"I went for a bus ride," Mr. Pitack said.

"There are absolutely no ingredients for a crisis here, Sid," Irv said. "So calm down, for crying out loud."

Mr. Pitack stood there as if there were a great space between himself and Sidney in an empty arena; stood there with the orderliness and courage of identity, a defender of himself. He smiled with compassion as Sidney said to Irv, "All this over a lousy bus ride. Nobody would believe it. Sane people wouldn't believe it. And you sit there with your damned drink like you don't have anything to do except enjoy a bus ride, Irv." Here and at home, in all the gathering places, in gay or solemn congregation, he would not be safe from the old man's capacity for making him out a fool. "I'm going home," he said.

"Sid," Irv said.

Mr. Pitack murmured to Irv, "Don't be a big cardiologist again, Irv. Let Sidney go home."

"For God's sake, G.G., apologize to Sid and let's all have a drink."

Mr. Pitack put his hand on Sidney's shoulder. "Run in the primary and I'll vote for you. I'm a registered Republican. Between you and me, Sidney, is there anything I should give you an apology for? I used my own quarter for the bus and I have to pay for the telephone whether I answer it or not."

This time Sidney didn't protest. He took the offering silently and walked out. He drove home along the parkway, populated now only by statues celebrating war heroes and abstract forces. In the apartment, Gloria was still asleep on the couch. He went into the bedroom. Bess was lying in bed crying with the self-righteous nose-sniffing and throat-clearing of the unjustly accused. She stopped when she saw him and said, "What right do you have to talk to me like that, Sidney? After all, G.G. is your father. Do I deserve such treatment because I'm concerned about him? Both of us should thank God it *was* nothing."

Sadly, remorselessly, as he undressed, Sidney said again, "Go to hell, Bess. Go to sleep. Go shopping. Do whatever you want. But leave me alone. I've got nothing to say to you if you think all I need is cocoa and a hot bath." He put on his bathrobe and walked down the hall, opening the door to the guest room, where Toby was supposed to be sleeping.

Toby was kneeling on a chair by the opened window, looking at the Schuylkill River and the lights around the art museum. "I got up," Toby said softly, "and I started looking outside."

Sidney stretched out on the unused twin bed with a heavy sigh, caved in by weariness. "What do you see out there?"

"Nothing special. I'm watching everything. Listen, before when I was almost asleep, I couldn't remember what judges wear."

"Robes," Sidney said. "The vestments of the law."

"Oh," Toby said. "Want a Life Saver?"

"Yes." The sharp, sweet taste of peppermint curled across his tongue.

"Hey," Toby said, "there's a sea gull way up here on this river."

"Maybe he's lost."

"Sea gulls don't get lost. He's searching for some food."

The receding night outside shaped the oncoming day, cutting away the darkness. Sea gulls, according to Sidney's unimpeachable authority, did not get lost, and if he ran for judge he had G.G.'s vote. The old man would have to read his name, Sidney Pitack, the first-born, the oldest, the inheritor. I am surrounded by authorities on sea gulls, Indians, Life Savers, cardiovascular diseases and independence for retired distributors of men's underwear. He cracked the Life Saver between his teeth and smiled. Cold light was being tipped into the sky like water from a pan. By the open window, Toby, listening alertly to distant interior sounds, whispered, "Hey, Sarah's getting up. Want to have some grits Atlanta style with me? We have to hurry up because I have to go home to get the bus for school by half past eight and somebody has to drive me home."

Sidney sat up on the edge of the bed. "Tell Sarah to make enough for me," he said as Toby opened the door and slipped into the hall on his way to reconnoiter the kitchen. THE END

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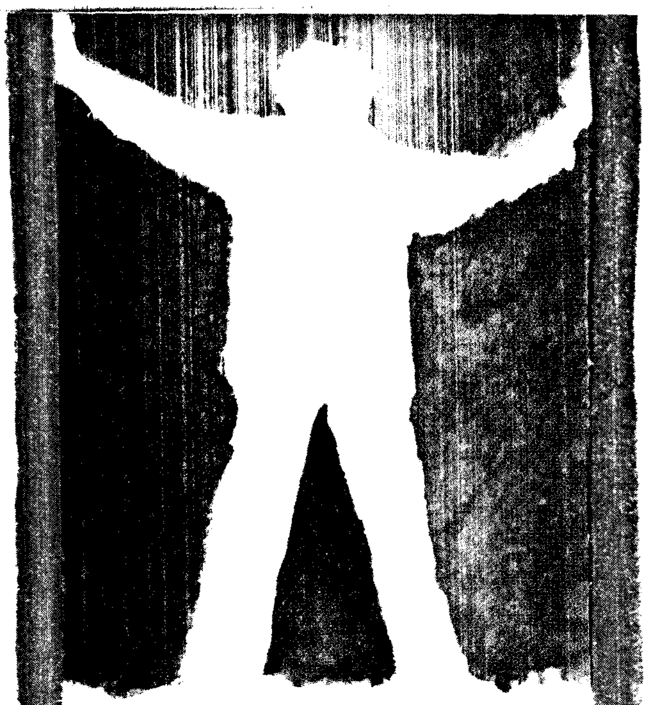
Thank You, Peg Carpenter, For Your Many Kindnesses

By ARTHUR HEINEMANN

Illustrated by Ellen Raskin



The first knowledge Peg Carpenter had of John Michael Peter Hawley was from a letter he wrote from California. It was addressed to Dr. Samuel Oliver at his office in West Hempstead, Long Island, where Peg worked, and since there was no PERSONAL on the envelope she opened it and read it, for the mail was one of her responsibilities.

"Dear Sam," she read. "Do not be deceived by the P.O. Box return address. I have done it again and am now lodged in this fine gentlemen's school, where they let us play tennis and swim in the Olympic Swimming Pool even if we don't want to, and the guards have all taken study courses in how to treat us as people with problems instead of inmates. I will not bore you with further details. This letter is frankly a pitch, as I need someone to do me a favor, which will cost him nothing and cause him no trouble, but I do need it desperately. If you are willing, let me know, and if you aren't I won't hate you, nor will I bother you. Airmail your answer as I am sweating out several matters."

When Doctor Oliver saw the letter he rubbed his thinning red hair and said, "Oh Lord." He was a small man with a much-wrinkled face, and worried constantly about many matters, without actually doing anything about them.

Peg said, "I read it. I didn't think it was personal. I couldn't understand it."

Doctor Oliver grunted, looking up at her though his mind was evidently far from the room. He answered finally, "He's an old friend of mine," as if that explained everything.

"Is he in prison?"

He nodded, and as if to cushion the shock for her added, "It's not the first time. He has a—a weakness. He writes checks against banks that don't know him." He looked at the letter in his hand, and turned it over as if its obverse might be helpful to him. "Peg," he said, "you answer it. Tell him I've gone out of town. I'll be out of town for weeks. Months. Tell him anything you want. I don't want to get involved."

"Why don't you just say No?" she asked. "Wouldn't that be kinder?"

His monkey eyes looked up at her almost with fright, and he shook his head.

She went back to her desk in the glassed-off cubicle adjoining the waiting room, reread the letter, slipped paper and carbon into her typewriter, and started the reply. Sam Oliver, she thought, never wanted to get involved.

She wrote three versions of the reply, liking none of them. They seemed cold, a rebuff to a cry for help; and no matter how carefully she phrased them she could not disguise the fact that they were just that. Over the fourth she hesitated, and then added a final line: "However, if there is anything I myself can do for you, please don't hesitate to let me know," and signed it and sealed it before she could change her mind.

She did not tell Doctor Oliver, because she knew that he would say to her exactly what her own better judgment was saying. Her better judgment was a persistent, minority voice in Peg, advising her on such issues as smoking, eating, drinking, and how to behave when out with a man, and she always acknowledged its correctness while doing what other impulses directed.

After four days the answer came, and when she saw it she tore open the envelope with oddly trembling fingers. "Dear Margaret Carpenter," she read. "You are a rare person in this morass of a world, and I cannot tell you how much your letter lifted my spirits. I wouldn't think of imposing my problems on you, no matter how grateful I am for your offer. However, if you could find a moment from time to time just to drop me a short note, saying only that you are alive, it will help me to remember that decent people still exist, and that I have been lucky enough to find one."

Peg carried the letter in her purse for three days while she spent her lunch hours composing replies, and finally sent off a note on her personal stationery.

Peg fell in love rather easily. She had been married once, at nineteen, when immaturity of emotion and thought are forgivable. Her husband had been an extraordinarily attractive boy, not much older than she, and lame, and Peg was bewildered to discover after six months of bliss that the bliss had been shared by several of her friends. The men she had fallen in love with since then had had weaknesses, too, and although she was able happily to delude herself about them for a time, the affairs all collapsed, usually because delusion could no longer rose-tint reality. Peg liked pretty things, and tried earnestly to make life itself pretty. She was a pretty woman herself, in a soft way, with a graceful body and a neatness of manner.

In a sense, then, she fell in love with John Michael Peter Hawley, who asked her to call him Mike in his third letter. It was a strange love affair, never put into words, rather a state of mind than an emotion, allowing her to attribute any qualities she wished to Mike, and to their affair; and the distance of the continent that separated them lent their relationship a happy unreality. She never really expected to see him, although his letters often declared his intention to thank her in person. In her mind there would always be a distance between them; their affection would remain sweet and sad and never consummated.

None of this appeared in her letters to him. She wrote chattily and amusingly about the things that happened at the doctor's office and the plays she saw and the books she read, and her pets (friends, she called them), Sun Yat-sen, the altered Siamese cat, and Schatzie, the spayed dachshund, who shared her three-room garden apartment with her. She also asked him many questions about himself, not probing or personal, but questions about what he thought of the Cuban situation, for example, or his ideas about religion, and civil rights, because she wanted to know his mind. His answers were erratic and unrevealing. "I think civil rights are great."

She learned more about him from Doctor Oliver than she did from his letters. He had been married, and had had a child. He had worked as a reporter, had written a novel when he was twenty and sold it to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He had lived in Mexico, Japan, Alaska, Switzerland, and knew the inside of a Texas jail. He was obviously intelligent and literate, but beyond that a mystery, even to Oliver.

She never did learn what the favor was that he had wanted so desperately of Doctor Oliver. But some four months before the date of his expected release, he wrote her a rather cryptic letter which asked her to telephone a certain Brooklyn number and ask for Danny, and say that Mike Hawley wanted to be remembered to him, and that anything he could do for Mike would be just fine.

The message puzzled her, but she phoned the Brooklyn number during her lunch hour. Danny, whoever he was, seemed as bewildered by it as she, at first. Then apparently it dawned on him that Mike was in prison.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he asked. "Sure, I know what he wants. You must be a pretty good friend of his, right?"

"You might say so," said Peg. "Although, I ——"

"You tell him, all he had to do was ask. What's your name?"

She told him, and gave the hospital as her address when he asked that. Next morning a very neatly dressed young man came into the reception room, asked her if she were Miss Margaret Carpenter, handed her an envelope and walked out as quietly as he had come in. She opened the envelope and in astonishment took out ten new one-hundred-dollar bills.

For a moment all she could do was look at them rather stupidly. Then she ran to the door, stumbling in her haste, and flung it open, but the young man was gone. The money seemed to sting her fingers. She went back to her desk, counted it again, pushed it back in its envelope and stared at it as if she could somehow find its meaning in the whiteness. Only her name, neatly typed, stared back at her.

She dialed the Brooklyn number then, but there was no answer. Late in the afternoon, after she had tried half a dozen times to reach Danny again, a strange voice answered and told her that Danny was away. The voice didn't know for how long Danny would be away, nor did it know anything about any money.

She took the money home with her, wrote Mike asking what on earth it was for and what should she do with it, hid it in a shoe box in the top of her bedroom closet, and spent a sleepless night worrying that it might be the proceeds of some crime. In the morning she left it in its box, worried some more, and at noon went back for it, and in a sweat of nervousness took it to a bank where she was unknown and opened an account with it, putting it in her name in trust for Michael Hawley. The teller accepted the money unquestioningly, without checking the serial numbers, but she was still shaken when she returned to her desk, and forgetting all about lunch wrote Mike again, telling him what she had done.

He answered five days later, saying nothing about what the money represented, only that she had done exactly what he wanted. After that, from time to time, he asked her to send ten, or twenty-five, or thirty dollars to one person or another, evidently in repayment of debts. And, just before his release, he asked her to use more of his money to buy him a pair of charcoal-gray slacks, three white shirts with button-down collars, four pairs of black executive-length socks, stretch, a pair of black loafers size ten-and-a-half D, two dark, narrow ties, a plain silver tie clip, all of them at Brooks Brothers. He gave her precise measurements for waist, inseam, neck and sleeve length. On her own she added a handsome handkerchief to go with one of the ties, and asked that it be boxed especially as a gift.

He was profuse in his gratitude, told her her taste was impeccable, and added, "D-Day is July 11th. I have some matters that need my attention in sundry towns around this part of the globe, and then I will ask one more huge favor of you. I want you to save July 24th, a Friday if you will check, as John Michael Peter Hawley Day, or rather the evening thereof, develop yourself a large appetite for both food and drink, put on your prettiest Dior and some Arpege behind both ears and on the throat, because I want to celebrate with you, and it will be something to celebrate, too. I have never asked you for a picture, Peg, because I know what you are like from your letters, I know the God-given beauty that shines through you, but I can't tell you how much I am looking forward to seeing you. I shall be at your reception desk at 5:31 on Friday July 24th, remember that day, put it in Big Block Letters on your calendar, This Is John Michael Peter Hawley Day, starting at 5:31 Post Meridian. You will recognize me by the mad, happy look in my blue eyes, and the aura of Freedom that surrounds me. Of course if you don't want to go out with an aging ex-con, don't hesitate to tell me, and I will kill myself quietly and neatly in some out-of-the-way spot, where children playing in the fields may someday find my moldering bones."

Peg wrote him that it would make her very happy to celebrate with him and that she was anxious to meet him, too. When she thought about it afterward, however, she realized that the idea of meeting him, finally, face to face, rather frightened her. He was suddenly a reality.

She went to Doctor Oliver's office that day, July 24th, tremulous and full of

Wausau Story

By CHARLES J. REYNOLDS, *President, Florida Fishing Tackle Manufacturing Company, Inc., St. Petersburg, Fla., makers of famous "Barracuda" brand pre-tested tackle.*

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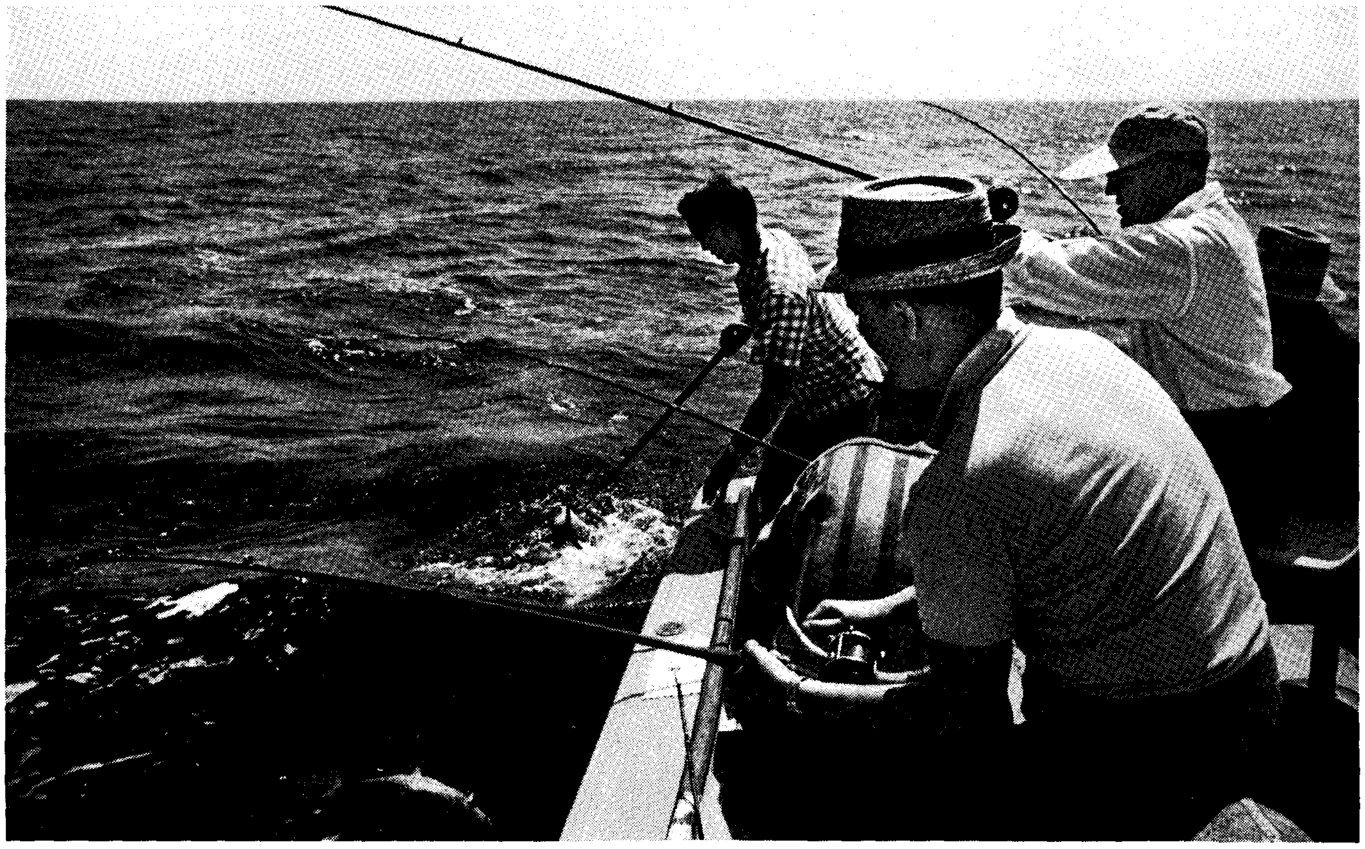

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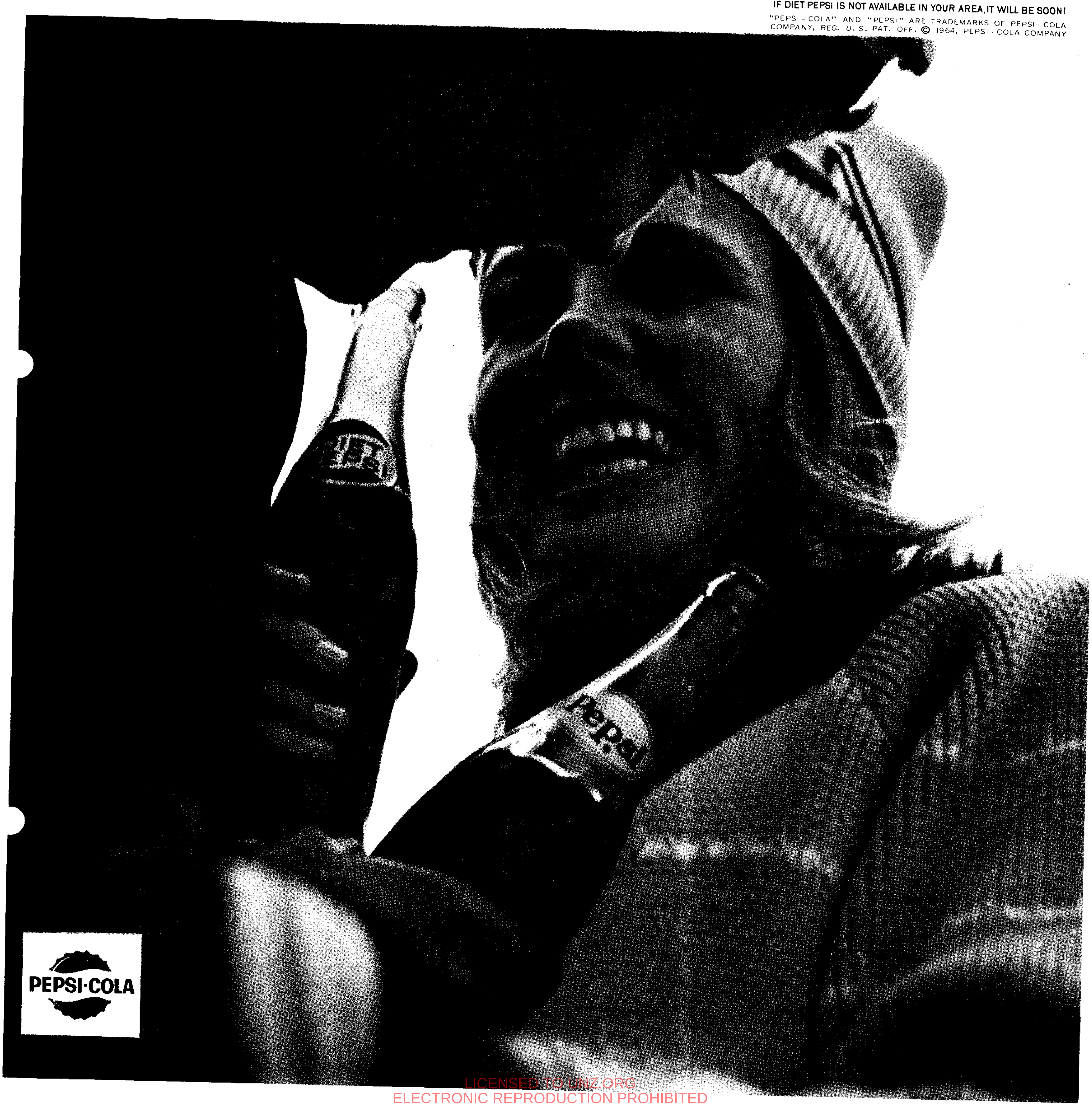


indecisions. She wore an old summer suit, but carried a new dress boxed in tissue, a black sheath that buttoned modestly up to her throat but left her shoulders sensuously bare, and clung to the rest of her figure; and there was a phial of Arpège, which she had never used, in her purse. She wasn't sure of the dress, thinking perhaps it might be too much for him, and she wished he had named some other perfume because she preferred flower scents.

At twelve-thirty, just as she was about to leave for lunch, the phone rang, and a rumbling, rather rasping voice asked for Margaret Carpenter. It was Mike.

"Peg," he said, "Peg, I don't know how to tell you this. It's bad, it couldn't be worse."

Her heart thudded heavily in alarm, and she asked, "What, Mike? Where are you?"

"I'm in L.A."

"L.A.? California? Los Angeles?"

"Yes."

"What happened? Aren't you coming?"

"I'll get there, Peg, if I have to walk it, I swear to you I will. I'm just a hard-luck guy, that's all. I knew something like it would happen. It always happens to me."

"What? Are you in trouble, Mike?"

"Listen, do I have any money left? In the bank there?"

"Yes."

"Have I got two hundred?"

"You've got almost eight hundred. I don't remember the exact figure but —— Mike, tell me, what happened, what's wrong?"

"I'll tell you about it. Can you send me two hundred? By wire? You know, wire it out to me, care of Western Union, here in L.A. I gave up my hotel room. Don't send it to me there. I'm not there any longer."

"Of course I'll wire it. Right away."

"You know what that means, Peg? That means I can't see you tonight. I feel terrible about it. I'd like to cut my throat. Listen, will you save some other time for me? Will you?"

"Of course. Mike, tell me, please, what *happened?*"

"I was robbed."

"What?"

"Robbed."

"How?"

"I had two thousand dollars and some in my suitcase, like a jerk I left it in my hotel room, I didn't check it, and I was downstairs getting a shave and when I came back, no dough. You'd think they'd leave a fraternity brother alone. I might have known. I do things like that, Peg, you might as well know it now, that's the kind of jerk I am."

She was between laughter and tears in relief. "Is that what—I thought you were in trouble or something. I mean I'm sorry about the money but —— Mike, is two hundred enough? Should I send more? Do you want me to send you the whole amount?"

"Two hundred is fine. Will you do that? Care of Western Union, here in L.A.?"

"Of course."

"You're a doll. You know that, Peg. Hey, say something to me."

"What do you want me to say?"

"I just wanted to hear your voice. You've got the kind of voice I knew you'd have Peg, it's got beauty in it, it's a beautiful voice."

She couldn't answer, because of the sudden tightening of her throat. She made a sound like a murmur, and he went on, "I can't tell you what it means to me to talk to you. I'm sorry about tonight, Peg, I was counting on it, I was counting on it all right. I was going to —— Listen, will you save me next Friday? Friday July 31st? I'll be at your place just the way I said, only next week instead of today. Will that be all right?"

She found her voice and said, "Yes."

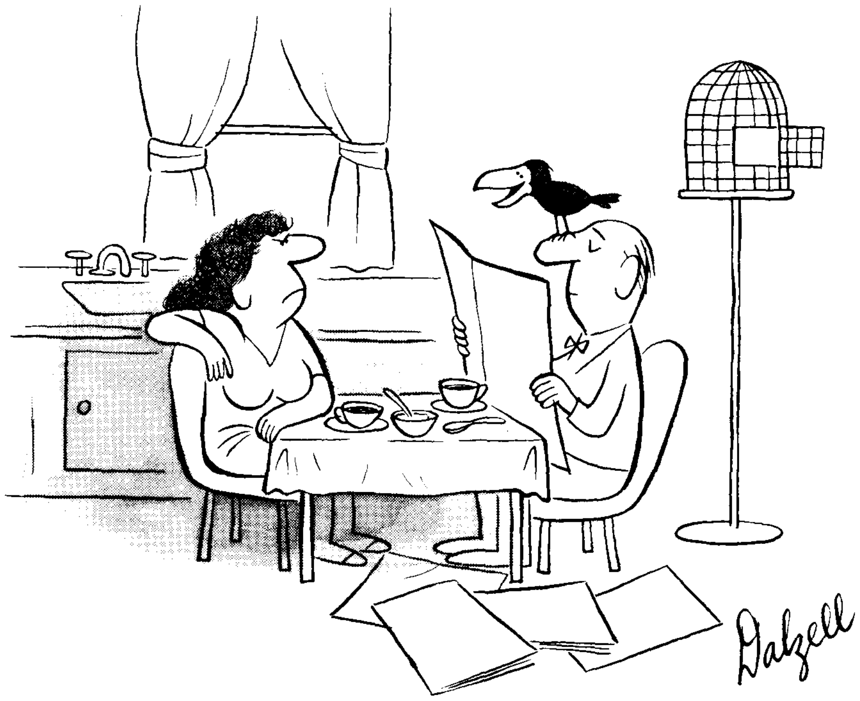
"You don't have another date, do you?"

"No."

"Great. Friday, July 31st, I'll be there, Peg, no matter what. That's a promise. And draw out the rest of my money for me then."

He hung up before she could ask him where he was staying.

She wondered, then, what he was doing with all that money in a suitcase, less than



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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two weeks after being released from prison.

She sent the two hundred he had asked for, but did not hear from him at all during the week. On Friday, the 31st, she hesitated a long while before once again packing her black sheath in its tissue and box. Her mood picked up a little during the morning; at noon she drew the balance out of his bank account, and sat through a rinse at the beauty parlor, and then as the afternoon wore on, worry took over again. She had been sure he would phone her, either from the airport or the station, however he came; she told herself it would be only a courtesy, confirming their date, but there was no phone call.

At five she went into the lavatory to change and put on her makeup. She had brought an evening sweater with her, and wore it, partly to conceal the dress and her naked shoulders, partly because the air conditioning suddenly seemed overpowering. Doctor Oliver left promptly at five-thirty, and she waited alone and shivering in the deserted office.

At ten minutes past six the front door burst open, and a tall, shadowy man plunged in, peering around. "Peg Carpenter?" he asked, and she recognized the rasping, rumbling voice. She stood up, remaining in her cubicle, needing the security its glass walls gave her; she was trembling so the papers in her hand rattled, and she put them on her desk, leaning on it for support.

He was completely unlike the many images of him she had daydreamed about. She felt a shock, and then a sinking disappointment so profound that she was afraid he could sense it. He was homely—not that it mattered, she told herself hastily, physical appearance never matters, it's character that counts. He was tall and ungainly, and a large nose dominated a face that seemed wrongly modeled for it, and an earnest, nearsighted expression was in his close-set eyes, as if he ought to be wearing glasses but couldn't remember where he had put them. He moved awkwardly, and his arms were too long, his hands too large and restless, seeming to be searching for somewhere to hide.

He leaned on the counter, and she stared at his hands in fascination. "Peg Carpenter," he repeated, looking at her earnestly. "Oh this is great. This is great. I can't tell you how much I've been looking forward to this."

She gave him some kind of answer, hardly hearing as he went on to apologize for being late, to explain that no one seemed to know where West Hempstead was. He had made at least one bar stop, she knew. He was not drunk, but the air around him was heady, and it stirred disapproval in her even though she wished she had had a drink herself. "Listen," he was saying. "You did save tonight for me, didn't you? I mean you're not busy at something else?"

"Oh no," she answered brightly. "It's John Michael Peter Hawley Day."

"We've got a lot to celebrate. You realize that. I've got a lot to celebrate. You don't know how much I've been looking forward to this."

"I've been looking forward to it, too."

This is silly, she thought, standing here grinning at each other, reciting clichés, with a glass wall between us. You're not an adolescent, she added to herself, you've been out with a man before, you've been disappointed before too. She found her purse, remembered his money and took it out. She had put it into an envelope with a detailed record of what and how she had spent it for him. "Your money," she said. "I've kept accounts for you." She handed it to him over the counter. "Well," she added, "shall we go? There's a nice little Italian restaurant two blocks from here." He put the envelope into his pocket without looking at it. "Don't you want to count it?" she asked.

He shook his head as if the question weren't worth an answer.

"Did they catch the thief?" she asked.

"What thief?"

"The one that robbed you. Did they catch him?"

"No."

"All that money," she said. "I think it's just awful. I felt awful when you told me about it."

He was still leaning on the counter, looking at her so steadily that it made her self-conscious. "I want you to know something," he said abruptly. "Peg, I want you to know what it was like. You're alone in there, you know? No matter how they crowd you, no matter if there's always someone with you or watching you, you're alone. Do you know what I mean? You're alone until you know that there's someone on the outside thinking about you."

It was an odd moment, as if all the noise in the world had stopped, and in the silence there was only his voice. She thought suddenly of her own loneliness, which she never let herself think about, and her throat felt dry.

Her crisp white gloves were in her purse. She pulled them on, smiling brightly because she could not trust herself to speak, rounded her desk, pushed

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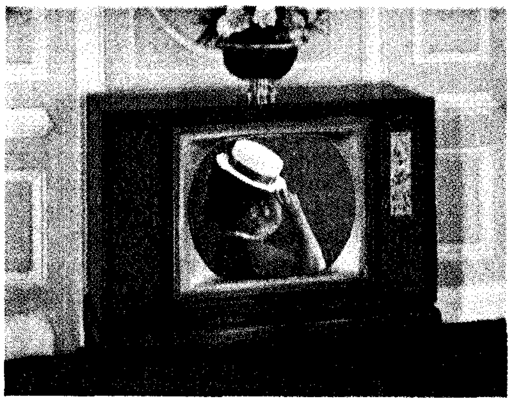

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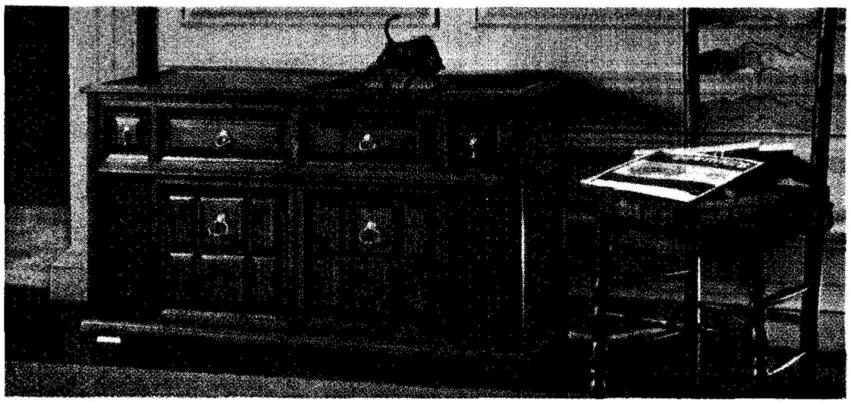

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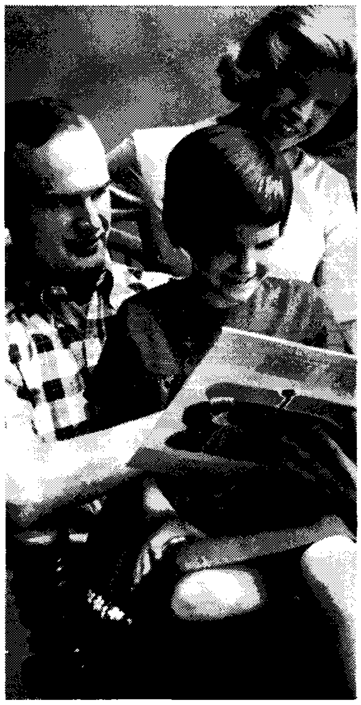

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open the door of the cubicle and stood demurely. "Shall we go?" she asked again. It was as if by repeating the familiar words she could hold onto something secure in the otherwise insecure moment, when everything else was suddenly different from what it ought to be.

He had rented a white convertible, whose top was down; he drove now, erratically and too fast, headed not toward the little Italian place but to the north shore of the island, until they reached a cove whose point featured a restaurant she had read of in gossip columns. Rambling and low, lying at the water's edge, it offered dockage for several cabin cruisers and a sloop, as well as parking for a gaggle of sports cars. The candlelit rooms inside were crowded, but the captain led them immediately to a window table overlooking the marina. Mike seemed to forget her, then, becoming involved with the captain in a discussion of wines and foods, all of it in a French so rapid and colloquial that she could not keep up with it. She contented herself with gazing brightly at the two of them as if she understood every word. But her mind was still desperately busy trying to fit Mike into one of the neat categories she had found useful with other men she had known. None seemed right for him.

He asked her only if she had any preferences or dislikes, and ordered, and the cocktails came. He signaled for a second round before she had finished her first, and then a third for himself, and she wondered how he could do it because her ears were already abuzz with a warning to stop. Then there was a chilled wine with the snails, and another wine after that, and although she ate ravenously, not quite knowing what was on her plate, the food did not dispel the effects. She felt quite odd, really, not drunk, but as if she were two people, one of them sitting here laughing gaily at the stories he told, the other intently studying him, and herself as well.

He was extraordinarily restless, as if that ungainly body were still struggling against confinement, hurrying erratically from cage-corner to cage-corner, having long ago given up hope of escape but ceaselessly repeating the motions of it. Even while he talked to her he was remote. His talk was designed to amuse her, to keep her from seeing what it concealed in him.

She listened, bemused, thinking, He's *attractive*, in a strange way. His face is interesting. It's intelligent; it shows that he has endured injustice, and pain, and survived. But suffering has marked him, she told herself. Compassion rose in her on a wave of alcohol, and she wanted to touch those restless hands, to quiet them with hers, to give him of herself. "Mike," she said, interrupting him. "Mike, *don't*."

He stopped, coming back to the moment suddenly, his close-set eyes intent on her.

"You mustn't let your mind dwell on it," she said. It didn't occur to her that he might not have been following her thinking. She looked at him earnestly, and added, "That's all behind you now."

He understood what she meant. "It better be. It damn well better be," he said.

"Of course it is. Just tell yourself that you have a whole new life ahead of you."

"You believe that, don't you?"

"Yes, I do. I most certainly do."

It was important to convince him of that. She took his hand in both of hers, pressing it. Yet while the emotion of the moment filled her, that odd sense of being two distinct people persisted. She could feel her heart swelling with compassion for him; the confusions of a little while ago were being swept away in the familiar current of this emotion. But her other self could look down, critically, at the two of them, unskilled actors who were having difficulties with their lines.

Mike said, "This place bugs me. Let's get out."

They were in his convertible again, driving too fast along the expressway, and the wind lashed her hair so that it stung her. They were going toward the city, she saw.

"How did we get here?" she asked in sudden fright, because she could remember nothing of what had happened since... when? Since she had said those earnest and foolish things in the restaurant. Her head hurt. "Was I asleep?" she asked.

"Not unless you talk in your sleep. What happened? Did you blank out?"

"I do that sometimes. Did I . . . behave?"

"Very properly. You gave me some good advice."

"I remember giving you some at the restaurant." She was silent a moment, wondering what he thought of her. "What was in those drinks?"

"Alcohol. It has an effect on some people."

"Doesn't it on you?"

He shrugged. "After a while."

"What must you think of me!"

He looked at her, and turned his face back to the road, staring ahead as if traffic were a problem, although they were almost alone on the long stretch. He said after a silence, "Will you listen to me if I tell you what I think? Peg, will you?"

"Of course."

"I wish to God I'd known you before."

She ought to feel more, she thought, she ought to be feeling some kind of reaction, but all that happened was that her head throbbed. Belatedly she remembered her manners and said, "Thank you, Mike."

Silence fell upon them both, then, until she saw that Mike was taking the Brooklyn cutoff from the expressway, and she asked, "Where are we going?"

"There's a couple of people I want to see."

"This late? What time is it?"

"It's all right. I phoned them. They're waiting."

After a while she said, "Mike, I'm not that. I'm not all that. I try to be, but I'm not."

"You are," he answered.

They stopped in front of a solid, dowager-like brownstone in the dowager neighborhood of Brooklyn Heights, a tall, narrow, utterly respectable house whose windows looked at the shimmering bay. At Mike's ring the door opened, and a dark and muscular young man looked at them, said, "Mike," and beckoned them in, calling back to some other area in the house, "It's Mike."

Mike seemed to know where he was going. He led Peg up the heavily carpeted stairs to the second floor, to a brightly lighted, oppressively overfurnished living room where a white-haired man stood expectantly, with a bone-thin, aging little woman beside him. At the sight of Mike, the woman started crying, and Mike went to her and put his arms around her, saying something that Peg could not understand but that sounded like Italian. Then he turned, and embraced the white-haired man, and stepped back finally and said, "Danny, I want you two to know each other. Danny, this is Peg Carpenter. Peg, this is the best friend anyone could have."

Peg started to ask, "Are you the Danny I ——" and the white-haired man smiled at her and said, "We know each other. You got a good friend here, too, Mike."

"You don't have to tell me. She's the finest." He turned to the woman, speaking in Italian, and the woman smiled shyly at Peg, shaking her hand and bobbing her head several times in a pantomime of greeting, then scurrying out, to return presently with a tray and bottle and glasses. They sat around the lace-covered table, and Danny's questions engulfed Mike entirely, covering "What's new?" and drifting off to talk of people Peg had never heard of.

The name Pat came into a silence, and at the silence Peg looked at Mike. By the set of Mike's face, whoever Pat was there was pain in the relationship, more than that, a rage not long cold. "What'd you do, look her up?" Mike asked.

"I told you I ran into her. I was at this place, taking in the show, and there she was."

"What did she have to say for herself?"

"We didn't talk."

"Who was with her?"

"I didn't know him."

Mike snorted, and whatever it meant was clear to Danny, for he said, "It happens, Mike."

"Sure. It happens."

The talk excluded Peg totally. She was the foreigner here, the others all kinsmen with an infinity of memories shared.

She managed a glance at her watch then, and saw it was past midnight, and in alarm turned to Mike. "I didn't realize it was so late." Mike looked at her and she felt embarrassed, as if she had committed an error she didn't even know about. It was embarrassing, anyway, what she had to say. "I've got to call the sitter," she said.

"Sitter?" Mike asked.

Danny asked, "You have kids? You didn't tell me, Mike."

She shook her head. "It's the boy upstairs. He takes care of Sunny and Schatzie ——"

"Schatzie?" Danny asked.

Peg felt herself blush as she explained. "I have a Siamese. That's Sunny. And Schatzie, she's a dachshund. I have to have someone sit with them when I go out. Or else they do . . . things." She colored more deeply. "I mean, Sunny gets on the bookshelves and knocks the books down, that's all he does. But Schatzie, I've never been able to break her of it, she climbs up on my couch and wets it. Deliberately. Unless I hire someone to keep them company. But he's only twelve, and it's past his bedtime and he ought to be in bed."

Mike laughed abruptly, and Danny; the two of them translated for Danny's wife, who joined in the laughter and rose, touching Peg's hand reassuringly, leading her to the telephone in the room beyond. They were still chuckling when Peg returned, having sent the sitter home.

Mike stood then, restless again, saying, "The lady said it's late." Danny started a protest, but Mike silenced him. "Maybe some other time."

"No maybes," said Danny. "That goes for both of you."

Mike was fumbling in his pocket now. He took out the envelope Peg had given him, with the balance of his bank account, riffled the bills in it and laid it on the table, and slid some more bills from his wallet. Astonished, Peg watched him count it, and push it across the table to Danny. "One thousand," he said. "With thanks. You ought to charge interest, Danny."

"Who needs it? Can you spare it?"

"I can spare it."

Danny stuffed the bills into his own pocket with no further comment. "It's good seeing you. Maybe you'll keep out of trouble, now."

"Maybe I'd better," Mike said.

At some signal unheard, the dark, heavily muscled young man appeared at the front door, opened it for them, said, "Good-night," and closed it behind them.

Mike was silent as they drove away, and Peg felt awkwardness in the silence. To break it she said, "They're nice people. Did they bring you up?"

"No."

"They're just friends?"

He nodded.

"You're very fortunate to have friends like that. You shouldn't go around saying you have no friends when you have them." She sounded like a schoolteacher, she knew, but she felt it important to make Mike understand that.

"I know." It dismissed the subject.

"At least you seem to have solved your money problems."

His glance questioned her.

"I mean, you do carry a lot of cash on you."

"It's mine, if that's what you're asking."

She flushed, because that question had been in her mind. "Oh no!" she exclaimed. "Nothing of the kind. All I mean is, most people don't carry that kind of money around."

He was silent again. Something was bothering him, but whether it had lain under the surface of what had happened at Danny's, or waited ahead of them, she could not guess.

He still drove too fast, in dangerous spurts, then slowing down as if he had forgotten what he was doing, and, remembering suddenly, pressing ahead faster and faster to escape whatever bedeviled him. It made her feel the whole evening had been a flight, from something or toward something.

"Who's Pat?" she asked presently. "I couldn't help wondering."

"My daughter."

"Your *daughter?*" It astonished her, to think of him as a family man, and then she remembered that Doctor Oliver had mentioned a child. "I didn't realize. . . . You never said anything about her."

"No. I've never said anything about her."

"I knew you'd been married, but somehow it didn't occur to me ——"

"Oh yes. I've been married. Three times. Three strikes."

"Is she your only child?"

"Yes."

"You must have missed her terribly."

The car lurched as he pressed hard on the accelerator. Fear rose in her throat and she wanted to protest at the speed, and was ashamed to.

He said, "She takes after her mother. She's a tramp. She started when she was fifteen, with one of her mother's boyfriends. I haven't seen her since."

Her throat went dry and she could not look at him. He was far away from her,

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so far she felt she would never again reach him.

Then he came back, slowing the speed of the car, and said, "My daughter is a tramp. I've spent eleven of my forty-six years in jails. My best friend is a hood, who made his pile and quit before the cops or his friends could kill him; he's killed three men that I know of."

"Danny," she said.

"Danny."

The night sky seemed enormous above them. It drew her, it gave her the feeling that she was falling upward, and she wanted to because she didn't know how to cope with what had happened, what had been said. He said nothing else, and when they reached the West Hempstead turnoff he cut sharply into it, and swung into the intersection, slowing only then. "Do you want to go home?" he asked.

"Mike," she said. "Mike, please."

"What do you want?"

"Why did you tell me those things?"

"I figured you ought to know them."

"But why?"

He started to answer, and shook his head in a kind of anger.

"Mike, I don't understand. I feel as if something has been happening all around me and I haven't seen any of it. I mean really seen it. Understood it."

"That's the liquor. Your head will clear."

"Don't be like that."

"All right." He turned on her. "Are you going to let me make love to you?"

In spite of herself she felt a wave of shock, and her "No!" was instinctive.

"You don't even want me in your life, do you?"

"Yes. Yes, of course I do. Only ——"

"Skip it. I know what you mean."

"What can you expect when you say things like that?"

"Just what I got."

"Mike ——"

"It's all right."

"I *do* want you in my life."

He snapped suddenly, "Oh for God's sake, Peg!" and she was shocked into silence. He pulled the car over to the curb, and stopped, keeping both hands on the wheel and staring straight ahead; and then his head dropped, resting against the wheel, hidden from her by his arms. When he spoke his voice was muffled; he did not move to look at her. "I'm sore at myself, Peg. Not you."

"I dare say I'm very irritating."

He lifted his head then, eying her with a strange sadness. "Sure. Now how do we get to your place?"

"I think you owe me an explanation"

"I think you know it."

"I most certainly do not."

He sighed. "You want things pretty, Peg. So do I. So do I. They're not." He seemed to forget what he was saying, and she waited, and he looked at her again finally. "I could tell what you were like from your letters. You put up a smoke screen, but what the hell, I knew. You were lonely. And sweet. And trying so hard to believe in fairy tales. And one of them was about me. So I made up one about you. And when I got out I was so scared it wouldn't come true. I lied to you. I told you my money was stolen, and I couldn't come, not right away. I didn't intend to come, ever."

She said after a moment, "But you did."

"I came to see Danny. He said he could put me on to something. He's got connections. Legitimate," he added.

"You didn't come to see me."

"I came to see you. Yes."

"But . . . but why? Out of a sense of duty? To thank me?"

"Peg, I'm being as honest as I can with you. Don't ——"

"To thank me? Or what?"

"Because I wanted to see you."

"And when you saw me you were disappointed. Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

"Weren't you?" he asked.

"Thank you," she said. "Thank you very much. And don't bother about taking me home. I can get a cab from here." His hand reached out, holding her as she struggled with the lock of the door, his grip tightening when she fought back, and she gave up suddenly, shaking. "Leave me alone."

He took his hand away, and she sat still, trying to control herself. He was silent until her shaking stopped.

"No one could have matched the ideas I had about you, Peg. And I saw your face, when you looked at me."

"As long as we're being so brutally honest ——"

"Not brutal. You wanted the explanation."

"And the whole evening's been a chore and a bore."

"Has it?"

Her eyes searched his with hostility at first, the hostility ebbing then, and she turned away blinking angrily at the tears that betrayed her, just as all her emotions betrayed her. Her head was hurting again, and she didn't understand, but

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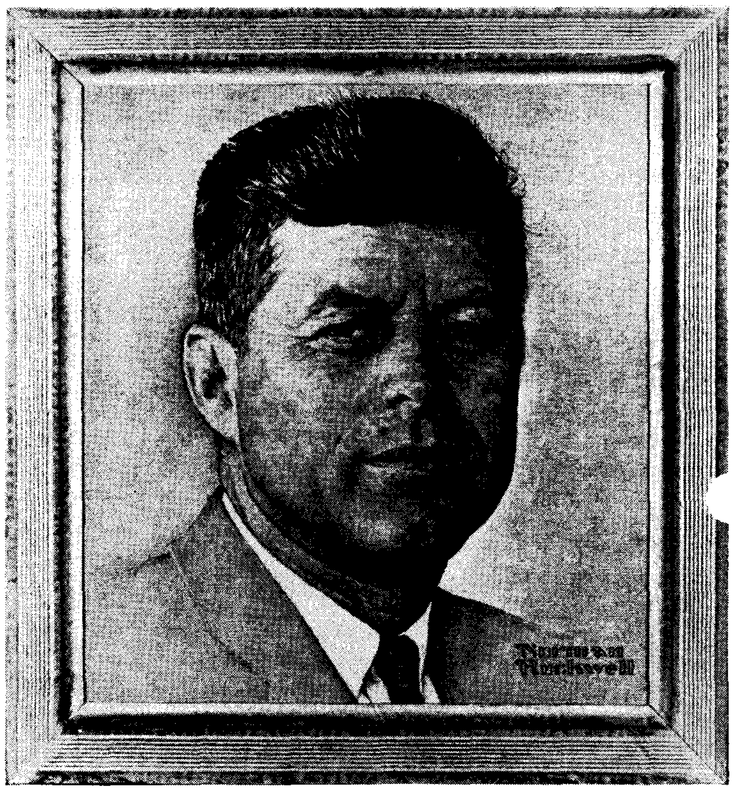

she did, the knowledge was there as if he had said it in so many words, the knowledge was there because she had experienced it herself. But she resisted it. She said, "You know you could have left me at my door and walked out of my life." Her voice was still bitter. "You could have dropped me like . . . like that . . . without this elaborate preamble, without the need to be so humiliatingly truthful. I'd have caught on."

"The trouble was," he said as if she had not spoken at all, "after I saw you. . . ." He stopped and fumbled for words. "The trouble was, I know what I am and I don't like it. And after I saw what you were like I wanted more than ever for something to happen between us."

It silenced her, and the little resentments simmered around inside, settling, cooling, and she wanted to answer him more gently, but could not find it within herself. "You have strange ways of showing it," she said finally.

In sudden weariness he answered, "Yes."

After a long while she said, "You turn left at the next traffic light. I'll tell you how after that."

It was almost two in the morning when they reached the garden apartments. Mike eased the convertible to the curb, and got out with her, and walked her to her door.

She felt drained and depressed. "I drank too much, Mike," she said in apology. "I say things I shouldn't when I drink too much."

"Who doesn't?"

"I want you to understand ——"

"Sure, sure. I said a lot too. No offense."

"No offense." She couldn't help adding, "But it was a very unusual, a strange sort of evening for me. You understand that, don't you?"

She could hear Schatzie whining on the other side of her door, and the guttural language of her Siamese. Her key stuck in the door, and she struggled with it, and the door opened at last and Schatzie burst out quivering with emotion, sniffing at her and Mike while Sunny wove his sinuous tan body around and between her ankles. She picked the dog up, holding her so the fur of her shoulder was on her cheek.

"They seem fond of you," Mike said.

She rubbed her cheek against the dog and her mind raced, and her emotions were kaleidoscopic within her. She yielded, as she always did, to the impulse that was suddenly overpowering. "Mike," she whispered, "I wanted something to happen between us, too."

Her words hung, without answer, threatening to embarrass her. "Didn't it?" she asked.

His hand was reaching out to scratch Schatzie's ears. It hesitated and touched her cheek, and her eyes closed.

"Not with you," he said. "No."

"With you?"

He did not answer. She could feel his fingers tracing the curve of her cheek, touching her brow, pushing her hair back lightly.

"It doesn't matter," she whispered. "You can stay if you want to."

She heard his voice, a barely audible "Oh Peg," and then his hand went and she opened her eyes. He was completely still, his earnest, close-set eyes wretched as they looked down at her. "Don't be like me," he said, and turned away, walking down the corridor and out of her life.

She pushed Sunny back into the apartment with the toe of her shoe and, still holding Schatzie, shut the door behind her, turning on the living-room lights with her free hand. At the far end the floor was littered with books, dumped by Sunny in petulance from the shelves. She glanced at the couch, and saw the wet spot that Schatzie had left, but her mind was elsewhere. You want something to happen, she thought, no matter how impossible and ridiculous it is, you want it so much, and it doesn't happen. And what do you do then?

You let an ungainly, homely ex-convict teach you a lesson in self-respect and dignity, one he could never teach himself. You close the book of fairy tales.

She put the dog on the couch, holding her so that her muzzle was against the wet spot. "You listen to me," she said aloud. "This is not going to happen again, do you understand?" Her free hand fumbled for the newspaper on the end table, wadding it so that it was a roll, and she smacked it hard on the couch, again, and again, and Schatzie squirmed and whimpered in fear of it, and the cat scurried under the wing chair, glaring out with wide, startled eyes. "There's going to be some changes around here," she said, her voice choking, and she let the paper fall.

After a moment she sat, and Schatzie crawled onto her lap, anxiously licking at her face. More cautiously Sunny came out from under his chair, still eying her. Her breath caught, half in a laugh. How foolish, she thought. They won't change. And that's the substance of my life: a cat and a dog who won't learn, and myself. And then her mind said, My *self.* Oh let me remember.

THE END

The John Fitzgerald Kennedy Library, which will be erected in Boston, Massachusetts, will have as its first objective the enlistment of young people in public service.

The Library will be built along the Charles River on a site donated by Harvard University. It is to be built with public subscriptions and the sale of these reproductions is designed to aid that fund. When completed the Library will be the property of the American people.

The Library will include a Museum containing many of the President's possessions and memorabilia of his Administration. The Museum will have the most modern design, and electronic and motion picture equipment to give the exhibits a living impact.

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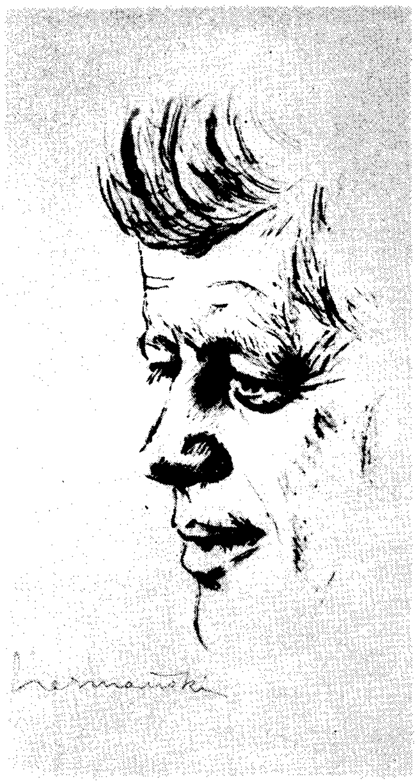

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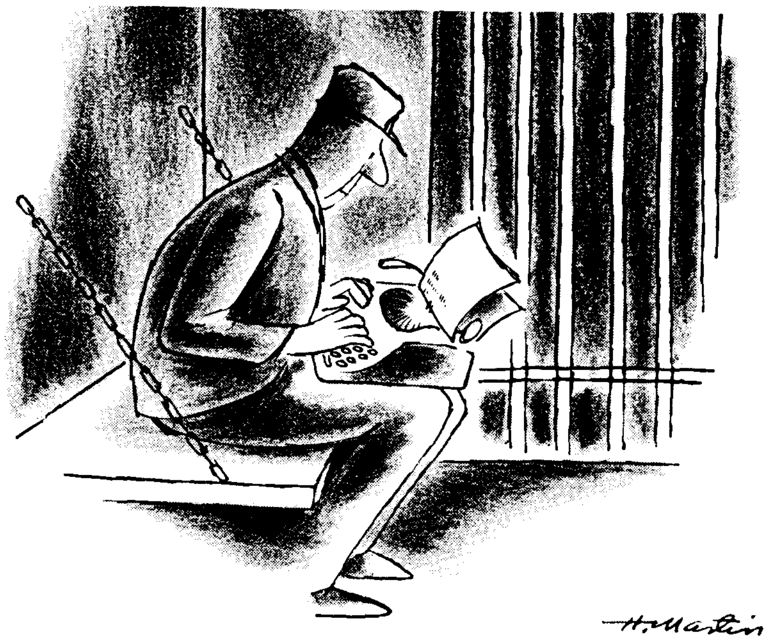

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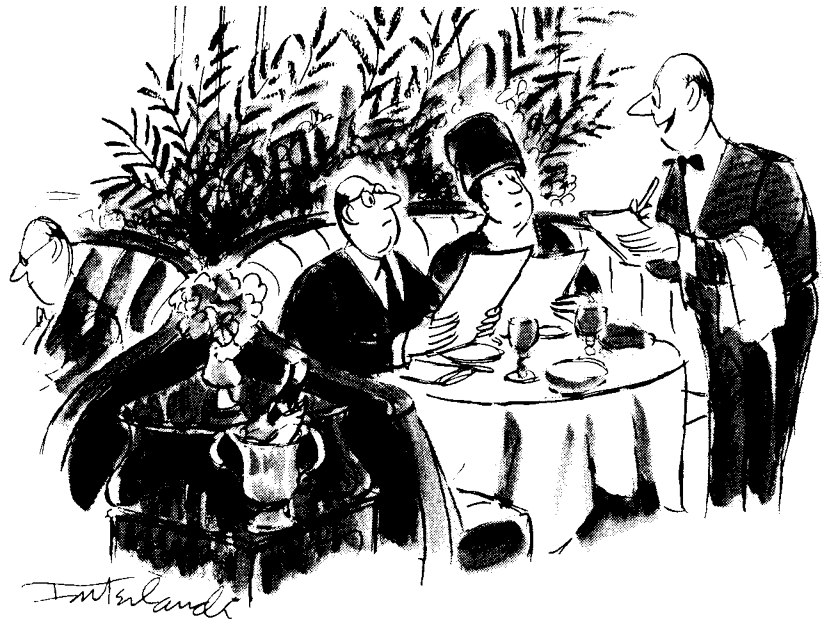
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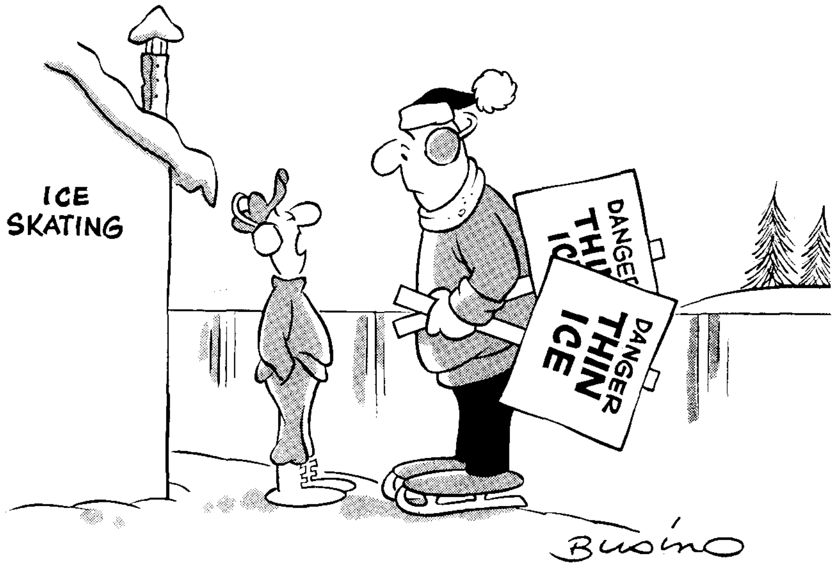
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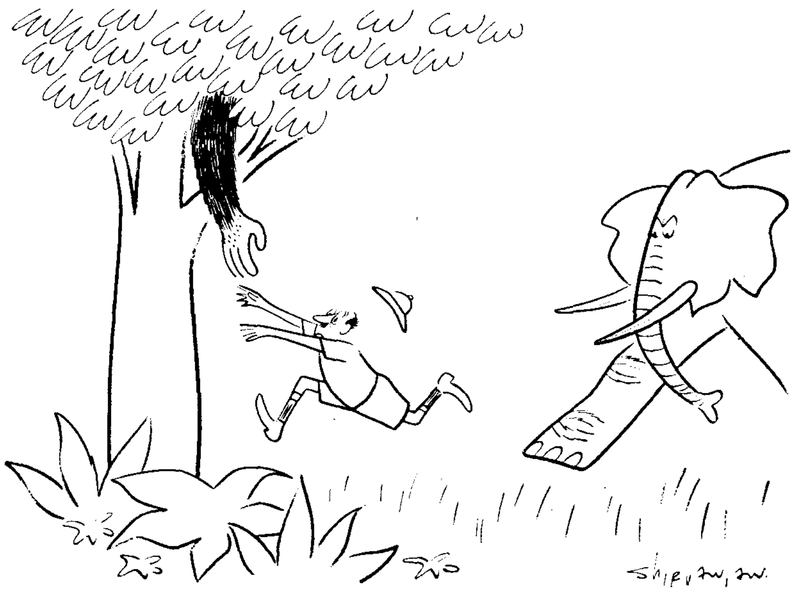
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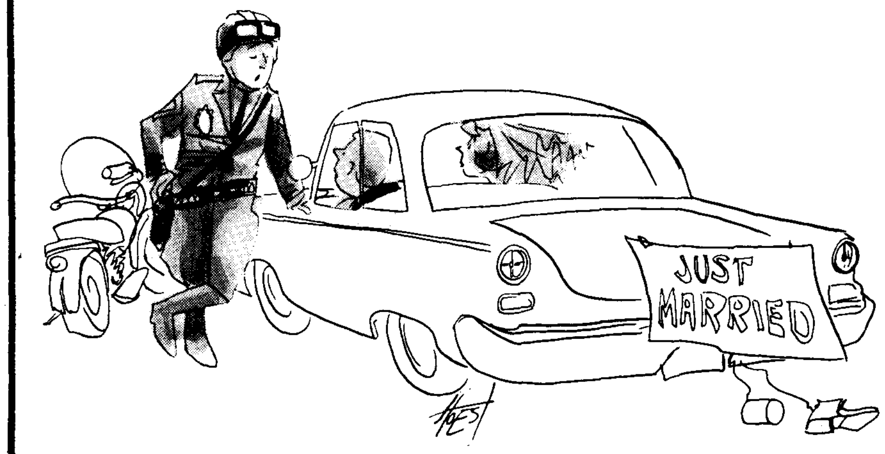
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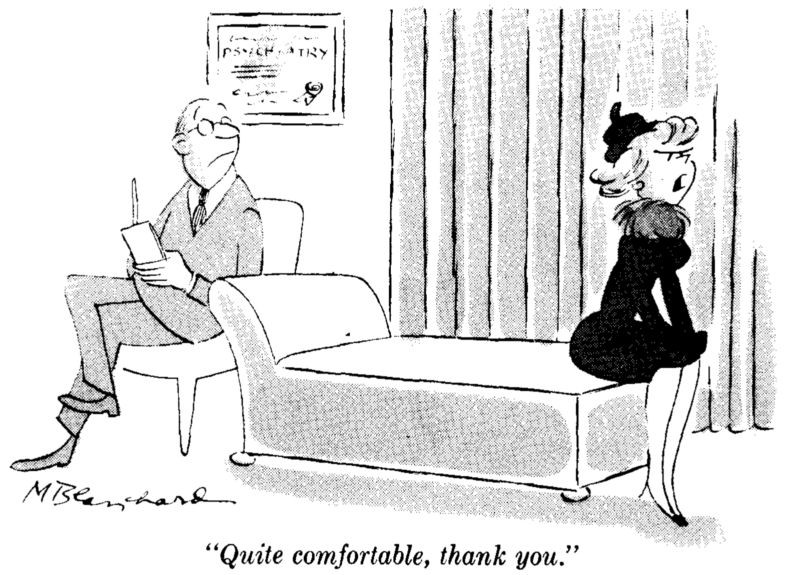
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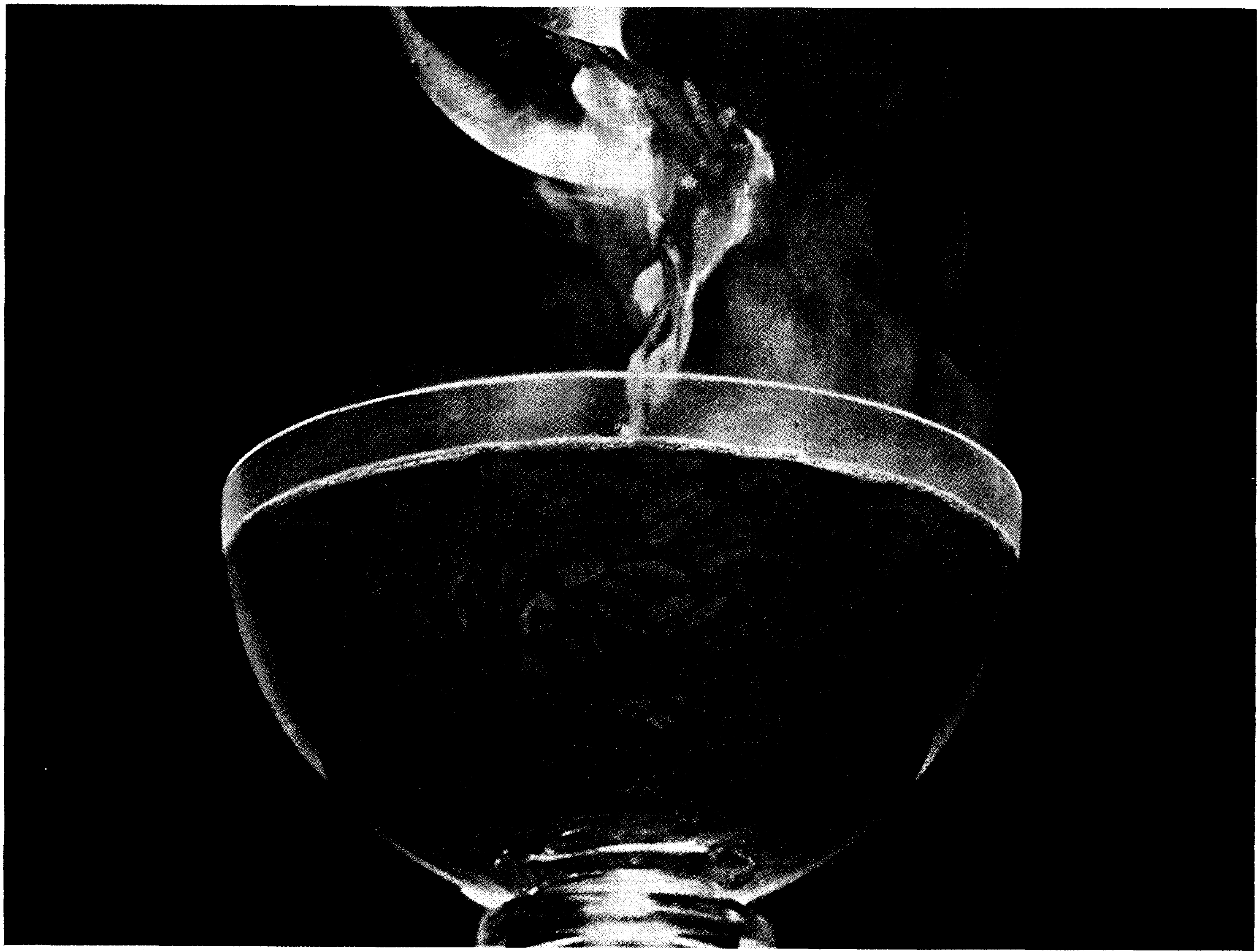

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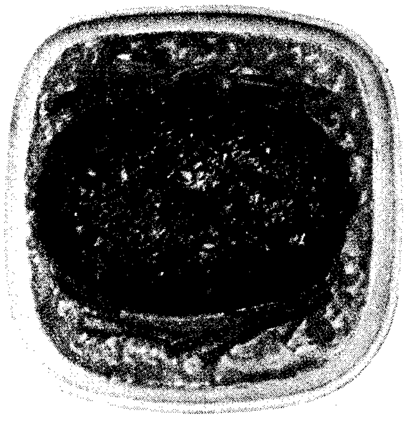

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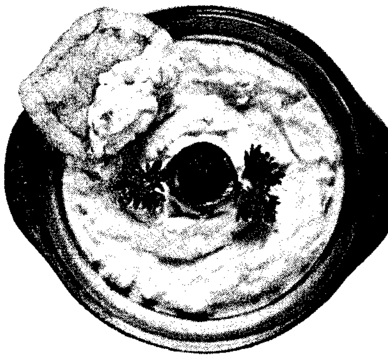

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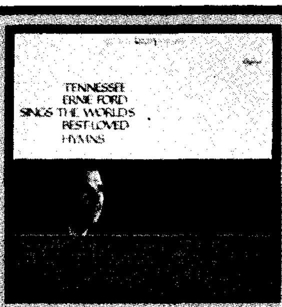
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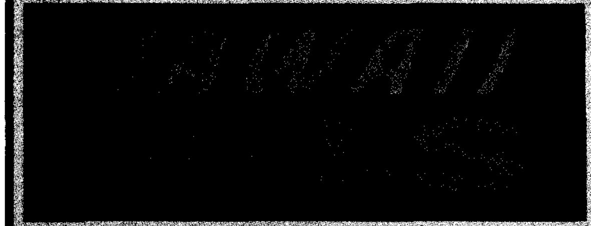

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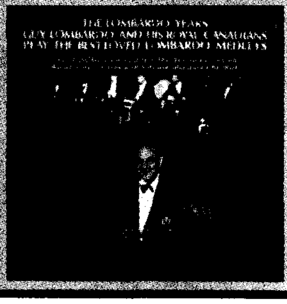
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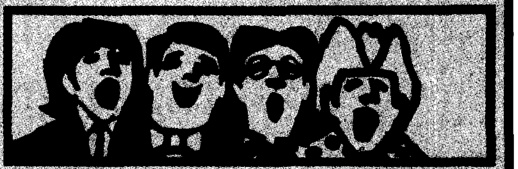

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR BEVERLY

By Richard Lemon

At the ripe age of 50, Beverly Hills clings to its old glamour. It boasts big names, big fortunes, big houses, big cars and wall-to-wall psychiatrists.

It is a little city of 34,000 people, tucked up against the Santa Monica mountains in California. Its houses are a luxuriant jumble of architectural styles, with every color from blue to pink and every sort of roof, including thatched, and its lawns are a rich concentrate of green. Its citizens work hard and go to bed early, but otherwise the little city is unique. It has no cemeteries or hospitals, so no one is born or buried there. At a popular local restaurant the menu features Scallopini Sal Mineo and Chicken Dean Martin—apparently local dishes. Its stores are so exclusive, says one resident, comedian Bill Dana, that the merchandise is marked up for clearance. The whole place is so exclusive, says resident Jack Benny, that the police department has an unlisted telephone number. The drugstores sell maps which pinpoint the houses of some of its celebrated citizens (Lucille Ball, James Stewart, Groucho Marx, Rock Hudson, Cyd Charisse, Tony Curtis), but the maps become inaccurate even before they are printed, and since nobody walks there, the celebrated citizens are nowhere to be seen. "It's kind of a toy community," one resident concedes. "It's like an enormous Ken and Barbie doll house." "People move with the tides of fortune," Kirk Douglas says. "I always have a feeling that the grips are going to come in and take the scenery down and move it." And through the still, deserted, residential streets, the meandering Good Humor truck plays Brahms' *Lullaby*.

The little city is called Beverly Hills, and its residents sometimes claim it is not very different from any other small city with a typical house value of $125,000. But the truth is, the little city is not like any other on earth, and if it were, half its residents would move out immediately.

Beverly Hills is celebrating its Golden Anniversary this year, which makes it just one generation older than Levittown, N. Y. As recently as 1924, shopkeepers on Beverly Hills' Wilshire Boulevard had to close their doors on windy days to keep out the dust from the bean fields. Today there are no fields left, bean or otherwise, and Beverly Hills is probably the most famous small city in the country.

It covers about six square miles, into which it has packed 1,912 swimming pools, 22 banks, eight hotels, 172 psychiatrists (one for every 195 citizens, which is five times the national average), 575 doctors of all kinds, 1,200 lawyers, 214 real-estate brokers, and about 800 gardeners, who come in by day. The phone book lists 34 detective agencies (as against 12 for the 900,000 people in New York's Westchester County), although less than 10 of them are in Beverly Hills itself. It has the highest per capita buying power in the country—$8,527 per resident—and an average income per household of about $20,000, if the maid is not included. The property-tax rate is the lowest in California—it would be about $50 a year on a $20,000 house, if there were one—partly because its services are all set up, and partly because it has few schoolchildren. The median age is 46.8 (versus 30 for California as a whole), and the average household has only 2.43 people. About half the population lives in apartments, on about four percent of the land, and most apartments are for adults only.

There are 70,000 phones for 13,000 households, and 77 of them are on the estate of toy inventor Jack Ryan (the outdoor ones give bird calls instead of ringing). In 1963, Democrats outnumbered Republicans for the first time, by

Actress Charlene Holt (center) performs at informal party in home of interior decorator William Tishman. At extreme right is Gina Lollobrigida.

Photographs by John Bryson

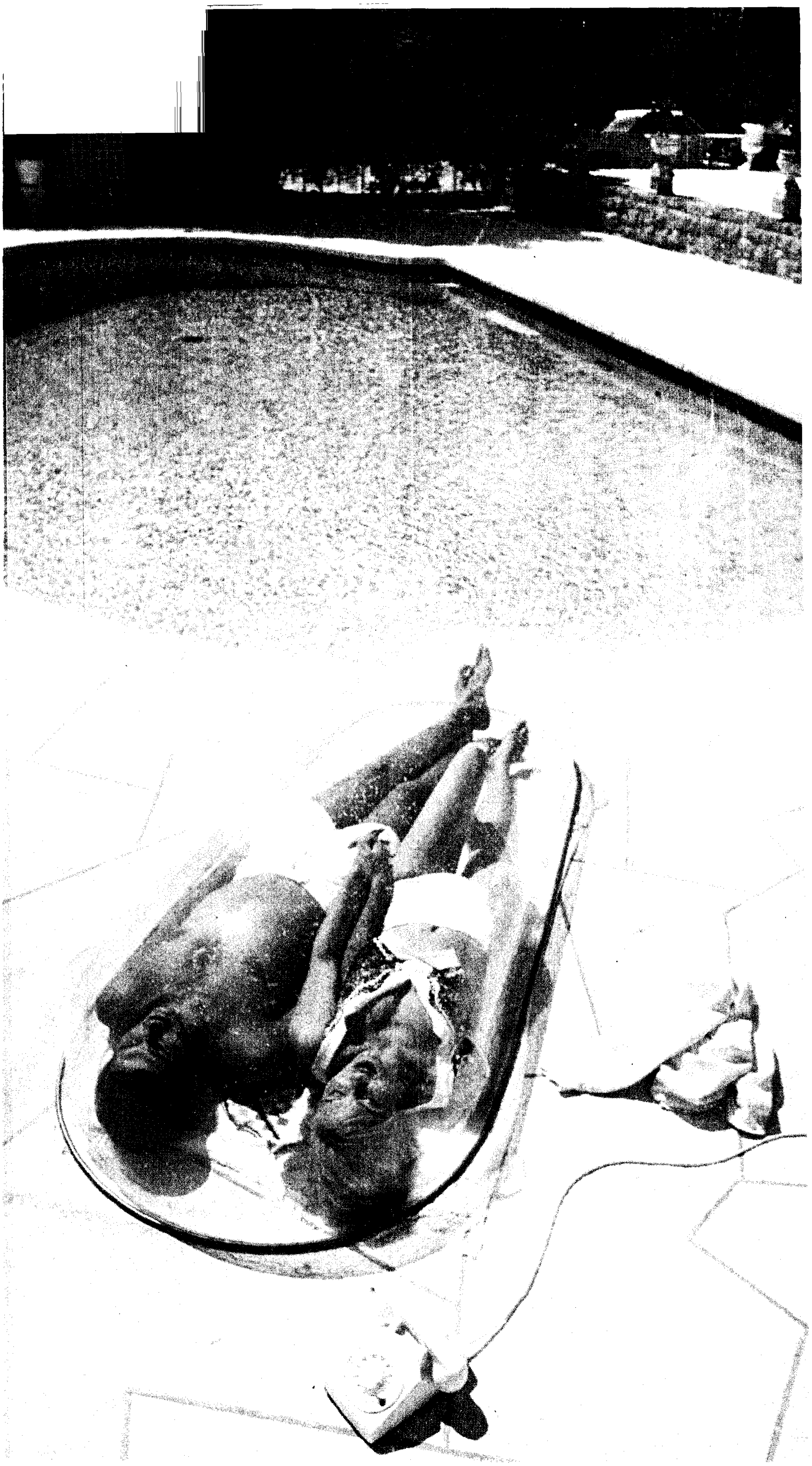
139. After taxes, Beverly Hills citizens have $288 million left over; last year, they spent $40 million of it on cars, $36 million on clothes, $21 million on food and drink, $6 million on medicine, and the rest, seemingly, on carpets. The amount of Beverly Hills not covered by lawn, road or carpet is .0025 percent, by independent, unofficial survey.

Beverly Hills might still be a bean town, or at least no more exclusive than Alhambra, if it weren't for two buildings: the Beverly Hills Hotel, a pink stucco palace which the Rodeo Land and Water Company built in 1912, and Pickfair, the estate which Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks created from a shooting lodge in 1919. The hotel provided the center around which Beverly Hills was developed, and Pickfair made it the place for movie folk to live.

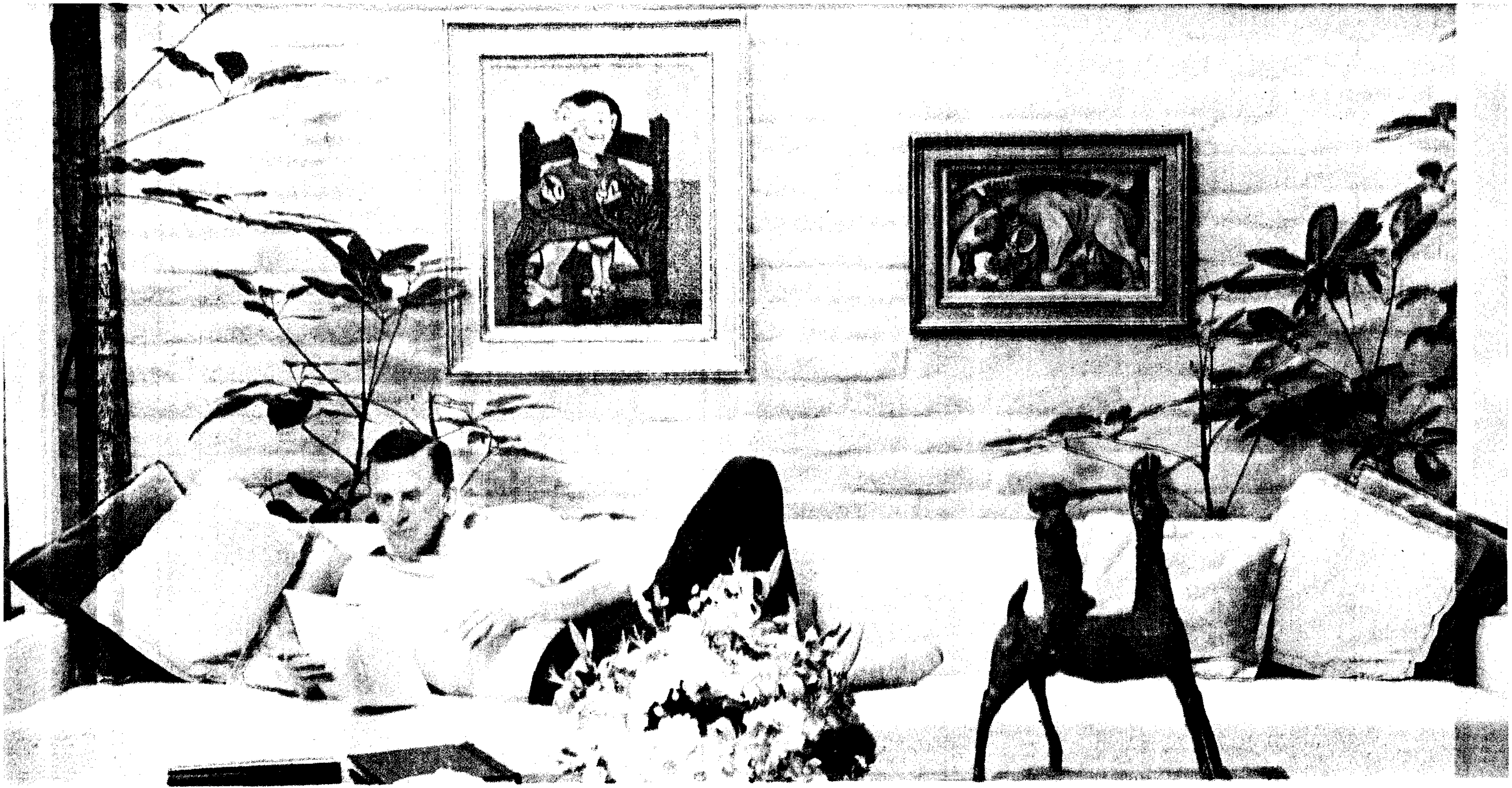
Wealth and fame aside, four facts distinguish Beverly Hills from other small suburban cities. It has an excellent school system and a superb high school. It gets excellent protection—some say too excellent—from a zealous police force. It is entirely surrounded by another city, Los Angeles. And although a great many people live or work there, hardly anybody both lives there and works there. As in a common, garden-variety suburb, Beverly Hills males go away during the day and come home at night. But at the same time there is a tremendous movement into Beverly Hills of store owners, accountants, gardeners, sales girls, maids, garage mechanics, public-relations men, and other servants of the people. It has been said that one day these emigrant and immigrant waves will meet head-on, probably at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Benedict Canyon Drive, and the whole place will come to a standstill.

Cars, of course, play a major role in the area. With its breakneck expressways and 25 percent of its land area covered by roads, Los Angeles is probably the only city in the world with a clearly defined death wish. Beverly Hills is a paradoxical spot of calm in the turbulent sea, but there is a plan afoot to run an expressway right over it. Some residents have urged that the expressway be put underground at Beverly Hills' expense, which is not so surprising considering that Douglas Fairbanks once proposed that a wall be built around the entire city.

The town's building restrictions are severe, but, even so, its downtown area is booming. About 40,000 people go there every night for a quiet dinner, usually at one of Beverly Hills' swank hotels. By day, there are elegant stores like that



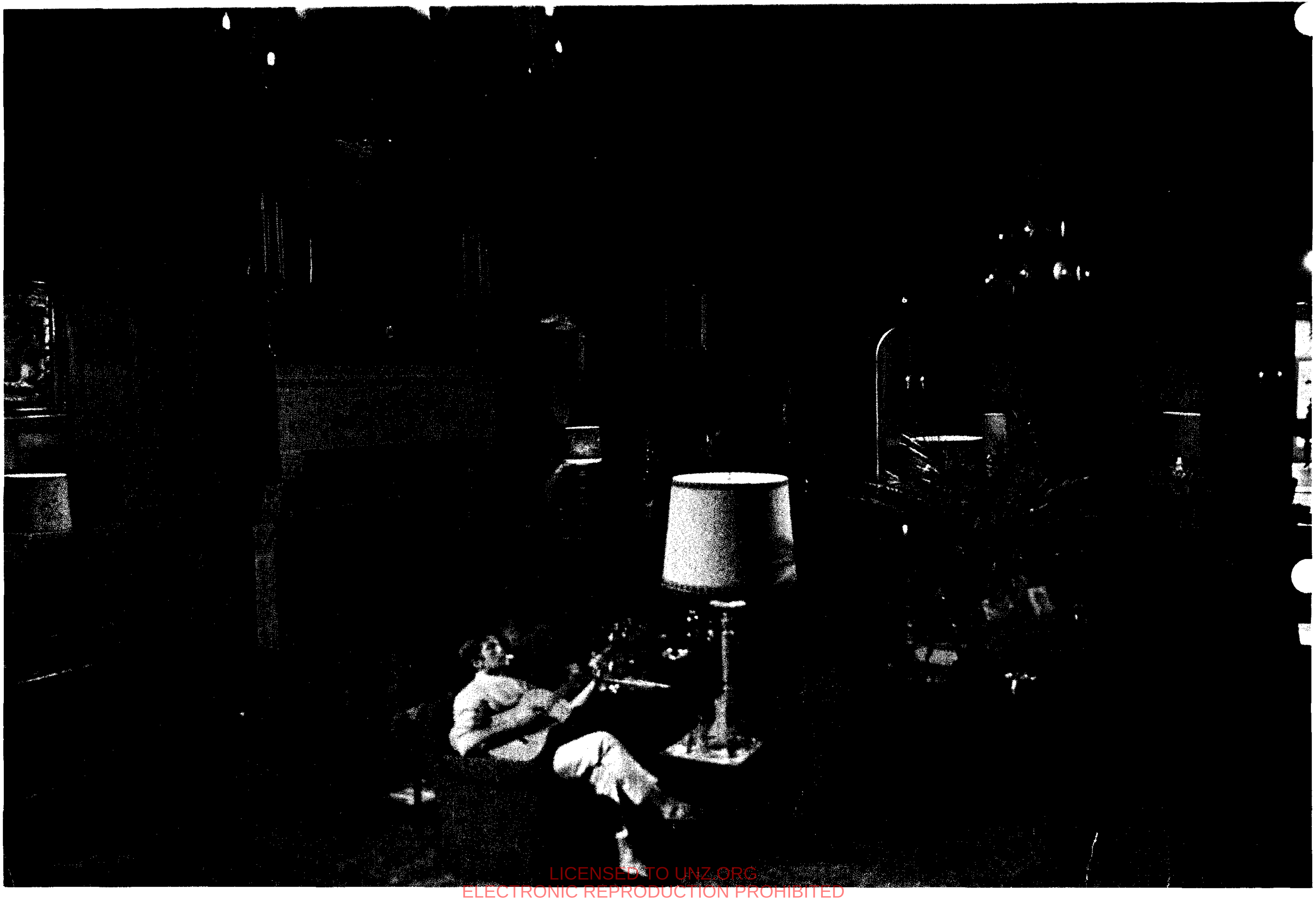
Sunbathers George Hamilton, Susan Oliver. They are using a plastic bubble, which screens out harmful rays.



In living room of his Beverly Hills home, Kirk Douglas pores over a movie script. The paintings are by Pablo Picasso and the sculpture by Marino Marini.

Picasso is OK. Pool is OK. Tuesday Weld is getting to be OK.

George Hamilton's mansion was built in 1919 at cost of $140,000. It has nine fireplaces, frescoed ceilings, an organ loft, a gun room and a projection room.



of Juel Park, undergarment maker to the stars, where a net-lace negligee can be bought for $1,800. Miss Park's clients include Zsa Zsa Gabor, Kim Novak, Elizabeth Taylor, Elke Sommer, Vivien Leigh and Mae West, but 90 percent of her business is now outside Beverly Hills. "The customer list," she says, "reads like the Blue Book of America."

Bigger businesses are just as splashy. At the seven A.M. opening bell for the stock market, investors crowd into boardrooms which are deep in red-plush carpets and Muzak. Bache & Company, a brokerage firm, sports a silver tea service, balconies, and stained-glass windows. Most banks give 4.8 percent interest on savings, and Beverly Hills money moves very quickly. "I've never seen so many fast-buck artists," a New York banker said recently.

The residential area is strikingly prosperous. It starts, at the west, at a sign reading QUIET PLEASE, RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT, which is posted just beyond the ladies on camp stools who sell guides to the movie stars' houses. It ends, at the east, 150 feet short of the framework of a new 32-story apartment building, which is 26 stories taller than apartment houses are allowed to be in Beverly Hills. In between stand some of the world's most expensive houses, squeezed onto about half an acre of land apiece.

"It's sort of like taking a lovely painting and putting another so close you can't see either one of them," Jack Lemmon said recently. "These tremendous homes with a tremendous mixture of architectural styles. But it's quiet. I couldn't possibly live in New York, having lived here ten years. I perspire even thinking about it."

Inside this phantasmagoria, Beverly Hills social life is considerably modified from the wicked old days that made the "Hollywood party" infamous. "You could go to a black-tie party three or four nights a week if you wanted to," Felicia Farr said recently, but today most people in Beverly Hills don't want to. A typical dinner party now has perhaps a dozen guests, and dinner is often served buffet, outdoors. Most people prefer home to a restaurant or out-of-town nightclub. When they do go out, they dress more conservatively than Easterners; dark-blue suits are favored over sports clothes, and the bright, plaid summer jacket is nowhere to be seen.

Beverly Hills has its own customs in many things. In the movie world, wedding and funeral announcements are often handled by public-relations agents. Another show-business custom is the business breakfast. The Beverly Hills Hotel and Schwab's drugstore are dotted every morning with clusters of dark-suited agents and producers, discussing million-dollar deals over their orange juice. It is a frightening spectacle, and it conjures up the picture of the business breakfast gradually merging with New York's cocktail-filled business lunch, until it is possible to be in a businesslike stupor all day long.

A Beverly Hills screen writer, who once wrote novels out of New York, was recently asked to explain what life in this strange world was like. He obliged with gusto, even though his mind tended to wander, like a cat's in a bird sanctuary.

"Billy Wilder's wife, Audrey, is the social arbiter, and eminently more qualified than most because she is a former Goldwyn Girl and used to sing with Tommy Dorsey," the writer began, pacing rapidly up and down his white, thickly carpeted living room. "The arbiters in art are the William Goetzes—he's a producer. One of their paintings is rigged to rise and reveal a screen for showing movies—it's a case of bad pictures driving out the good. Then there are the merchant princes—the Mays and Ohrbachs. The test of an OK merchant prince is, if he comes to play tennis, he brings his own pro. Hence the doubles matches which go for several thousand dollars a shot. It's a case of 'My pro can beat your pro.'

"A writer, Charles Lederer, once bet Jack Cushingham, the pro at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, that he could beat him if Cushingham were tied to some living thing. The living thing turned out to be an elephant. Lederer won. Charlie Feldman, the agent, once left his wallet at Lederer's house, and it was full of big bills. Lederer kept the wallet, got some stationery from the Mayo Clinic, and months later wrote this letter: 'Dear Mr. Feldman: We do not perform this sort of operation in America. Hence we are returning your deposit. You will have to go to Denmark.'"

The writer stopped and looked blank. "What else is OK in Beverly Hills?" he was asked.

"Pictures are OK now, but you must buy very solid OK pictures," the writer said. "Picasso is OK. Rouault is OK beyond belief. Rolls-Royce is the OK car, but the older your Rolls-Royce, the more OK. Beverly Hills persons do not call their houses their own. The Smith house, for example, is not the Smith house—it's the old Tom Mix place. Anything that the plumbing doesn't work in is the old Barrymore house. In restaurants, Dominick's is OK. It has twelve tables, the same menu all the time, and a jukebox. Conversation has become OK. Pool tables are a status symbol. People have their own cues made in New York by a little man on Third Avenue. Persons are beginning to bring their own pool pros now. Swifty Lazar is the OK agent—he's the only agent who's allowed in people's houses. Some young kids are OK. George Hamilton—he's one of the presentable ones who can get up and dance. Tuesday Weld is getting to be OK. Fred Astaire is class, elegance—the very best in Beverly Hills. Billy Wilder used to have a nightmare: He'd meet Astaire on the street and say, 'For God's sake, who is your tailor?'—and he'd wake up before Fred could tell him."

"Do you have to stay successful to stay OK?" the writer was asked.

"Much of this business is luck," he said. "People who have lost their success are looked upon as jinxes."

"Is everybody in Beverly Hills successful?" he was asked.

"Everybody in Beverly Hills is terribly successful," the writer said, "as long as they're here."

Nothing about Beverly Hills is more legendary than its affluence. There is a story that a little girl was once asked to write a fable. "Once there was a family, and they were very poor," she began it. "The Mamma was very poor. The Papa was very poor. The little girl was very poor. The cook was very poor. The laundress was very poor. The chauffeur was very poor. The maid was very poor. . . . They were *all* very poor."

Nonetheless, there is a widespread feeling around Beverly Hills today that the city has slipped. "There isn't the same appreciation of quality these days," lingerie-maker Juel Park says of her customers. "The show people have downgraded. They claim that lingerie and nightgowns are not important. But *we* think everything on earth is important."

"Today's visitors want Jerry Lewis, Mansfield, Presley," says the old lady in the straw hat who sells guides to the stars' homes. "The good ones are gone."

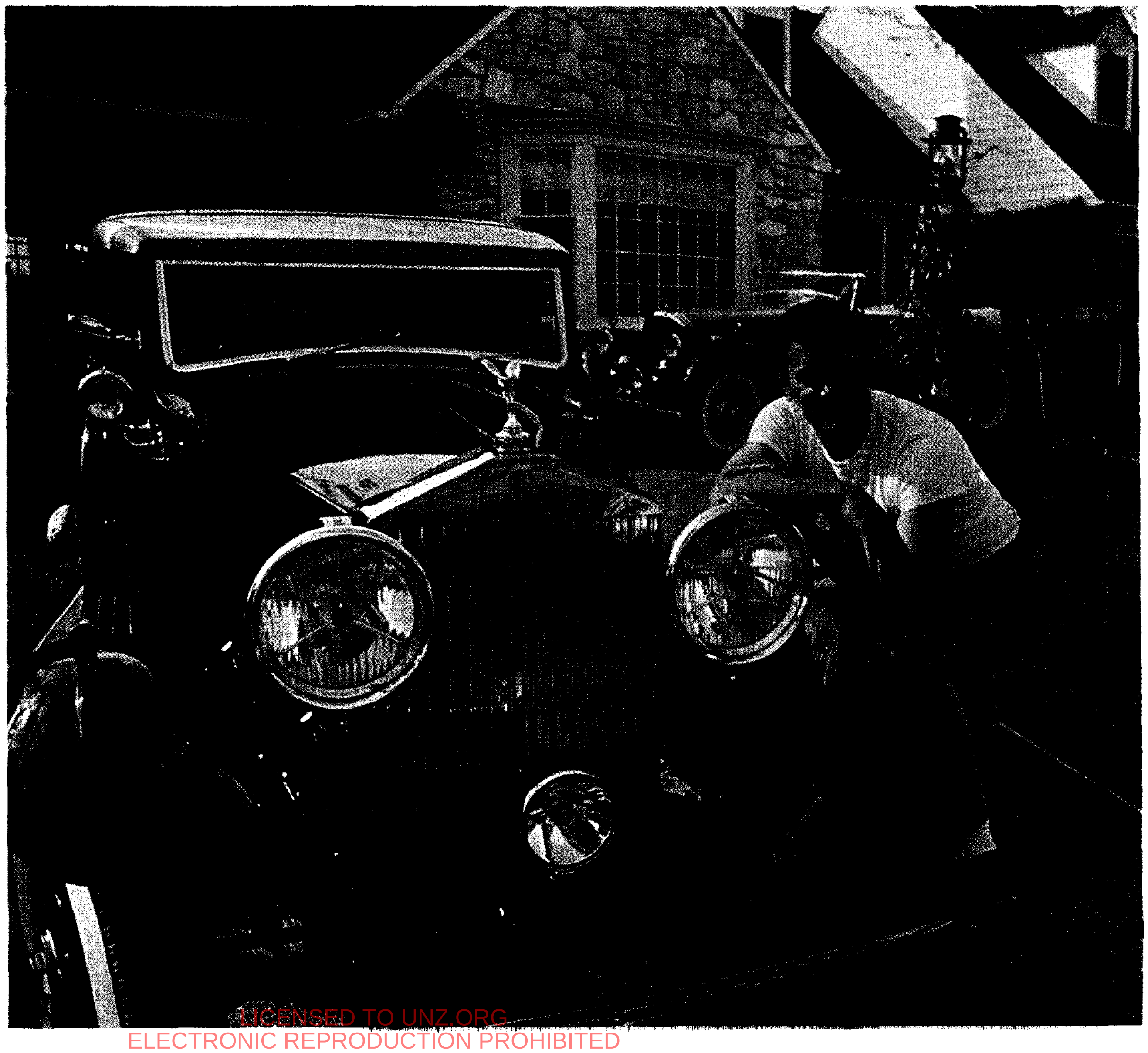
"People used to have a chauffeur and footman," says Police Chief Clinton Anderson. "Today almost everybody drives their own car. It's still a high-class residential area, but it's not as exclusive as it was. Today we have a lot of these people who live in apartments."

The loss of tone shows in even the smallest things. "All this time we've been waiting to get in and get a Crestview exchange," a woman lamented recently, "and now we're in and they've changed to all-digits."

Beverly Hills is used to changing fortunes. "Don't buy anything you can't put on the Super Chief," George Burns advised Jack Benny years ago. House juggling is also an old Beverly Hills tradition. "It's the greatest game you ever saw," Will Rogers said, during the boom of the '20's. "You can't lose. Everybody buys to sell and nobody buys to keep. What's worrying me is who is going to be the last owner."

Nonetheless, hanging onto the wheel of fortune can be a dizzying business, and it probably accounts for the city's 172 psychiatrists. "So many people in Beverly Hills work in industries that are volatile," says Dr. Ralph Greenson, one of the foremost psychiatrists in the Roxbury Drive-Bedford Drive section known as Psychiatrists' Row. "Particularly the movies, but the aviation and electronics business too. You can make a terrific success and lose it quickly. And the discrepancy between success and near-success is enormous in these industries."

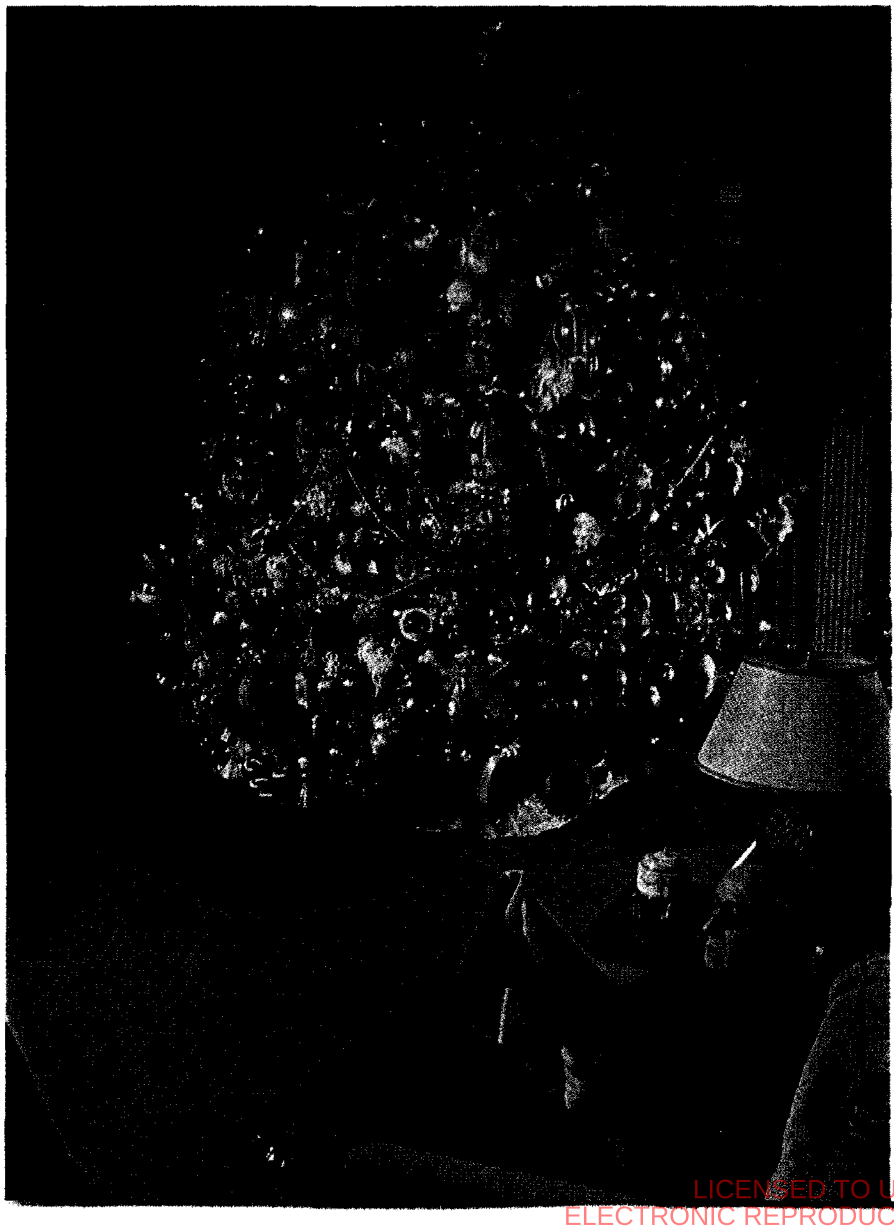
Auto buff Tony Curtis leans on his favorite vehicle, a 1932 Rolls-Royce Continental P-2. Behind him is a 1937 Bentley Tourer.



'Out here, there isn't that grit-your-teeth-and-go-to-work feeling.'

Mary Pickford, 71, at Pickfair, the estate that made Beverly Hills fashionable.

Million-dollar digs of ex-comedy-star Harold Lloyd house a permanent Christmas tree.



BEVERLY HILLS

Despite this aura of uncertainty, Beverly Hills has managed to hang onto many of its old ways. It is still a town of glamour. Half its cars still seem to be driven by hard-groomed blondes in sunglasses. And many of its citizens still have a unique way of doing things.

There is Richard Ney, tan and dapper former actor and former husband of Greer Garson, who is now an investment broker. Ney has a deck outside his office which boasts hanging plants and a defiantly visible bar, and he acts on TV once or twice a year, to keep them guessing. "You can't afford me because my fees are too high," Ney tells audiences at biweekly free lectures on his deck. "And don't go to anybody else, because they'll just take your money. I have come to realize people in show business are on a much higher ethical level than people in my business." He is very successful.

Then there is Corinne Griffith, the movie star of the '20's and '30's, who says, "There are no movie stars anymore. They've wrecked the motion pictures with filth." Miss Griffith still looks like a movie star, and she wears a great deal of powder and lipstick and deep-red nail polish. Today, she owns four office buildings on four corners of South Beverly Drive, writes books (on Hollywood, her life, antiques), and campaigns vigorously against the personal-income tax. Her talks are in great demand.

And there is Bill Tishman, who sells houses, does interior decorating, makes ski movies, and rebuilds antique cars in his spare time. Tishman's family is highly successful in New York City building and real estate. He sits in the sunken, plant-enriched room of his Beverly Hills house, and cheerfully runs down the East. "Out here, there isn't that 'grit your teeth and let's go to work' feeling that you have in the East. There's much more room for the individual, much less of the organization man. I think the East is ninety percent predictable," Tishman concludes, and drops a pickle in his vodka-and-tonic.

And Beverly Hills still draws visitors, pathetic and funny and nondescript, from near and far. Autograph hounds hang around the Catholic church on Sunday mornings, hoping to snare a glamorous parishioner. A lady steps up to the Beverly Wilshire Hotel cashier's window, thrusts forward a check, and squawks, "Honey, don't give me none of them hundred-dollar bills." A large, pathetic boy sits on a stool in the Beverly Wilshire drugstore and, in the tone of one expecting disappointment, asks a bellboy on the next stool, "D'you know where Natalie Wood lives? . . . D'you know where Carol Lynley lives? . . . " The bellboy leaves, and a girl sits down in his place. "D'you know where Natalie Wood lives? . . . " the boy asks. "D'you know where Spencer Tracy lives? . . . " While up at the Beverly Hills Hotel, half a dozen discreetly squealing young girls swirl in the wake of the manager of the Beatles, Brian Epstein, delightedly crying, "There he *is!*" while behind them, tanned and unnoticed, silent-film star Richard Arlen waits silently for his car.

A man from the East, who thought he wanted to write about Beverly Hills, recently made an appointment to talk to Mary Pickford, who, with Douglas Fairbanks, started it all back in 1919. Today, she lives there with her second husband, Buddy Rogers. Miss Pickford has sold all but three and a half of Pickfair's 14 acres ("Taxes," she says), but the house is magnificent and unchanged.

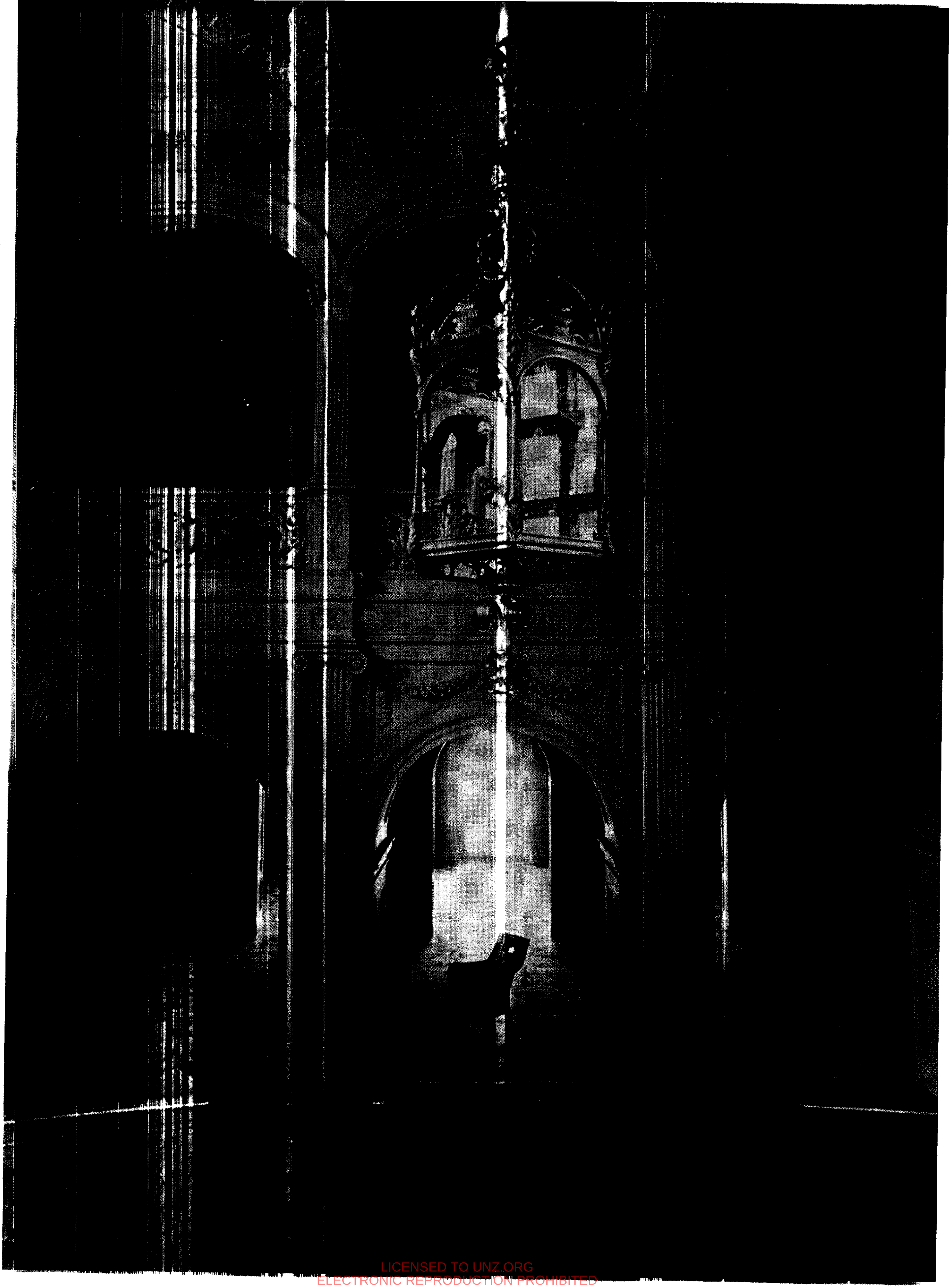
The night of the appointed interview, she was giving a party for 30 people. The man from the East wanted to see Pickfair, and he wanted to see Miss Pickford; he had the notion that, in some mystical way, he might find the essence of Beverly Hills somewhere on the grounds.

At the appointed hour, the man from the East drove through a gate in the long, white-brick wall which surrounds Pickfair, drove under a long, white basement-level porte cochere, and walked around and up to a catty-corner door. He was supposed to have phoned before he left, but he hadn't. Miss Pickford's secretary, a Miss Holms, was both apologetic and accusing: Miss Pickford had been up most of the night with a mild case of flu, she was giving the party anyway, and was resting in bed until then; still, she would like to be of help. And so the interview at Pickfair took place: The man from the East sat on a settee in a white drawing room under a group of six Rodin drawings, facing glass French doors which gave onto a lawn that rolled away to a distant swimming pool, and interviewed Mary Pickford on the telephone.

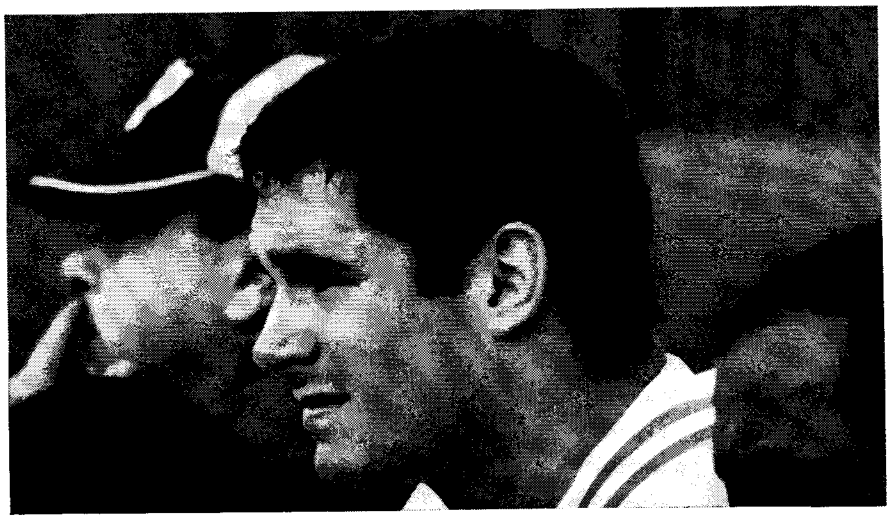
It was a pleasant conversation. The voice on the other end was cheerful, quiet and cultured, and it told about the Oriental Room and the Western Bar. It asked that Miss Holms be asked to show them. "The room that you're now sitting in was originally a glassed-in porch," the voice said. "It had what we called early-Pullman furniture—a swing on chains, a canary—and it had a field mouse. We called it the Bird-and-Mouse Room, and now it's the Rodin Room, so you see how Beverly Hills has changed." The voice told of an honorary membership in the Beverly Hills police department, and of a time during the war when a man forced Mary Pickford to jam on her brakes, wasting precious tire rubber, and she threatened to take him in until he said, "'Oh, Mary, sweetheart, you wouldn't do that to me.' And when he made me laugh," the voice added, "all my annoyance disappeared. I'm a New York girl," the voice said. "To tell you the truth, I didn't much care for Beverly Hills at first. I love it now. I'm an integral part of it, you know."

Finally, the man from the East said thank you, and hung up. He walked through the Western Bar and the Oriental Room, saw a $5,000 pair of vase. which Napoleon had had made for his brother, and looked at a large guest book engraved, "Mary Pickford, America's Sweetheart." Then he went out the catty-corner door, got in his car, and drove off through another gate in the brick wall. Mystical notion or not, he was convinced the Beverly Hills he had found was as real as anybody's. THE END

Unoccupied Doheny house, built in 1929, sits on 18 acres and contains 55 rooms.

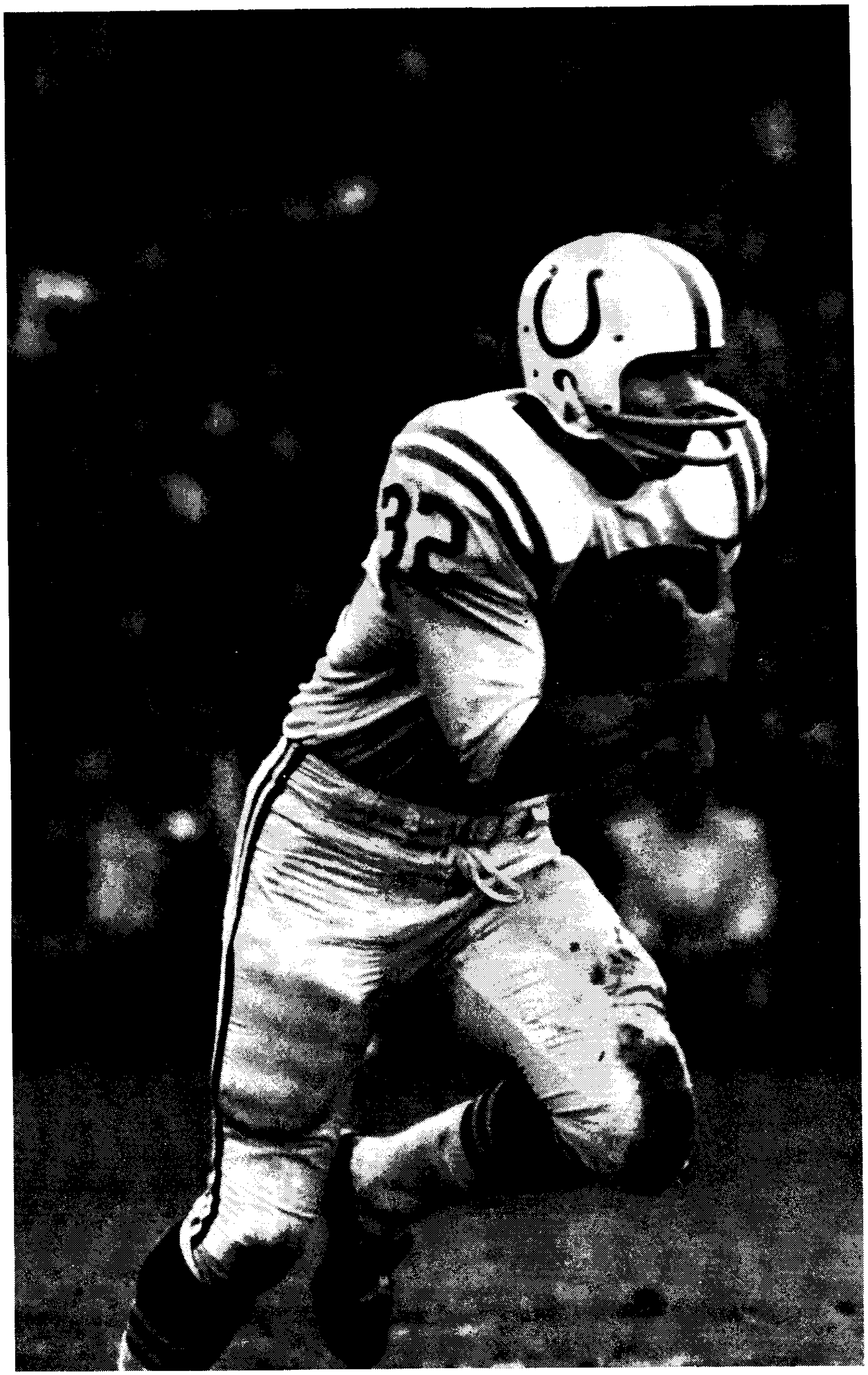


By ROBERT DALEY



FOOTBALL'S MARVELOUS MISFIT

Joe Don Looney runs like a wild horse, blocks like a marble tombstone and punts with the power of a bazooka. The only trouble is, nobody knows for sure whether he's going to play the game or start throwing punches.



Muscular Looney has shown that he can be an explosive runner when the Colts give him a chance.

Racing onto the field in the fourth quarter, Joe Don Looney tore what was left of the Chicago Bears apart. It was the third game of the 1964 season. Although the Baltimore Colts' rookie fullback had not yet played at all as a pro—and he played very little as a collegian—he gained 82 yards on eight carries. The Bears were reigning world champions, their line was supposedly impregnable. But Looney, unawed, led the Colts quickly to a touchdown. Plunging to the one-yard line, he hit tacklers so fiercely that he ran out of both his shoes. He came running back to the bench, the lowcuts in either hand, and the crowd, laughing, gave him a tremendous ovation.

The Colts scored that touchdown, and when they got the ball again, Looney sped 58 yards to another. The play was supposed to be a dive off left tackle, but Looney burst through the line, bowled over the linebacker, and kept running. At the 10-yard line, Richie Petitbon got a piece of Looney's jersey. The jersey came out of Looney's pants, and Petitbon, hanging on, was dragged all the way into the end zone.

As the crowd filed out after the game, everyone was talking about Looney. He was, said some, the big back Baltimore has been waiting for since Alan Ameche. Other fans gloated that the Bears certainly couldn't handle that Joe Don Looney.

The trouble is, nobody has ever been able to handle Joe Don Looney, and it is far from certain yet that the Colts can. It was three games before they let him play at all, four before he was trusted to run back a kickoff, seven before he was allowed to punt, eight before anyone threw him a pass. What little Looney was allowed to try he did superbly well. The Colts were elated; they could hardly believe their luck.

But off the field, Looney was less convincing. Last month he got into a brawl with a neighbor and wound up in court. So now the Colts are in doubt again. Did they stamp out all the fires, or only most of them? Is the thing still burning? Will it soon blow up?

What makes Joe Don Looney worth such worry?

Looney, from Fort Worth, Tex., is six feet one and weighs 230 pounds. He is 22 years old. Texas is a football state, and Looney is from a football family. His father, Don Looney, was the favorite receiver of Davey O'Brien at Texas Christian University in the late '30's, and after that with the Philadelphia Eagles. Don Looney led the National Football League in pass catching in 1940, and in recent years was an N.F.L. official. So from infancy on, football was the center of Joe Don Looney's life.

A high-school star in Texas, Looney then went to four colleges in three years—and played almost no football at any of them. At one college he refused to do warm-up laps before practicing punting, and got kicked off the team. "I know more about my punting than the coach does," said Looney doggedly. "With my legs it's better not to warm up first."

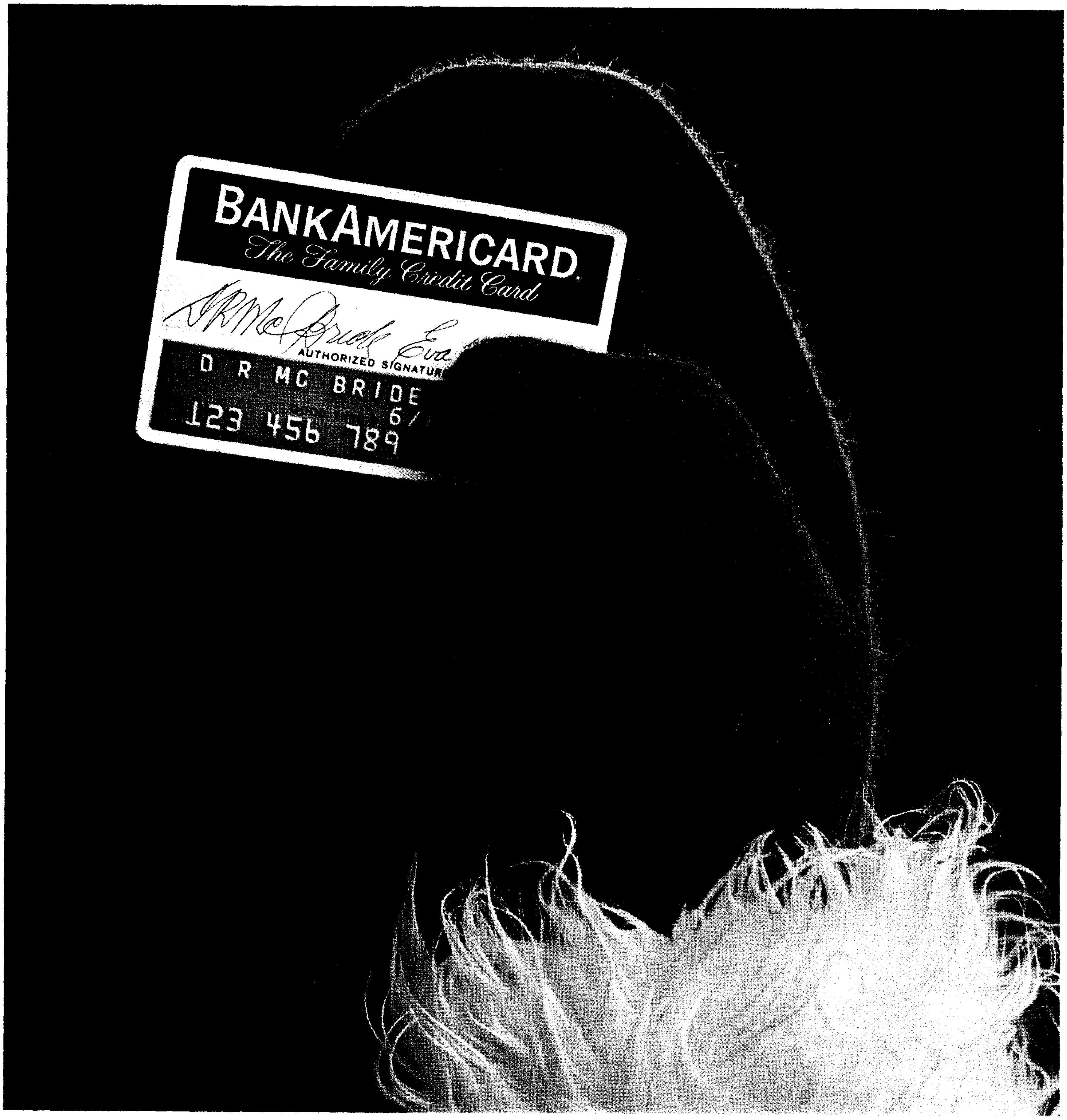
Entering Oklahoma University as a junior, Looney led the team in ball carrying, touchdowns and punting. He ran 60 yards to beat Syracuse with two minutes to play. He ran 61 yards to tie Kansas, and 84 yards against Colorado. Against Iowa State he scored three touchdowns and passed for a fourth. He led the country in punting.

But the next spring he quit football to try out for the track team as a sprinter. Big as he is, he runs the hundred in about 9:5. When fall came he lasted three games. He would not obey rules. Sometimes he chose not to practice. In a scuffle with an assistant coach, punches were thrown, and Looney was kicked off the team by Coach Bud Wilkinson. Looney's teammates, in an odd, unprecedented move, voted concurrence in Wilkinson's decision.

Despite the untidy end of Looney's college career, professional teams had his name on their lists when it was time to draft players.

The New York Giants went to the 1963 N.F.L. draft meeting as eastern division leaders, but only because Y.A. Tittle was carrying the team on passing alone. The Giants were desperate for a big running back, and had five names on a list. One was Looney's. Two of the five players were gone before the Giants got their first pick. One other was believed to have signed in the rival league. The fourth had just slashed open his hand—would he ever play football again? That left Looney. The Giants drafted him as their first choice.

Looney immediately withdrew from Oklahoma, flew to New York, and signed a guaranteed contract calling for about $40,000 (including bonuses) this year. The Giants arranged a press conference, at which a reporter asked Looney about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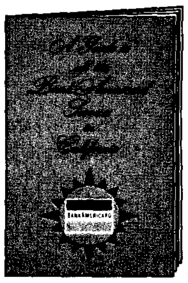

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Oklahoma. The boy answered politely, "All that is over and done with. What I do as a Giant is what counts. I would prefer not to answer your question."

This was counted a perfect answer. It was the last he was to give as a Giant.

In July, at the Giants' training camp, Looney refused to tape his ankles before scrimmages.

"You may know ankles," said Looney firmly, politely. "But you don't know my ankles. I know my ankles better than you do, and it's better for them not to be taped. I know you have a rule about this, so if you want to fine me, you should fine me."

He was fined for not taping his ankles, for missing a meeting which he felt was pointless to attend, and for being 10 minutes late for curfew. He was offended about the curfew fine, for he had been in early the night before.

In scrimmages he ran plays his way, not as written, hit wrong holes and got thrown back. "Anybody can run where the hole is," he explained in his usual firm, polite way. "A good football player makes his own holes."

He refused to be interviewed by anyone, and when the Giants objected, he offered politely to pay another fine. Often he sat in his room with the door locked, listening to popular music on his record player. "If I didn't have my record player, I couldn't live," he told Don Chandler, the kicker.

One day, suffering from a pulled muscle, Looney decided there was no point going out to practice, so he stayed in his room. Another day, still hobbled, he strolled away from the squad to play catch with a little boy.

Most rookies in training camp are painfully eager. The mortality rate is very high. Four out of five get cut from the squad, and many weep when this happens. But Looney seemed detached. Half the time he wasn't even paying attention, and the Giants' staff was so startled by his attitude that for a while no one knew how to react at all.

The first decision was to send star players to try to coax Looney into showing some interest.

Chandler was the first of the Giant players to try to get through to Looney. "He seemed happy enough to see me whenever I went into his room," Chandler said. "But he wouldn't tell me what was bothering him."

Tittle talked to him, Frank Gifford talked to him, and none of this worked.

Soon there was muttering among the other rookies. A tackle named Frank Lasky said, "I work my butt off for five weeks, and Gifford and Y.A. won't even talk to me. But they're up in that guy's room holding his hand all the time. What's going on here?"

What was going on at about this time was a telephone conversation between New York and Baltimore. Don Kellett, the Colts' chief executive, was looking for a punter. He talked to Wellington Mara, co-owner and chief trader of the Giants. Mara mentioned Joe Don Looney. Kellett nibbled. Mara mentioned some of Looney's eccentricities. Kellett shrugged them off. "We can straighten him out," said Kellett confidently.

When he was told he had been traded, Looney at first refused to go to Baltimore. He informed Mara he intended to stay with the Giants. "Looney was always calm and polite, even when he was defying you," Mara says.

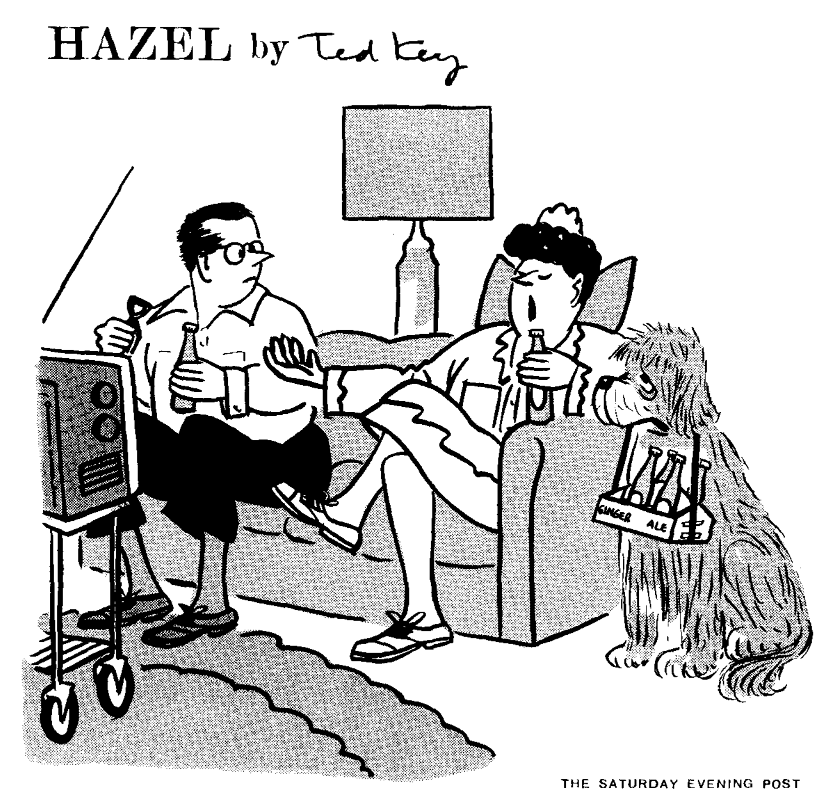
Stalling, Looney then said he couldn't go to Baltimore because his record player and entire collection was here with the Giants. He was helped to load this into a car, and off he went, saying, "I'll go to Baltimore, but I want you to know I have a bad attitude."

Looney's arrival was preceded by several conferences between Kellett and Don Shula, the Colts' head coach. They didn't know what kind of freak would soon come in the door, so they made the only decision possible: to leave Looney alone and see what happened.

The Giants had somehow expected Looney to conform; they were bewildered when he didn't. Shula expected him not to conform, a decided advantage. Looney was still lame when he reached Baltimore. Since he was new, and couldn't take part because of his pulled muscle, he could be ignored without team discipline going to pot. So for a while Shula and his staff acted on the field as if Looney weren't even there.

The players did likewise. In the dressing room, on the field, there was laughter and horseplay. Looney sat by himself, aloof, silent.

HAZEL by Ted Key



"Bottle opener."

Plainly upset by the trade, Looney needed someone to talk to. One of the Colts' trainers, Dimitri Spassoff, has a degree in psychology and considers himself an amateur analyst. Spassoff runs something called the Sauna Health Club, and he is a health faddist—as is Looney. Looney began to spend much time at Spassoff's club, to talk to Spassoff, and in this way made his first friend. For the first time the Colts had a spy in the enemy's camp, so to speak.

To Looney, the world's greatest philosopher is Ayn Rand. Looney reads her books studiously. How much he understands is difficult to say. He appears to have boiled the whole thing down to "being true to yourself. Doing only what you believe in. Anything else is chipping away at your principles and at your own personality."

Since Looney did not believe in taping his ankles or giving interviews, he could not do so without being untrue to himself.

For some time Shula and his staff pretended not to notice Looney's untaped ankles. Then, with the help of Spassoff, Looney was conned into taping his ankles—on the outside of his socks. Lenny Moore more or less invented this at Baltimore, and Looney liked the idea. It looked pretty sharp, it pleased the management, and it left Looney's principles intact.

This averted one possible crisis. The second—interviews—never came up. Here again the Colts were lucky. There were five running backs for two starting jobs, and Looney, it seemed to the Baltimore sportswriters, was merely the No. 5 man. In New York, Looney had been the top draft choice who failed; in Baltimore he was just another new guy, a castoff. In New York many articles appeared roasting Looney. In Baltimore no one mentioned him.

Fitted for a uniform, Looney complained that the pants were too tight for his overdeveloped thighs. The Colts had pants made to measure for him. He appreciated this more than anyone would have expected. He felt this proved the Colts liked him. Looney is inordinately sensitive about clothes, and on the street is almost always impeccably turned out. In fact, if he wants to get out of doing something, his usual tactic is to claim that he doesn't have the proper clothes.

One of the first decisions Shula made, following Looney's arrival, was to cancel plans to make Looney the team punter. Shula felt he would not dare trust Looney back there on fourth down—Looney might kick the ball, or he might not. In fact, there was not much Shula wanted to trust Looney with at first.

After not playing in three games (one of them an exhibition) Looney decided the Colts didn't like him after all and reportedly said, "I wonder what team I'll play on next year."

Overheard, he was told curtly: Buddy, you make it here or nowhere.

Looney went to Shula and begged to be used on the so-called Kamikaze squads at least. The Kamikaze squads are the kickoff and kickoff-return teams. Eleven men race at 11 other men full tilt and meet head on with a frightful crash.

In the Bear game Looney went in on kickoff returns, not as a potential receiver, but as a blocker—as if Shula couldn't trust him to catch the ball, or, catching it, to run in the right direction. As a blocker, he cut men nearly in two.

A little later came the 58-yard touchdown run. Looney, congratulated by his teammates, suddenly began to cry. The tears rolled down his face.

Since then, delicately, Shula has introduced Looney to a new role in almost every game. Looney's performances have been awesome. One of his first kickoff returns was 42 yards, a magical run, and nearly a touchdown. On another he went 29 yards, nearly getting away again. He caught his first pass on the three-yard line and plunged into the end zone leaving prostrate bodies behind him. His first punt was a towering spiral, 47 yards from scrimmage, and after that he was installed as the team's regular punter. As a ball carrier, Looney is the rarest of all backs: He has a nifty change of pace and blinding speed, but if you get in his way he hits like houses falling down.

He is clearly a man who loves to bash people—what the pros call a real contact player. There is violence in Looney, and unfortunately not all of it is confined to the playing field. Four weeks ago he and a pal from Fort Worth kicked in a neighbor's door. Looney said he thought three nurses lived there, that the neighbor was lying to him and had insulted his father. The judge fined Looney $150. The Colts' management fined him, too, "for acts detrimental to the team," but wouldn't say how much.

But the Baltimore fans are among the world's least discriminating. They cheer anything that has Baltimore written on it. The noise they make is not the chant of fans, it is love songs, and right now they love Looney. They cheer everything he does. But Shula is not sure yet. Usually, when he puts Looney into a game, he take the valuable Unitas out. If Looney busts a play and runs over his own quarterback, Shula doesn't want that quarterback to be Unitas.

Meanwhile, players on other teams recount Looney anecdotes among themselves, and attempt to explain his bizarre behavior.

One theory is that he needs to feel physically dominated before he can obey, to fear that the coach might sock him. Coach Allie Sherman of the Giants weighs under 150; Shula weighs over 200. Looney, according to this theory, had contempt for Sherman's physique, and thus for his coaching. But he can respect Shula's coaching because if Shula punched him, he would feel it.

Another was that he has spent all his life refusing to face his problems; his solution is always to run away, to change schools, to change teams.

Looney's father came up to Baltimore to watch the Colts whip the Packers for the second time. He said that Joe Don had been a puny 12-year-old who built himself up through isometrics. He said that Joe Don was basically shy, really a very shy boy.

Perhaps it is as simple as that. Perhaps Joe Don Looney is not so much bizarre as bewildered. Who can tell? Joe Don himself might tell if he knows. But he has nothing to say. The only way he has yet been able to express himself is by running with a football, and, for the time being, no one will let him do very much of that. THE END

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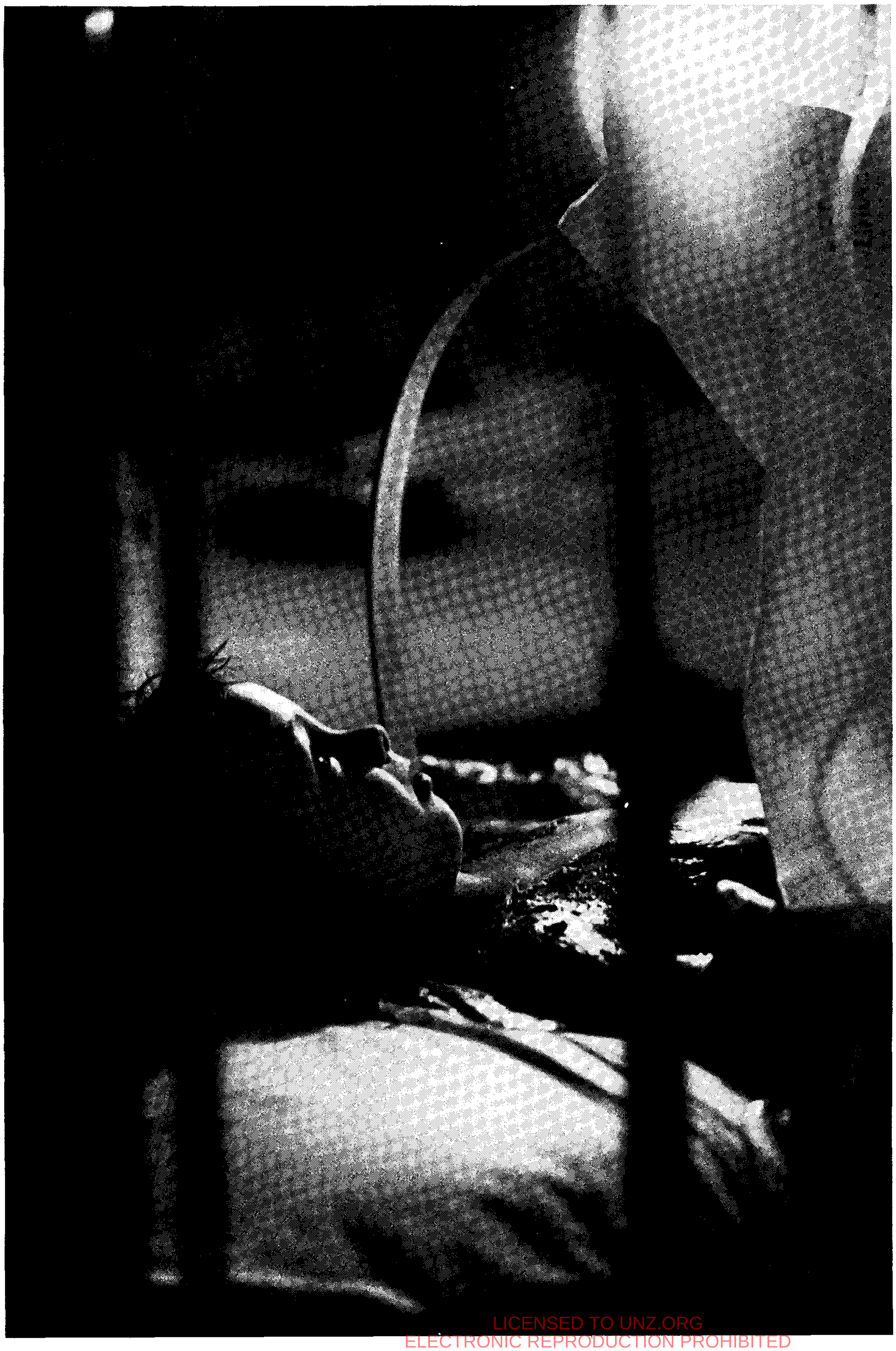
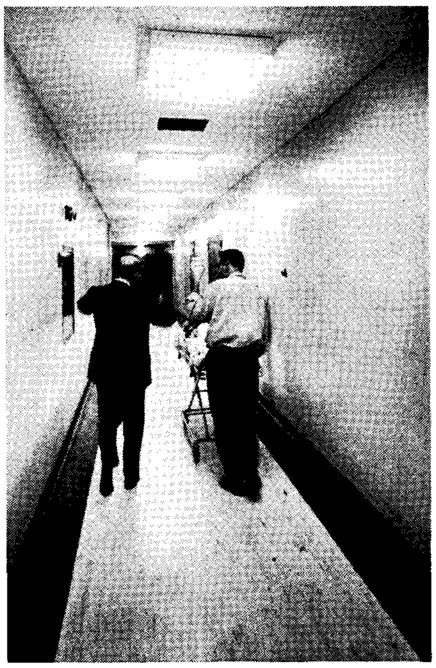
Until recently badly burned children have often lacked the special care needed to save them from death or crippling. Now there is hope for kids who used to be

THE PATIENTS NOBODY WANTED





Dr. Curtis Artz accompanies Glen Swoyer as Swoyer wheels his son to burn ward in John Sealy Hospital, Galveston, Tex.

By Alice Lake

Photographs by Bill Bridges

Billy Roach was only six years old when he tried to stamp out a grass fire near his home in Hillsboro, Mo. The fire blazed beyond his control, and before he could be pulled away, his right leg had been cruelly burned from his ankle to his knee. Billy's frightened parents drove him 35 miles to a hospital in St. Louis, where doctors bandaged the leg. Two days later they sent him home. "They said it wasn't a bad burn," Billy's mother recalls. "And they didn't tell me anything about what to do next."

During the months that followed, the leg grew more and more stiff. At first, Billy could walk with a limp; then he was forced to hop on his good leg; finally he was unable to bend his knee at all. His mother took him to four doctors. The last doctor gave the bluntest diagnosis: "You can't fool around anymore. You're risking the boy's life. That leg has to be cut off." At that, the parents balked. "That's something we just couldn't agree to," Billy's mother said. "There had to be another solution."

Finally, seven months after the accident, they brought Billy to the St. Louis Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children, where he was examined by chief surgeon George Scheer. By this time the boy was sick, thin, anemic, and his useless leg was completely jackknifed under him.

Doctor Scheer was shocked by what he saw. Ideal treatment could have put Billy back on his feet, with a normal gait, in two months, he said. But even now amputation would not be necessary.

What Billy did need was a long, tedious series of operations and treatments. Even at that he was lucky—he had come to one of the few places where such treatment was available. And the good fortune that brought Billy to this Shriner hospital was not limited to him, for his case helped bring about a dramatic new program that will improve the chances of

Robert Swoyer, 3, old bandages removed, waits apprehensively for new dressings. Hoops keep bed covers from touching him.

thousands of young burn victims throughout the country.

Fire is now the largest single accident hazard of childhood. Of the 8,000 persons killed each year by burns in the United States, almost half are children. A hundred thousand burn patients of all ages are hospitalized annually in this country, yet the treatment of burns lags woefully behind the progress made by American medicine in other areas.

Ten years ago a child who suffered burns covering half of his body had a 50–50 chance of survival. Today his chance is not one whit better, and only piddling sums of money have been spent to improve it. The Shriners are out to better these odds.

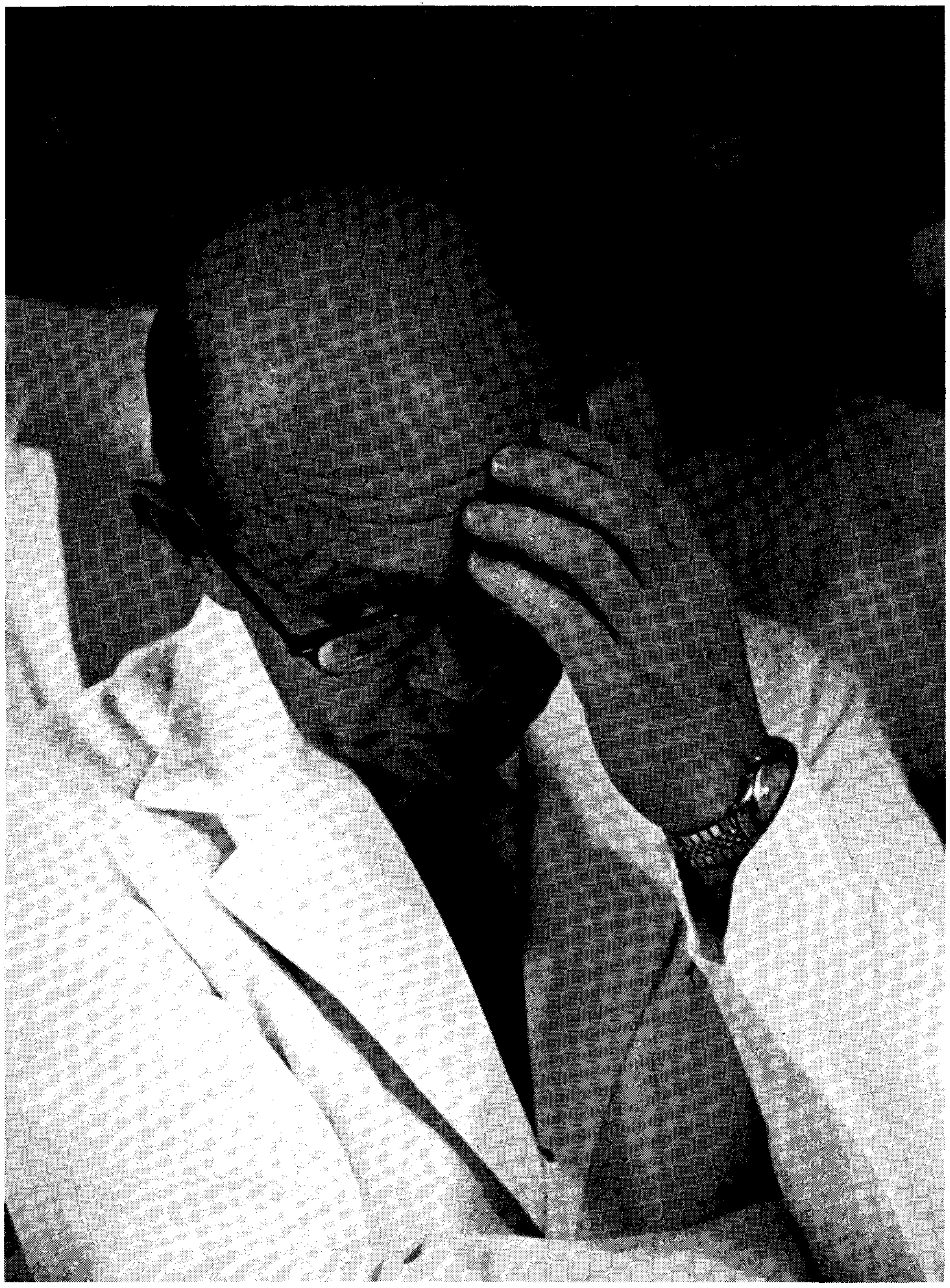
The Ancient Arabic Order, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, 850,000 members strong, is the fun-and-games division of the Masonic Lodge. Its annual conventions are aglitter with rhinestone-trimmed fezzes and dazzling oriental costumes.

"We love to hear the bugles blaring, to watch the bands parading and the flags waving," says Harvey Beffa, a jovial president of a St. Louis firm and a past Imperial Potentate of the Shriners. "But we're not just devoted to good fellowship. We call ourselves the world's greatest philanthropy." Since 1922 the Shriners have lavished $150 million on the building and operating of 17 hospitals for crippled children in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

Several years ago the Shriners discovered that additional orthopedic hospitals were no longer needed. Partly through the Shriners' own efforts, good treatment for the crippling ailments of childhood had become relatively commonplace, and the decline of poliomyelitis had greatly diminished the demand for orthopedic beds. Therefore the Shrine appointed a committee to find a new cause for the organization's philanthropy.

The present chairman of this committee is former potentate Beffa, a heavy-set 64-year-old who was stricken by polio many years ago and gets about with wheelchair and crutches. And to him the story of Billy Roach was proof of a shocking lack of needed facilities.

Her face intent, Dr. Jara Moser helps ease Swoyer boy onto stretcher after Air Force plane flew him to Galveston. A Czech from Prague, she is a research fellow at Sealy.



Dr. Curtis P. Artz heads Shriners' burn institute in Texas, one of three in nation.

The committee had already decided on the problem of burns as a worthwhile program, and when it heard about Billy, it became even more interested. "His case," Beffa says, "was perfect documentation of the point that the care of children needed drastic improvement."

Initially it is often hard to determine the severity of a burn, and the doctors who first treated Billy evidently did not consider his case particularly serious. When Billy was admitted to Shriners' Hospital in August of 1960, however, Doctor Scheer realized that the burn had been of third-degree severity. A first-degree burn reddens the skin. A second-degree burn blisters, but heals because deeper skin layers are left undamaged. But on Billy's leg the entire thickness of the skin was destroyed. Unless such a wound is covered by a parchment-thin graft, nature makes its own clumsy attempt at healing. It lays down scar tissue, thick and inelastic, which slowly contracts the joints, hampering movement. That is what happened to Billy Roach.

To free his knee from the binding scars and to cover the leg with new skin grafts required six operations. In one two-hour operation, skin taken from his back and left thigh was transferred to the burned leg. A stubborn infection delayed further grafting, and for five months the boy was isolated from other children. But eight months later—on Mother's Day, 1961—Billy ran out of the hospital and into his parents' arms.

On July 4, 1962, the Shriners held their annual meeting in Toronto. The case for starting a burns-treatment program for children like Billy Roach was presented in dry unemotional terms. Then, suddenly, the stage was darkened. A spotlight followed a little boy who ran to stage center and, with a sturdy kick, sent a football soaring into the audience. Without a trace of a limp, Billy Roach crossed to where Harvey Beffa was waiting, gave him a kiss, and said in a clear voice, "Thank you, Mr. Shriner."

"There wasn't a dry eye in the house, including mine," Beffa recalls. "We got our ten million dollars for the burns project, and we could have gotten much more."

Now it remained for the Shriners to learn how best to channel their generosity. They sought expert medical advice from Dr. Guy A. Caldwell, New Orleans orthopedist, who heads the advisory board for the Shriners' crippled children's hospitals; from Dr. Curtis P. Artz of the University of Mississippi Medical School in Jackson, a leading burns surgeon; and from Dr. Truman Blocker, chief plastic surgeon at the University of Texas Medical School in Galveston.

From these doctors they learned why the care of burns has been an unhappy chapter in American medicine. Doctor Artz said bluntly, "It isn't like open-heart surgery, where you do an operation and the patient is either out in a week or he is dead. A burn takes a couple of hours of a surgeon's time each day, day after day after day." Nurses hate the odor of a burn room, and even doctors find burn-scarred bodies nauseating to look at. One nurse confessed, "I have to grit my teeth every time I enter a burned child's room."

Because nobody wants the burn patient, few have learned how to care for him. Artz explained, "A patient with an open-heart lesion is sent to a center where they do good cardiac surgery. But the burn case comes to the local practitioner who may not have seen a bad burn in two years. His problem is, Where am I going to get him into a hospital? Big general hospitals don't want any more burns. If you put ten burns on a ward, they'll tie up your beds and your staff for months. The man out in the country with a burn case may have trouble finding a center which will take it."

The potential expense is shocking. A child may be hospitalized for a year at a cost of $12,000. For proper care he needs a 15-man team: surgeons, anesthetists, nurses, physiotherapists, dieticians, laboratory specialists. He may require 30 to 50 pints of blood and three times as much nursing attention as an ordinary patient.

Even treated by an expert, a seriously burned child presents baffling problems. "A massive burn," Doctor Artz says, "is the most severe injury a person can suffer." It throws almost every system of the body severely out of kilter. For months doctors must battle hazards to life—shock, infection, ulcers, kidney and liver damage, adrenal failure, emboli that lodge in the lungs. They must resurface the open wound, a process requiring hundreds of fine stitches. Then they must retrain stiffened limbs to work again.

When one fourth or more of a child's

body is burned, the first challenge is to keep him alive. Shock, the initial killer, is combated by immediate treatment with intravenous fluids, to replace what has seeped from damaged blood vessels. The next enemy is infection, usually with tough germs that resist the antibiotics. The major villain is *Pseudomonas*, an organism that turns the burn wound an evil greenish color and is fatal if it spreads to the bloodstream.

Why are burned persons so prone to infection? Doctors don't have the complete answer, but they know that dead skin favors bacterial growth. They would like to remove all dead tissue immediately, but patients are often too sick to tolerate that much surgery. They would like to use donor skin from the patient himself for grafting, but badly burned youngsters sometimes can't spare it. And grafts from other persons slough away within a month, providing only temporary protection. Doctors also wish they could change dressings with less pain, and without anesthesia.

If all of these problems could be solved, the mortality rate from burns would drop sharply. Until they are, the mere treatment of large numbers of children is not enough. Centers are desperately needed for research and teaching as well. In other countries more than a dozen such centers have been started, but in this country there has been only one—a military burns unit at Brooke Army Medical Center in San Antonio, Tex.

The Shriners are going to change this. After an 18-month study they have decided to build three burn-care institutes at a total cost of $10 million, each to operate with an annual budget of one million dollars. Each one will be an integral part of a medical school—"no more than a swinging door away," as Beffa puts it—in order to attract the best medical brains and share the finest research facilities. "Each institute will have a full team of people trained in burns," Doctor Artz explains. "Each will be limited to thirty beds, but the children will be treated in as near-ideal fashion as possible. We also want to learn how to save the children who now die. Today there are little dabs of research going on throughout the country, but they are uncoordinated. The institutes will be focal points for research, and for rapid dissemination of new information that will improve care."

In looking for sites for the burn centers, Shrine Imperial Potentate O. Carlyle Brock, Beffa and the doctors spent six months crisscrossing the country, visiting 28 medical schools. Their final choices were the University of Texas, to which Doctor Artz will move as Shrine Professor of Surgery; the University of Cincinnati, where Dr. Bruce G. MacMillan will head the institute; and Harvard Medical School, where the program will be directed by Dr. Oliver Cope, medical veteran of Boston's Cocoanut Grove fire of 1942, in which 493 persons died.

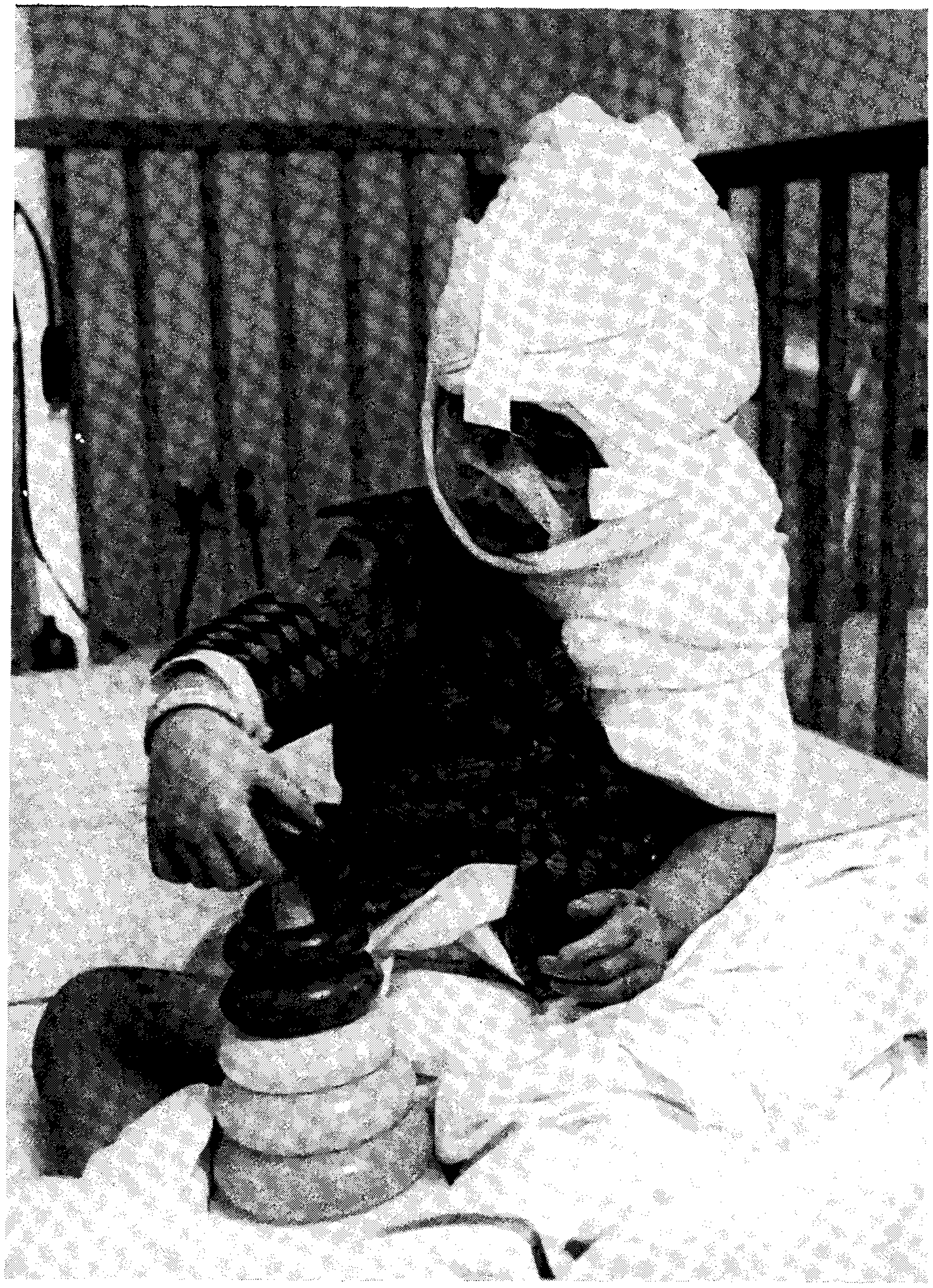
In November, 1963, Artz started an interim burns unit of seven beds in Galveston's John Sealy Hospital. Another seven-bed unit opened at Cincinnati General Hospital in February, 1964, and five beds were made available at Massachusetts General Hospital in April. Each followed the policy of accepting without cost severely burned children up to the age of 15.

Doctor MacMillan of Cincinnati, a plump, balding man with a penchant for bow ties, works 14 hours a day as surgeon, administrator, architectural consultant, father to his pitifully burned brood, and big brother to their distraught parents. When children are too sick to be transported to Cincinnati by ambulance, he personally heads the team that flies out to get them.

Many of the children reach Cincinnati General after months of inadequate care in community hospitals in Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky or West Virginia. Take Minnie, a sad-faced little girl of eight. "When we got her," MacMillan says, "she was more dead than alive." On January 3, 1964, Minnie had lighted scraps of paper from the coal stove that heated her home in Lashmeet, W. Va. The burning paper set her dress ablaze. Her uncle ripped off the flaming garment, but she was already burned over her torso, arms, upper legs and neck—60 percent of her body. A neighbor drove her to the nearest hospital, where she remained for 63 days. "They didn't seem to do much for her," says Minnie's mother, a slight woman

Worst agony is the removal of dressings, which must be done every four hours. Glen Swoyer does what he can to comfort his son.

Playing happily in bed, Robert Lewis, 2, is well on the way to recovery from massive burns he suffered when a skillet full of hot grease overturned upon him.



with a nervous smile. "One doctor talked of doing some skin grafting, but that wasn't till after two months had passed."

"They did keep her alive," Doctor MacMillan comments, "and that indicates good supportive care. But when we got her, she was just barely alive."

When 60 percent of a child's body remains an open wound, she is likely to slip away into death. Minnie lost half of her body weight, dropping to a skinny 38 pounds. Gripped by scar tissue, the child was curled up into a ball; she could not straighten her legs or lift her chin from her chest.

The day after Minnie reached Cincinnati, she was wheeled to surgery for an operation that lasted over three hours. Eighteen square inches of skin were removed from her right leg and spread over the front of her trunk, her entire back and both thighs. This magic was accomplished by using an instrument called the Meek-Wall microdermatome, which removes skin and stretches it so that it can cover an area 16 times its original size. Minnie also required 31 pints of blood.

$10 million from the Shriners is fighting 'the most severe injury a person can suffer.'

When I saw Minnie after two months of treatment at the Cincinnati burns unit, she was a pale, serious little girl in a wheelchair. Nurses had dressed her up in a flowered cotton dress, and tied a huge pink plaid ribbon in her brown hair. She was learning to walk, but she still hunched forward as if she had green-apple cramps. "We expect eventually she will be able to lead an unrestricted life, although her body will always be scarred," says Doctor MacMillan.

Anette, a four-year-old blonde with pink cheeks and huge brown eyes, was burned over 30 percent of her body. She had followed her two older brothers to the backyard of their farmhouse in Wilmington, Ohio, to watch them burn the garbage. She threaded a corncob on a wire, and dipped it into the gasoline they were using to start the fire. When it exploded, her dress flickered into flame, burning her neck, both shoulders, upper chest and abdomen.

Conventional treatment of serious burns requires weeks of waiting before skin grafting starts. This is the anxious period when the crust of dead skin starts to separate, leaving a warm, moist area in which bacteria thrive. With Anette, Doctor MacMillan used a bold new treatment, currently under evaluation in Cincinnati. Thirty-six hours after the accident she was wheeled to the operating room. Two teams worked for two hours, cutting away dead skin, shaving fresh grafts from her legs and one arm, and smoothly resurfacing the raw flesh.

Five weeks later Anette was sitting up in a wheelchair close to Minnie's, but she didn't sit long. She jumped. She bounced. She played with the red balloon floating from the chair. She sang, "I love you, yeah, yeah," in Beatles style, and then burst into giggles. Anette's bright yellow shorts and little gold sandals matched her hair. Her chest, still red with healing skin, was bare, but she was out of dressings in a month—half the normal time—and back home in two.

There were many similar cases. Barry Joe, an eight-year-old from Poplar Bluff, Mo., climbed a tree after a bird's nest; he slipped and fell against a high-voltage transformer in a fenced-in enclosure. Forty-four hundred volts shot through his hands and hips, searing a pathway through skin, muscle and subcutaneous tissue. Electrical burns are deeply destructive. They can cause gas gangrene and tetanus and need expert treatment immediately. Luckily, Barry remained only a week in a local hospital before being flown 400 miles to Cincinnati.

Bright-eyed, his hands encased in huge fluffy white bandages, Barry looked like a tiny prizefighter when I saw him 10 days later. The children call these bandages their Teddy Bear suits. Despite their bulk, he managed to play checkers with his 10-year-old neighbor on the ward.

But despite the meticulous care, there are awesome questions which the doctors are still helpless to answer. One, not so simple as it sounds, is why do severely burned children die? "We suspect that the little bodies cannot cope with the energy requirements of the burns," says Doctor Artz. "Every trip to the operating room, every sniff of anesthetic, saps the patient's energy; infection increases his energy-metabolism requirements; battling a blood clot requires a further burst of energy. Soon the patient weakens, his temperature drops to ninety-four degrees, and he just slips away."

Research scientists at Galveston are studying energy requirements by measuring the varying amounts of oxygen consumed by children with burns of different sizes. "If we find that an hour in the operating room requires as much energy as three days at bed rest," Artz says, "we may be able to find ways of cutting down the number of trips to surgery. We're on the track of a new method to remove dead skin without having to cut it off with a knife under anesthesia. This would be a great thing."

At Massachusetts General, already a pioneer in kidney transplantation, a team under Dr. Paul Russell is hunting ways to make skin grafts from donors last permanently. Workers there are also borrowing techniques from industry in order to make burn wards bacteria-proof and virus-proof. If you can dustproof an area for the manufacture of parts for space vehicles, why can't you use the same techniques to germ-proof a hospital ward?

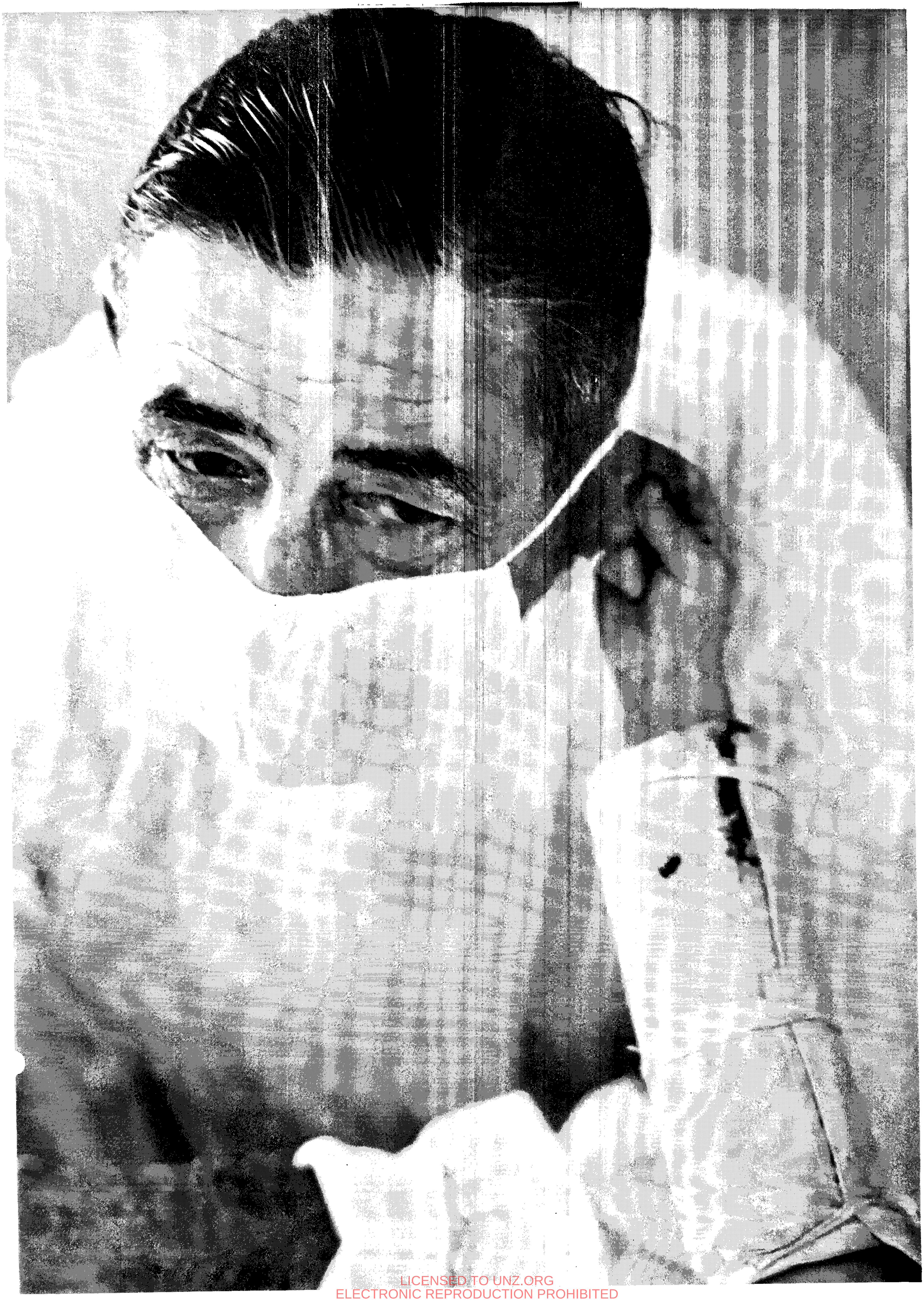
The prevention of burns is also a major concern. Investigators know that burns occur frequently in rural southern homes, warmed by kerosene stoves in winter; that toddlers scald themselves by pulling on the cords of electric coffeepots; that seven-year-olds are given the chore of burning the family trash.

Detailed records of each accident are being kept in Galveston. These will eventually be analyzed by computers. The Texas Institute plans to employ a research psychiatrist and a social worker to visit the home of each patient and learn exactly why the accident occurred, so that prevention guidelines can be established.

Completion of the Galveston Institute is expected in October, 1965, with the other two to follow a year later. Closed-circuit television will be used extensively, both as a teaching aid and to allow doctors and nurses to check at a glance on the condition of each patient. To minimize the spread of germs, children will be housed in locked, glass-enclosed circular wards around a central nursing station. A switch at a nurse's fingertips will open the doors, and service personnel will push food and linens into pass-through openings to avoid bringing outside germs to the children.

But the Shriners are not satisfied. They want to do more than care for pitifully burned children; they want to prevent these accidents in the first place. Harvey Beffa is looking forward to the day when a spark dropping on a child's clothing will not flare out of control. Preliminar research suggests that high-nap flannel pajamas and fluffy petticoats are major offenders. Chemists can make such clothes less inflammable, but the process is impractical because the chemical washes out with each laundering. "There must be a better answer," Beffa says. "What I want to do is put these burn institutes out of business." THE END

Burn victims panic if left alone. Here, Lewis boy is reassured by grandfather, T. H. S



Editorials

Let's cut taxes again

If you're making more money but paying less taxes than last year—and millions of Americans are—you owe a vote of thanks to a tall, slender professor who recently resigned his post in Washington and went back to teaching economics at the University of Minnesota. Walter Heller was not the best-known man in Washington, but he was one of the most influential.

When he became chairman of President Kennedy's Council of Economic Advisers, he confronted an economy that was sluggish and scarred by unemployment in the midst of prosperity. His solution sounded radical and dangerous—to cut taxes even though that meant a bigger budget deficit. But Heller convinced President Kennedy, and Presidents Kennedy and Johnson convinced Congress, and the treatment worked. The actual budget deficit is lower than last year because of increased revenues from an economy that has surged upward $28 billion to a record $628 billion. In expressing the nation's gratitude to Heller, who has chosen an able successor in Gardner Ackley, President Johnson remarked that "economics has come of age in policy making in this Government."

The prosperity of 1964 has already shown what a tremendous stimulus tax cuts can provide. And there is further hope in the prospect of a reduction of at least $500 million in excise taxes on cosmetics, jewelry, furs and luggage. Yet the tax system remains a crazy patchwork, full of special deals for special groups, and the basic income-tax rates remain so high that they practically cry out for the intelligent citizen to hire an expert to help him beat the system. We urge the President to put a high priority on efforts for further tax reforms, greater uniformity of taxes and lower rates.

Even at present rates, Washington economists expect the Government's revenues to increase $35 billion in the next six years just through the growth of the economy. This will enable us to pay for a lot of the things we have neglected (notably education and medical care for the aged), but it need not and should not lead to a vast increase in government bureaucracy. President Johnson himself has shown a commendable insistence on cutting down waste in government. And he has before him another interesting proposal by Doctor Heller—that the Federal Government automatically return a fixed percentage of income-tax revenues to the states for such local problems as education and welfare.

Finally, if economic planning has indeed "come of age," there is another myth-ridden problem that the President might well review—the problem of bigness.

The America of today is a far different country from what it was when the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was passed in 1890. The country has become so vast, its markets so huge, that bigness is an inescapable part of any industry which serves it efficiently. Yet the archaic, obsolete anti-trust law is one of the biggest obstacles to the sort of growth and expansion which industry needs if it is to provide new jobs for the growing thousands being displaced by automation. In numerous cases millions of business dollars which could be spent at home are going into overseas expansion—and thus aggravating the gold drain—primarily because the companies involved might risk anti-trust prosecution if they used the money for domestic mergers or acquisitions. In even more numerous cases, money and paperwork are wasted in fending off government investigations. Nobody wants monopolies, but President Johnson ought to give a high priority to adjusting anti-trust concepts to today's realities and opportunities. The test ought to be true public service rather than size.

In every aspect of the economy, indeed, "coming of age" should mean a willingness to reexamine old rules and dogmas. Every new idea should be tested by one basic question: Will it work to help the nation prosper?

Multilateral farce?

In urging our NATO allies to join us in building a multilateral nuclear naval force (generally known as MLF), the United States is in the rather embarrassing position of giving a party no one wants to attend. President Kennedy, who first endorsed the plan in 1961, was only lukewarm about it and regarded it as useful only to the extent that the Europeans favored it. Despite total hostility from France, open disdain from Norway, Denmark and Canada, and equivocal acceptance from Britain, the 25-ship MLF is now being advanced not as a tentative proposal but as a major element of U.S. foreign policy. The nuclear fleet will be an important topic of discussion between President Johnson and Prime Minister Wilson when the British leader visits Washington next week, and U.S. prestige may be seriously committed to MLF when the NATO Council meets in mid-December.

The multilateral force would fill no real military need; indeed, a warship with an international crew is something of a military absurdity. Even proponents of MLF concede that the fleet's 200 Polaris missiles would not substantially affect the balance of military power in Europe, already adequately shielded by the vast American strategic deterrent. MLF is transparently a political maneuver to satisfy and contain the nuclear ambitions of European nations—especially Germany.

But is it a wise political maneuver to place strategic nuclear missiles in German hands, in contravention of the spirit of the 1954 treaty that reestablished West German sovereignty? Aside from the predictably hostile Russians, a number of West Europeans are less than delighted at the prospect of Germans with nuclear weapons—and even the Germans themselves have shown a rather ambiguous attitude. Their desire for nuclear weapons seems inspired less by military necessity than by a desire for first-class nationhood.

As for the smaller nations of Europe, they have no need or desire or money for a major nuclear role. The United States, which has continually urged its NATO allies to build up Europe's strength in conventional forces, is now in the curious position of asking these same allies to divert defense funds to a nuclear force. A fleet costing three to five billion dollars can only be created through a reduction in ground forces.

And finally there is General de Gaulle, who is determined to continue building France's own nuclear force and refuses to contribute to MLF. If de Gaulle's single-minded pursuit of nuclear autonomy runs counter to American efforts to prevent the spread of nuclear arms, what kind of logic can justify our inviting America's other allies into the nuclear game? Surely if we imply to our allies that their self-respect requires them to be nuclear powers, they may end by believing it themselves.

If we must force MLF upon our unwilling allies, and if in the process we create nuclear appetites that might not otherwise exist, it seems plain that we should abandon the project before our prestige becomes tied to a fleet that might best be scuttled before it is launched.

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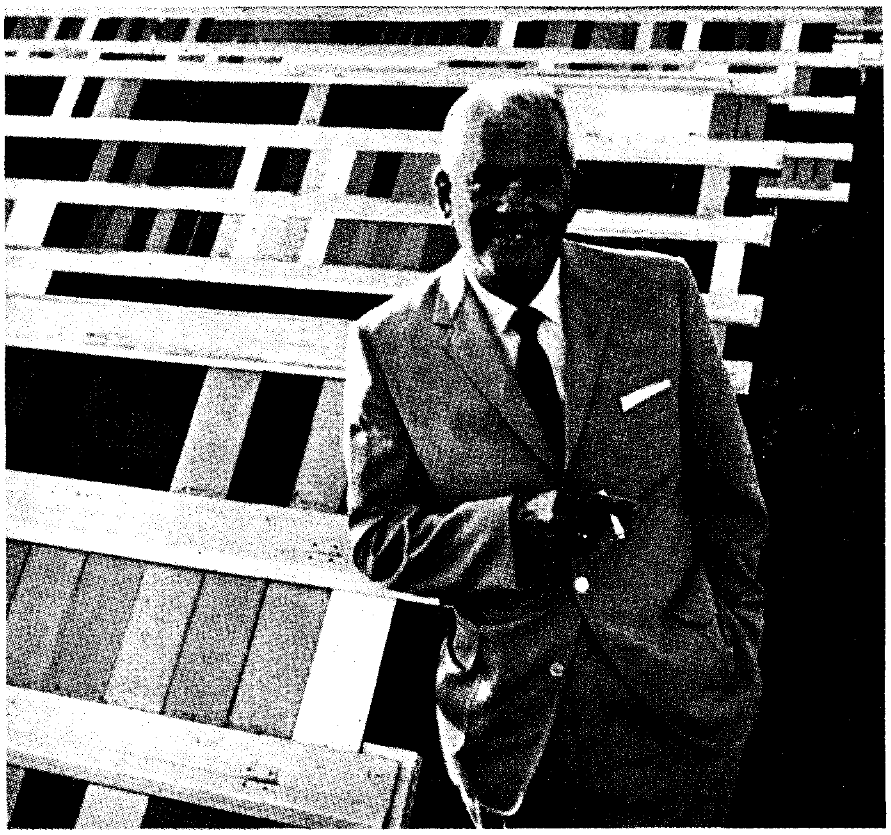
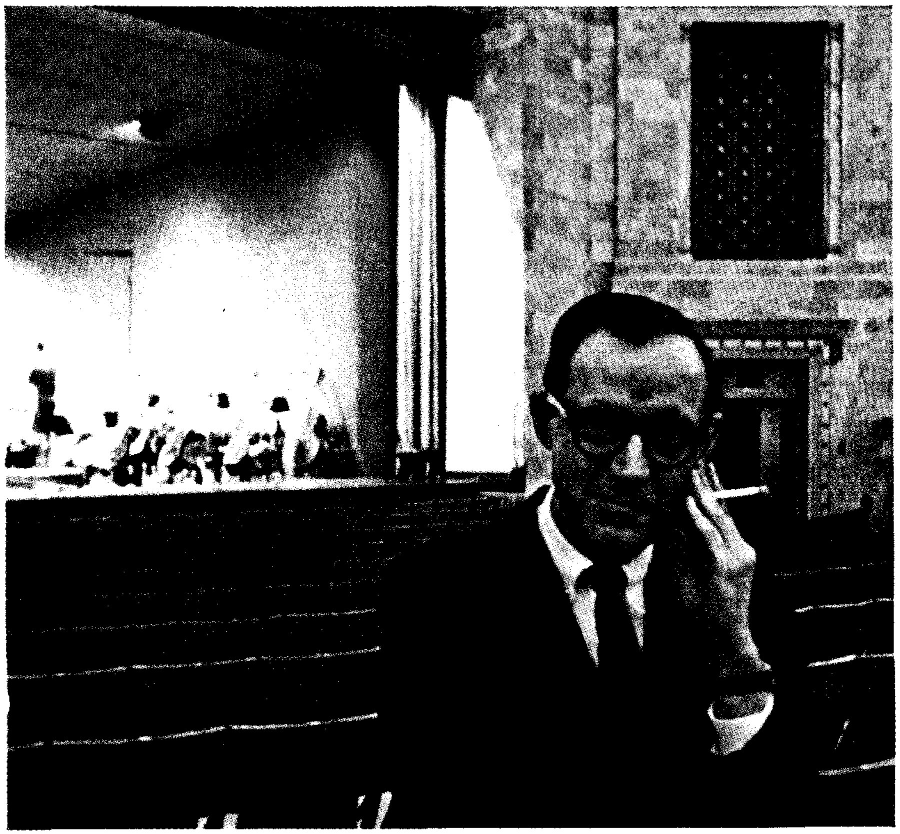
Chesterfield People:

They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)

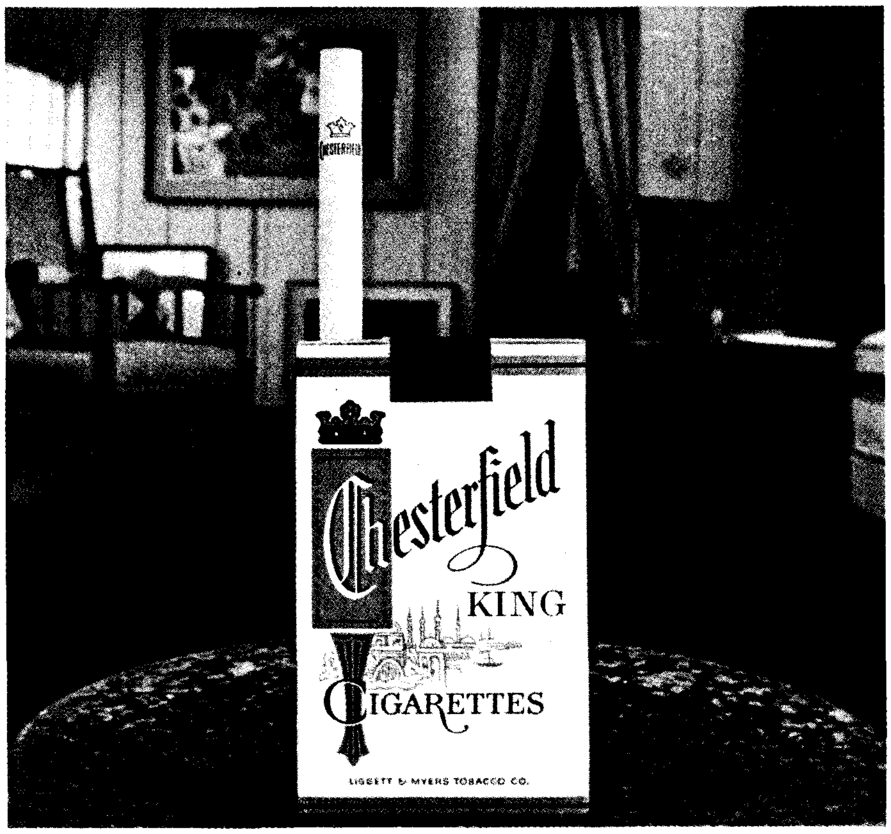
Elly Travlou Dubinsky, historian, Missouri



Randall A. Osmon, paint tester, Florida



Donald C. Barnette, Jr., symphony orchestra manager, Ohio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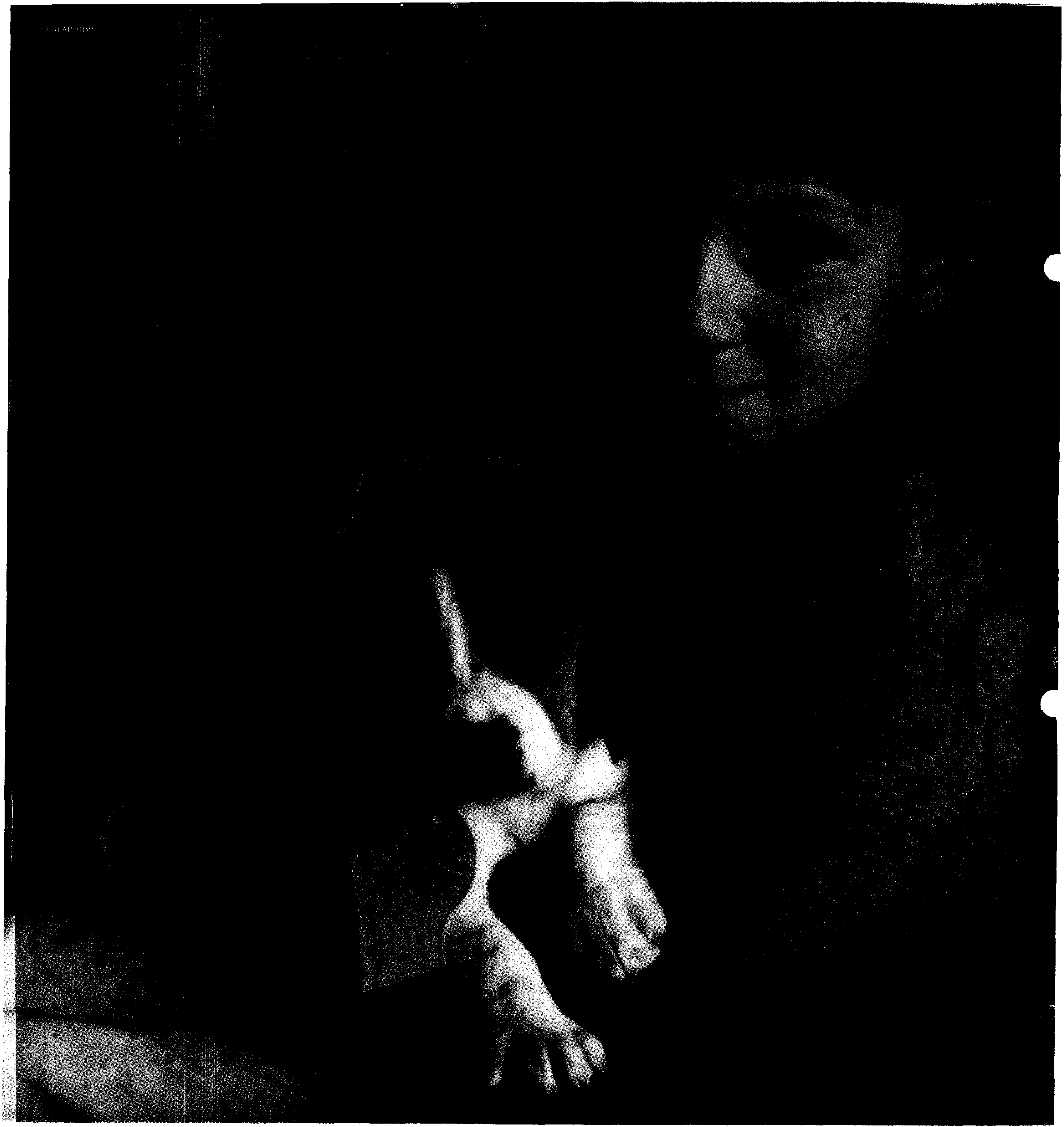

THIS PICTURE WAS MADE IN A MINUTE. It was enjoyed around the tree on Christmas morning, shown around the table Christmas afternoon, taken home by Grandpa Christmas night (Grandma had a few pictures of her own). Have you had a close look at the Polaroid Color Pack Camera? It's lighter than many 35mm cameras, fully automatic, with push-button focusing and a remarkable 7-second loading device: both color and black and white film come in a metal pack that snaps in. There's a new lower-priced model that would be great to have in your house this Christmas.